

JUNE 2006



**FORGET WHAT YOU THINK
YOU KNOW ABOUT THE
ABORTION DEBATE—
AND PREPARE FOR WHAT
COULD BE THE BIGGEST
POLITICAL UPHEAVAL
SINCE THE SIXTIES**

BY JEFFREY ROSEN

WWW.THEATLANTIC.COM

#BXBDGG *****CR LOT 0013D**C-003

HhhhhhlllHllllllllllllllllll

#AMY0004549408/4#85 J/F08 AM06-5

CALL 800-234-2411 FOR CUSTOMER SERVICE

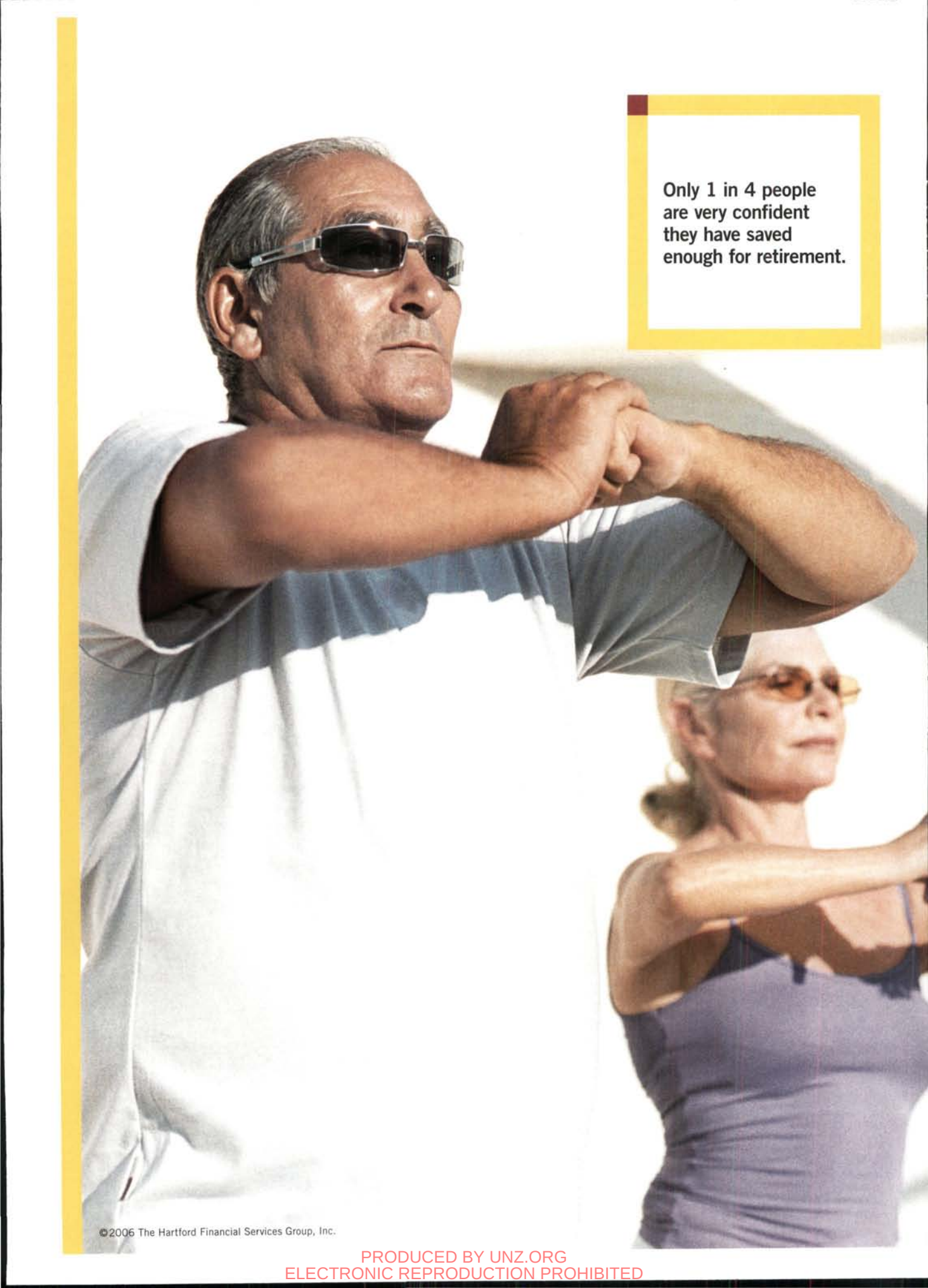
RON K UNZ 0005

555 BRYANT ST 371 P000096

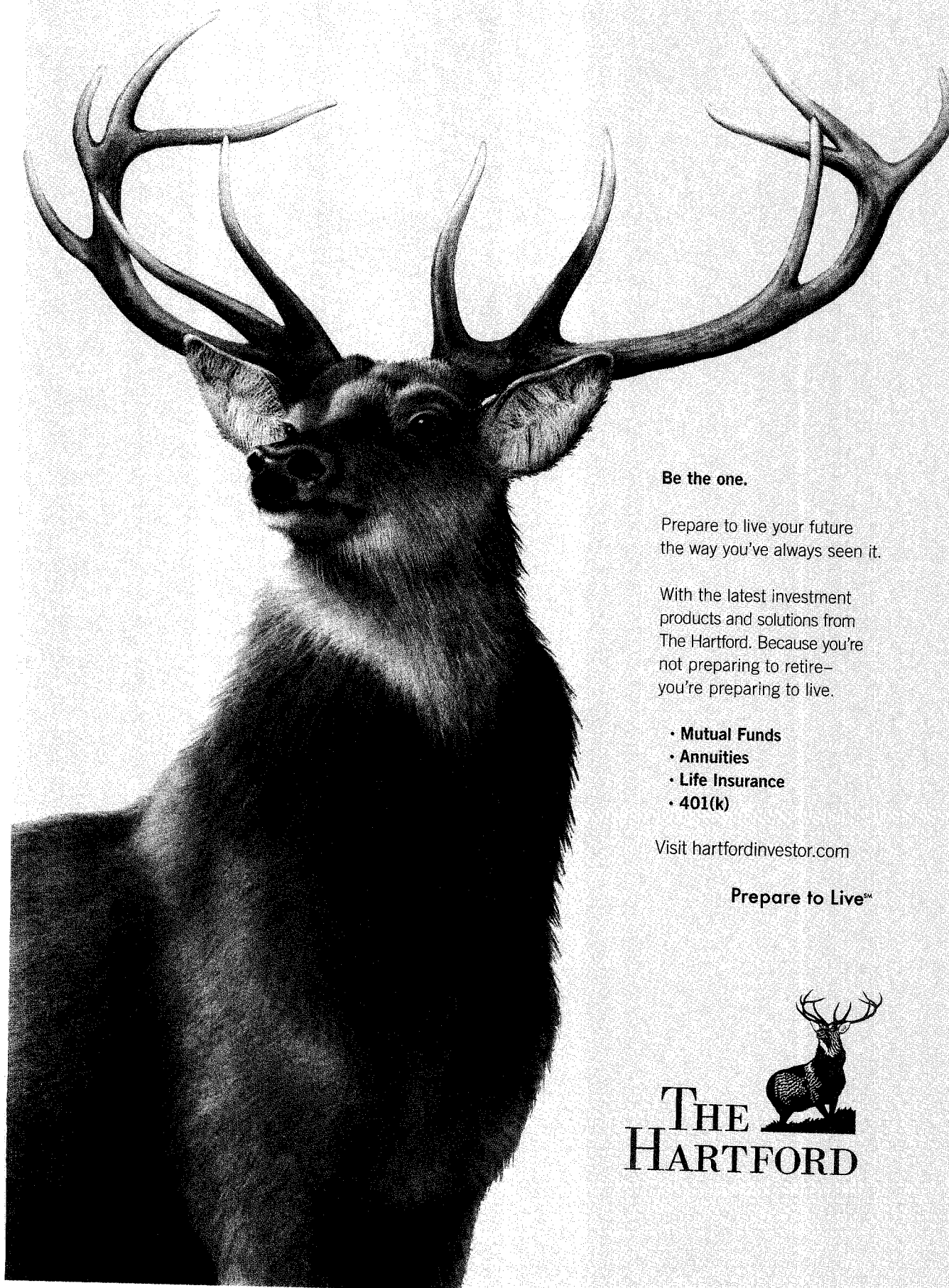
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

578

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A photograph of a middle-aged man and a woman exercising outdoors. The man, in the foreground, is wearing a white and blue striped t-shirt and sunglasses, with his arms crossed in front of him. The woman, in the background, is wearing a purple tank top and sunglasses, also with her arms crossed. They appear to be on a beach or a sunny outdoor area. A yellow vertical bar is on the left side of the image, and a yellow rectangular box with a red top-left corner is in the upper right, containing text.

Only 1 in 4 people
are very confident
they have saved
enough for retirement.



Be the one.

Prepare to live your future
the way you've always seen it.

With the latest investment
products and solutions from
The Hartford. Because you're
not preparing to retire—
you're preparing to live.

- Mutual Funds
- Annuities
- Life Insurance
- 401(k)

Visit hartfordinvestor.com

Prepare to Live™

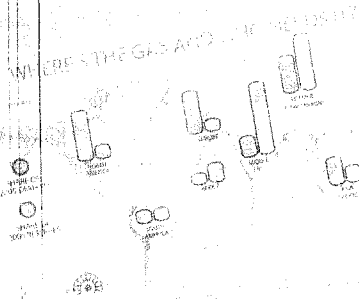


Russia, Iran and
of the world
The U.S. has 3%

It will never be met

Building a natural gas infrastructure will cost \$2.7 billion.

There is not as much natural gas in the ground as there is oil.

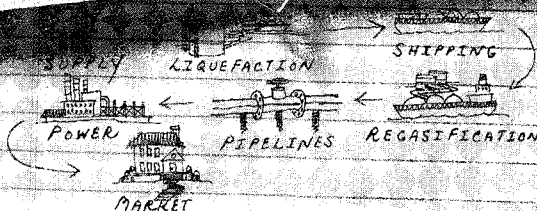


As demand for power and fuel grows steadily in the coming decades, we must consider every viable energy source at hand if we're to meet the world's needs. And because clean natural gas is found in abundance there is little doubt that it will play a major role on the world energy stage in this century, much like oil did in the last. But, like oil, gas reserves are concentrated in just a few places in the world, usually far from where they're needed most. And that's only part of the challenge. The world has had well over 100 years to search for oil and to build the necessary infrastructure to bring it to market; the natural gas infrastructure, particularly when it comes to liquefied natural gas (LNG), is not nearly as developed.

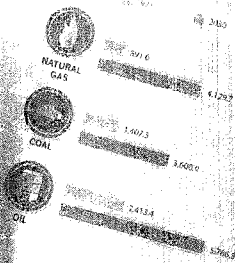
So what needs to be done? On the supply side, producing nations need policies that allow for efficient development of their natural gas in an open, stable business environment, not one in which the rules of the game change without warning. The governments of consuming nations, on the other hand, must enact long-term policies to encourage such development and to ensure they'll have adequate supplies in the future. That means building the related infrastructure, including LNG terminals. This, in turn, will require coastal communities to allow these necessary, but not necessarily pretty, facilities to be built in their backyards. And energy companies have a responsibility to be good neighbors in those communities by operating these facilities responsibly and safely. They must also continue to invest the billions of dollars needed to build the complex transport and storage infrastructure required to bring more gas to market.

Expanding and diversifying energy sources by using more natural gas could lead to lower fuel prices and to greater energy security. We've taken some of the steps to get started, but we need your help to get the rest of the way.

will join us .com



World primary energy demand by fuel



Employees... such... ment. He added, p... ies' findings are... pany's own... led it to a... presen... close... the...

⚠️ Chevron Steps Taken:

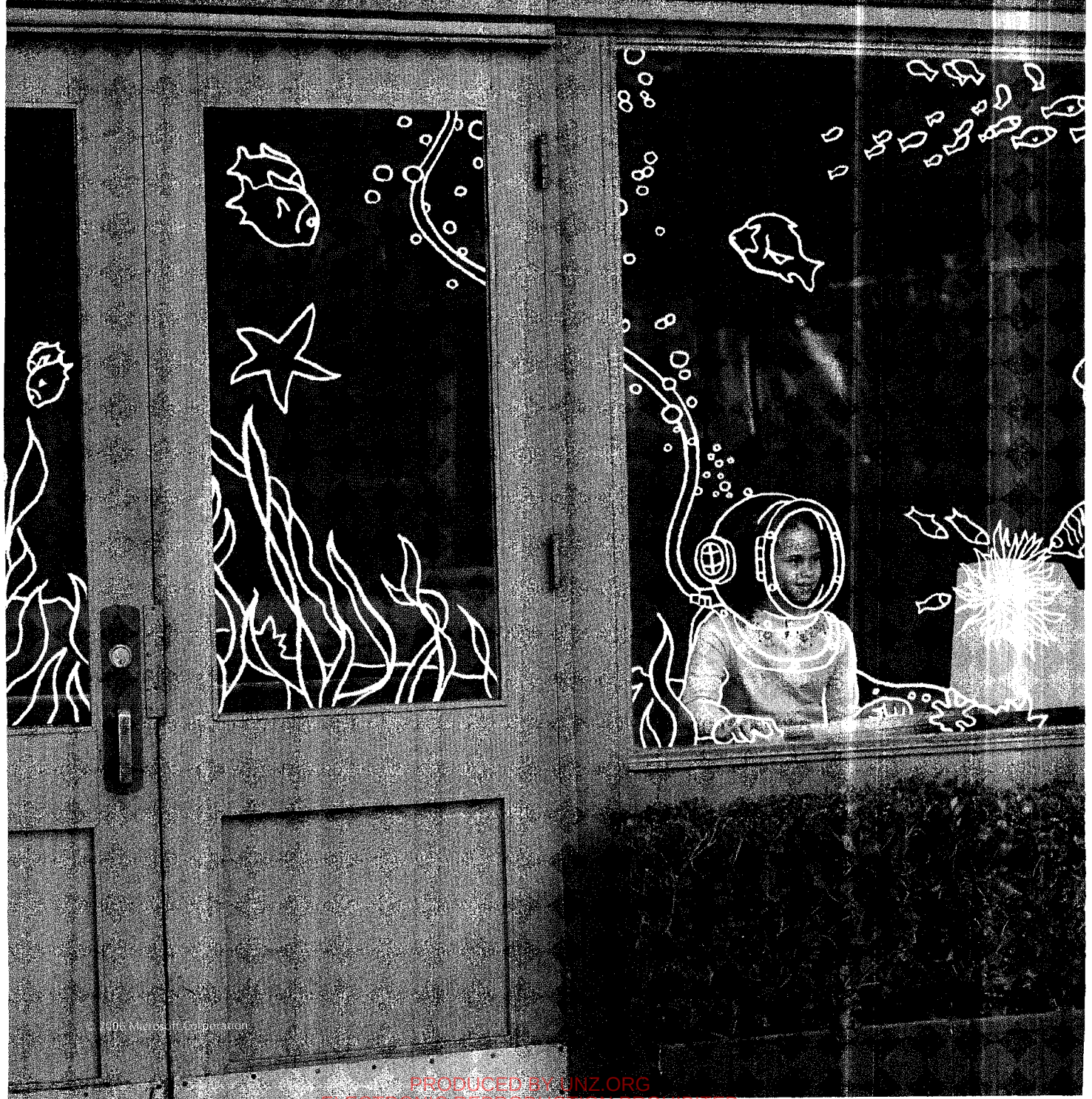
- Planning to invest more than \$10 billion in developing gas projects over the next five years.
- Developing one of the largest integrated LNG projects in the world.
- Created a four country partnership to build West Africa's first regional gas pipeline.
- Spending more than \$1 billion over the next several years on next generation, ultra clean diesel fuel from natural gas.



Human energy

We see a dream of the sea.

Microsoft and Boys and Girls Clubs of America have established over 2,700 computer learning centers throughout the U.S., serving over one million kids. By providing technology and training, we're helping close the digital divide and open worlds of potential. Find out more at microsoft.com/potential



© 2004 Microsoft Corporation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Your potential. Our passion.™
Microsoft

THE COSTS OF PREMATURE BIRTH LAST A LIFETIME

THE HEALTH IMPACT STRETCHES FROM INFANCY TO OLD AGE

College freshman Matt Hughes is one of the lucky ones. Born five weeks premature in 1985, he arrived in the world before his lungs were fully developed. He's lived with the consequences ever since. Severe asthma restricts his activities, and he will probably be on medication for the rest of his life. Yet Matt, now 19, was spared the more serious problems frequently associated with prematurity, including blindness, deafness, cerebral palsy, and mental retardation.

While commonly viewed as a health issue for babies, problems caused by prematurity don't simply go away when babies grow up. "Unlike diseases of the adult that last for one or two decades, this is a price that individuals pay for their entire lives," says Roberto Romero, chief of the Perinatology Research Branch of National Institute of Child Health and Human Development at the National Institutes of Health.

The costs—both personal and financial—can be overwhelming. Consider just the initial monetary costs. The March of Dimes estimates that in 2002 the total national hospital bill for premature infants added up to \$15.5 billion. "That's almost half of all charges for all infant hospitalizations," says Joann Petrini, director of the March of Dimes Perinatal Data Center.

Who pays that bill? Employers carry much of the burden. In 2002, almost half of that \$15.5 billion was billed to employers or other private insurers, according to the March of Dimes. A separate study, which includes the cost of doctor visits and pharmaceuticals, shows that in the first year of life employers pay nearly 15 times more for a premature baby than a full-term baby, with an average cost of \$41,610 for a preemie compared to just \$2,830 for a full-term baby.

Yet all these numbers are just a drop in the bucket once you consider the continuing medical issues of former preemies like Matt Hughes. Medical studies have tracked the long-term health of pre-term infants—the longest now extends 20 years—and various researchers see potential links between prematurity and the eventual development of diabetes and heart disease. Yet today there are no studies to tell us what health problems will show up as those born prematurely turn 40 or 60 or even 80.

That's important because the number of premature births in this country keeps rising. In 1981, pre-term births accounted for 9.4% of all live births. Since then, that number has risen nearly 30% to 12.1%, with roughly one in every eight babies now born three or more weeks early. Some of the increase can be attributed to the rise in multiple births associated with infertility treatment. Then, too, a portion

of having a pre-term birth is, in part, retained in the individual regardless of her pregnancy status," she says.

Infection is seen to be a key factor, she says, as is the body's immune response to infection and other kinds of inflammation. She's just launched a study of women who have given birth prematurely, treating half of them for six factors—low-level urogenital tract infection, periodontal disease, stress, depression, smoking and obesity—prior to the birth of their next child. "The unfortunate reality is that those groups most at risk for these problems are also the least likely to have access to preventive healthy services," says Dr. Culhane.

This multi-factor approach is reminiscent of that being taken with cardiovascular disease. "It's usually not one characteristic that precipitates a heart attack," says Robert L. Goldenberg, professor of obstetrics and gynecology at

“While commonly viewed as a health issue for babies, problems caused by prematurity don't simply go away when babies grow up.”

of the increase is due to early intervention when a doctor decides that a baby is more likely to survive outside the womb.

A large number of premature births, however, have no diagnosable cause. Until recently, the medical world looked for the answer to these births by focusing on medical conditions arising during pregnancy. These days, however, some researchers are turning their attention to factors that actually predate conception. Indeed, the best indicator of pre-term birth is having already delivered a baby pre-term, says Jennifer Culhane, associate professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Drexel University College of Medicine, Philadelphia. "This tells us that the risk

University of Alabama Birmingham. "And the same model looks like it applies to prematurity."

That means women hoping to deliver a full-term baby—and the employers who pick up so much of their health care bill—may want to pay careful attention to the six factors in Dr. Culhane's study. "There is great value to women of child-bearing age taking care of themselves," says pediatrician Lorna Friedman, CIGNA's senior medical executive. Until research provides a more definitive answer, she says, the best preventative medicine may include a trip to the dentist, regular visits to the gym, and a thorough pre-pregnancy checkup.



Your life changes the day your baby is born.

But for the parents of more than 500,000 infants born prematurely in the U.S. every year, that day comes much too soon. At CIGNA® we're proud to be a national sponsor of the March of Dimes®, a group dedicated to reducing premature births and saving these babies' lives. In addition, we offer the CIGNA HealthCare Healthy Babies® program, where we provide up-to-date information and support to help you and your baby from prenatal to post-delivery. Because the most precious gift you can give your child is a healthy start of life. For more information on CIGNA employee benefits, ask your employee benefits manager or visit us at www.cigna.com/healthybabies.



CIGNA
A Business of Caring

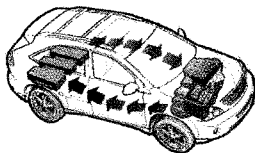
©2006 CIGNA. All rights reserved. "CIGNA" is a registered service mark, licensed for use by operating subsidiaries of CIGNA Corporation. Products and services are provided exclusively by operating subsidiaries, including Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, and not by CIGNA Corporation. The March of Dimes mark and logo are service marks of the March of Dimes.

594762 04/06

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Caters to both

ECOSYSTEM AND EGO-SYSTEM.



LEXUS HYBRID DRIVE

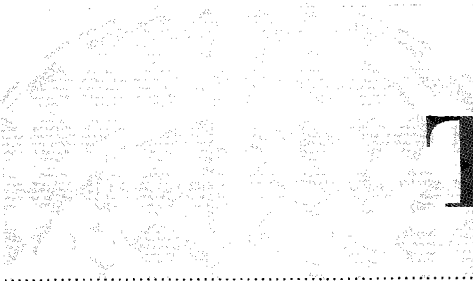
*An electric motor and a gas engine
work together swiftly, seamlessly.*

▼ **The Lexus RX 400h.** Luxury automobiles aren't conditioned to embrace these diametrically
▼ opposed values. In fact, many would be content with a Super Ultra-Low Emission Vehicle rating
▼ and significantly better mileage ratings than most luxury SUVs*. But when you consider that the
▲ RX 400h also exhibits the power of a V8 and showcases stunning midrange acceleration*, then
▲ you can begin to realize the full potential of Lexus Hybrid Drive. There's more to learn at lexus.com.

GIVES MORE TO THE DRIVER. TAKES LESS FROM THE WORLD.



*Manufacturer's estimate. ©2006 Lexus.



THE ATLANTIC

JUNE 2006 | VOLUME 297 | NUMBER 5

15 CALENDAR

16 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE AGENDA

27 COMMENT **STOKING THE BEAST** Cutting taxes to shrink government doesn't work—and that spells trouble for the conservative movement *by Jonathan Rauch*

30 PHOTO OP **A CAPITOL EXODUS?** *photograph by D. C. Hughes*

32 FIRST PRINCIPLES **SHOCK ABSORPTION** For America, energy security lies closer than you might think *by Clive Crook*

33 POLL **THE FUTURE OF HAMAS**

34 FOREIGN AFFAIRS **HUNKERING DOWN** A guide to the U.S. military's future in Iraq *by Fred Kaplan*

38 WASHINGTON **THE NEW WAR OVER WAL-MART** The mounting attacks on the world's largest company could change American business—and transform the health-care system *by Joshua Green*

46 PRIMARY SOURCES Tales from the couch in the Oval Office; the curious phenomenon of the “daughter gap”

56 THE DAY AFTER ROE

If the Supreme Court overturns *Roe v. Wade*, it will set off tectonic shifts in the American political landscape not seen since the civil-rights movement—or perhaps even the Civil War *by Jeffrey Rosen*

68 THE EDUCATION OF ALI AL-TIMIMI

Describing him as a “rock star” of Islamic fundamentalism in the United States, the government sent an American Muslim scientist to prison for life. But has justice been served? *by Milton Viorst*

80 THE MANAGEMENT MYTH

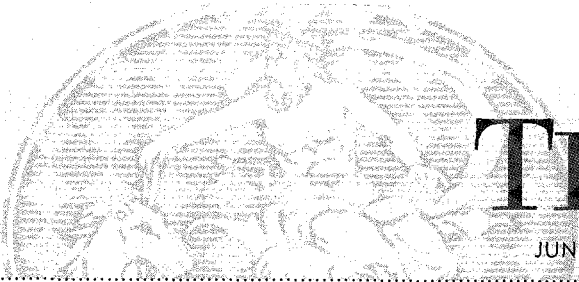
Most of management theory is inane, writes our correspondent, the founder of a consulting firm. If you want to succeed in business, don't get an M.B.A. Study philosophy instead *by Matthew Stewart*

89 A RUSSIAN SOLDIER'S STORY

Two years in the life of Kiril Bobrov—a parable of the once-proud, now-rotting Russian army *by Gregory Katz*

49 WOMEN'S EMPOWERMENT *150 years of The Atlantic*

92 SAMSON IN LOVE *a poem by Elizabeth Cox*



THE ATLANTIC

JUNE 2006 | VOLUME 297 | NUMBER 5

(Contents continued)

THE CRITICS BOOKS, MANNERS, MORES

- 95 EDITOR'S CHOICE** Among the Dead Cities, by A. C. Grayling
reviewed by Benjamin Schwarz
- 102 HOW TO TREAT THE HELP?** The age-old problem of the rich has become the brand-new problem of the middle class *by Caitlin Flanagan*
- 109 NEW YORK STATE OF MIND** In praise of Deborah Eisenberg's nonchalant sophistication *by Mona Simpson*
- 110 A MAN OF ACTION** His narration may be clunky and his sex scenes almost comical, but Alan Furst's turns of plot can leave a reader breathless *by B. R. Myers*
- 112 NEW FICTION** The Man of My Dreams, by Curtis Sittenfeld *reviewed by Elizabeth Judd*
- 114 NO WAY** John Updike's latest novel reveals his tin ear for critical times
by Christopher Hitchens
- 116 A CLOSE READ** The Secret River, by Kate Grenville *by Christina Schwarz*
- 118 COVER TO COVER** A guide to additional releases
by Benjamin Healy and Benjamin Schwarz

PURSUIITS & RETREATS

- 121 TRAVELS HOW NOT TO TRAVEL IN JAPAN** Our correspondent flouts the Three Laws of Tourism there—and has a spectacular trip *by Charles C. Mann*
- 125 FOOD SWEET TEA** Can one of the world's oldest drinks help solve one of this country's newest problems—the sugar epidemic? Two idealistic entrepreneurs think so
by Corby Kummer
- 129 TECHNOLOGY E-MAIL OUT OF EVERY PLUG** Broadband sent over power lines offers Internet access everywhere in your house—and could also offer the country a way to save energy *by James Fallows*
- 133 SPORTS NON-NATIVE SONS** The globalization of soccer has distanced players from national fan bases—which is why the World Cup provokes such identity crises
by Geoffrey Wheatcroft
- 137 WORD COURT** *by Barbara Wallraff*
- 138 POST MORTEM MAKING THE BEST OF A STICKY WICKET**
John Profumo (1915–2006) *by Mark Steyn*
- 140 WHO'S WHO** A selective index to this month's issue *compiled by Benjamin Healy*

COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Supreme Court Justices John Roberts
and Samuel Alito on the front steps of
the Supreme Court, February 16, 2006
by Stephen Voss/World Picture News

HEADING AND CALENDAR DRAWINGS

by Istvan Banyai

THIS MONTH ON THE ATLANTIC ONLINE: www.theatlantic.com

INTERVIEW: AFTER ROE

Jeffrey Rosen, the author of this month's cover story, on the political upheaval that would follow the overturning of *Roe v. Wade*

INTERVIEW: UNDER SUSPICION

Milton Viorst, the author of "The Education of Ali al-Timimi," on the path that brought his son's childhood friend from a middle-class American upbringing to life imprisonment for conspiracy to commit "violent jihad"



Use Membership Rewards® points to fly virtually any airline, no restrictions ~ Book over 1,000 hotels using Membership Rewards points ~ Free airport club access around the world ~ Global assistance any time of day ~ Access to private villa hideaways ~ Emergency passport replacement ~ Dedicated Platinum Travel Service ~ Room upgrades when checking in* ~ Special gifts and amenities in select hotels* ~ Complimentary breakfast for two during your stay* ~ Sleeping in with guaranteed late check-out* ~ 4-star restaurant reservations, worldwide ~ Use Membership Rewards points for culinary travel excursions ~ Private jet services ~ Complimentary premium car rental program memberships ~ Special offers for chauffeured limousine service to and from airport ~ Cabin upgrades and shipboard credits on your cruise* ~ Use Membership Rewards points for customized travel adventures

IF YOU CAN IMAGINE IT

we can

GET YOU THERE

BEGIN THE ADVENTURE AT 800THECARD.COM



A WORLD OF SERVICE™

©2006 American Express Company. These benefits available to Platinum® Card members. Certain terms, conditions and restrictions apply to all benefits. Please visit 800theCard.com to learn more. Card member must be enrolled in the Membership Rewards® program to redeem points. Membership Rewards program terms and conditions apply. To redeem points on virtually any airline without restrictions, points must be redeemed online using American Express Travel service. CST# 1022318-10; ML# 1192; Washington UBI# 600-469-694; TA# 002 -- Registered Iowa Travel Agency; NV# 2001-0126. Global Assistance benefit applies when traveling 100 miles or greater from Card member's home. Benefits indicated with (*) available through select members of Fine Hotels and Resorts program and/or Cruise Privileges program. These program benefits/services may vary by property and/or destination.



THE Atlantic

Editor
JAMES BENNET

Managing Editor
SCOTT STOSSEL

Literary Editor & National Editor
BENJAMIN SCHWARZ

Deputy Managing Editors
BENJAMIN HEALY, TOBY LESTER,
ROBERT MESSENGER, DON PECK

Senior Editors
JACK BEATTY, CLIVE CROOK, C. MICHAEL CURTIS (*fiction*),
JOSHUA GREEN, CORBY KUMMER, AMY MEEKER, JOY de MENIL,
CULLEN MURPHY, SUE PARILLA, YVONNE ROLZHAUSEN,
ROBERT VARE (*editor at large*), JON ZOBENICA

Art Director
JASON TREAT

National Correspondents
MARK BOWDEN, JAMES FALLOWS, ROBERT D. KAPLAN,
WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE, AMY WALDMAN

Executive Editor
AMY MACE STACKHOUSE

Associate Editors
ROSS DOUTHAT, ILANA OZERNOY

Copy Desk
MARGE duMOND, Copy Chief
JEREMY BERLIN, Copy Editor

Research and Staff Editors
DAVID BARBER (*poetry*), ABIGAIL CUTLER, BRUCE FALCONER,
TERRENCE HENRY, JUSTINE ISOLA, TIMOTHY LAVIN, BESSMARIE MOLL,
JESSICA PAVONE, MATTHEW QUIRK, JENNY WOODSON

Art Staff
MELISSA BLUEY, Assistant Art Director
KELLY CHEN, Art Coordinator
RYAN MORRIS, Graphics Editor

Editorial Assistant
ELEANOR SMITH

The Atlantic Online
SAGE STOSSEL, Executive Editor
KEN BERARD, Online Producer
JENNIE ROTHENBERG, Associate Editor

Correspondents
DAVID BROOKS, STEPHEN BUDIANSKY, REUEL MARC GERECHT,
CHARLES C. MANN, P.J. O'ROURKE, SRIDHAR PAPPU, JONATHAN RAUCH,
ERIC SCHLOSSER, ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL, JEFFREY TAYLER

Contributing Editors
ROY BLOUNT JR., TOM CARSON, FRANCIS DAVIS,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, SEYMOUR M. HERSH,
CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS, WENDY KAMINER, TRACY KIDDER,
SANDRA TSING LOH, JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON, THOMAS MALLON,
JACK MILES, B. R. MYERS, CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, VIRGINIA POSTREL,
THOMAS POWERS, HANNA ROSIN, WILLIAM SCHNEIDER, PAUL STAROBIN,
CHUCK TODD, BARBARA WALLRAFF, BENJAMIN WITTES

Editor Emeritus
WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Editorial Offices & Correspondence

The Atlantic Monthly considers unsolicited manuscripts,
fiction or nonfiction, and mail for the Letters column.

Correspondence should be sent to

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
The Atlantic Monthly
600 New Hampshire Avenue NW
Washington, DC 20037

Letters should be sent to Letters@theatlantic.com or to the address above.

Manuscripts will not be returned, nor will queries be answered or letters
acknowledged, unless they are accompanied by a postage-paid postcard or
return envelope of sufficient size. Please do not send manuscripts by e-mail.

Chairman
DAVID G. BRADLEY

Group Publisher and Chief Executive
JOHN FOX SULLIVAN

President
JOHN GALLOWAY

Chief Editorial Adviser
CLIVE CROOK

Publisher
ELIZABETH BAKER KEFFER

MEREDITH KOPIT, Associate Publisher
DEBORAH CUNNINGHAM, Executive Director, Marketing
PAUL O'NEILL, Managing Director, Atlantic Events

Advertising
New York, Washington, Los Angeles: (202) 266-7400
EMILY AKHTARZANDI, Director
HALLIDAY HART, MICHAEL RANCILIO, JAIME VASIL,
LAUREN S. WALL, Managers
JULIA HAMILTON, JULIA O'MEARA, JESSICA MARKS, Associates
Direct Response: (800) 280-2069
MARIE ISABELLE, Manager; SUSAN BOUCHER, Associate

Marketing, Events & Creative Services
JENNIFER R. YURINA, Director, Creative Services
VINCE LAMPONE, Marketing Analyst
LIBBY BARTON, RYAN BERG, SUSAN BREISSINGER,
SARAH BRUSS, ADRIAN CONSTANTYN, MOLLY CLANCY,
CHRISTOPHER DONOVAN, DIANA GUTIÉRREZ, AMANDA KNEPP,
SARAH NADLER, STACEY PAVESI, KIRSTEN ROWAN, CHRISTINE SCOTT

Media Relations
JULIA ROTHWAX, Director
(212) 284-7637, jrothwax@theatlantic.com
HANNAH HIRSHFELD, Associate
(212) 284-7635, hhrshfeld@theatlantic.com

Circulation & Reader Services
PAUL UNGLAUB, Director
JACQUELINE SANDBERG, KATE SADLER, Associates

Production
JOHN KEFFERSTAN, Production Director
JENNIFER FARMER, Production Manager
SHAUN RAVIV, Production Coordinator

Finance
ELAINE ERCHAK, Managing Director

Human Resources
MARA DELL, Executive Director

Editorial Administration
MICHAEL KUBIT

Advertising Offices
The Atlantic Monthly
600 New Hampshire Avenue NW
Washington, DC 20037, (202) 266-6000

Customer Service & Reprints
Please direct all subscription queries and orders to
Atlantic Customer Care
Box 37585
Boone, IA 50037-0585
or call (800) 234-2411. For expedited service please call
between 3:30 and 11:30 P.M. ET, Tuesday through Friday.
Reprint requests (100+) should be made to
Reprint Management Services, (717) 399-1900.
A discount rate and free support materials are
available to teachers who use *The Atlantic* in the classroom.
Please call (877) 299-8577 or visit www.theatlantic.com/teach/.

automation & control • building technologies • energy & power • financial services
lighting • material handling • medical solutions • transportation • water & wastewater

Who provides thousands of US municipalities and industries with
safe, clean and reliable water?

We do. Innovations from Siemens can be found everywhere.
As the leader in North America for water and wastewater
equipment and services, we make water systems more reliable
and efficient. Every day we treat hundreds of millions of gallons
of water that serves communities, industries and businesses.
At Siemens, our innovations help turn dreams into reality.

SIEMENS

Global network of innovation



©2004 Archer Daniels Midland

www.admworld.com



RESOURCEFUL BY NATURE™

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JUNE 1

Katrina, Round Two

Hurricane season starts today. Since Katrina revealed serious flaws in the country's physical and bureaucratic disaster-preparedness systems, Gulf Coast states and the federal government have been racing against the seasonal clock to shore up both fronts. By today, the Army Corps of Engineers hopes to have restored to pre-Katrina strength 169 miles of the 350-mile levee system that protects New Orleans, which would in theory guard against a weak Category 3 hurricane. Independent scientific commissions are skeptical that the new levees will offer even that modest protection. Meanwhile, the Department of Homeland Security and the Federal Emergency Management Agency have pledged to overhaul their disaster bureaucracy and response plans and add 1,500 emergency personnel over the next several months.

JUNE 5

Must Be an Election Year

As stumping for the midterm elections gets under way, Senate Majority Leader Bill Frist, in an effort to rally

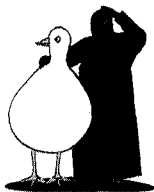
disillusioned Republicans, has promised votes on several divisive cultural issues. Today's vote will attempt to revive President Bush's proposal for a constitutional amendment to ban gay marriage, an issue that last percolated on Capitol Hill just before the 2004 elections—a striking coincidence, surely. State-level gay-marriage bans were also popular in 2004, passing on all eleven ballots on which they appeared. Frist has promised another red-meat amendment—to “prohibit the physical desecration of the flag of the United States”—later this month.



JUNE 6

Day of the Beast

Hexakosioihexekontahehexaphobics, tremble! By the reckoning of some numerologists and Rapture watchers, today (6/6/06) is the big day hinted at in Revelation: the beginning of the end of days. Even if the Antichrist fails to appear, a movie version premieres today: *The Omen 666*. The remake of the 1976 creep show about the devil brought to earth as a dark-haired



JUNE 1-7

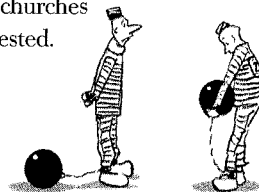
Iraq Peace Talks

The Arab League, notably absent from Iraqi politics since it left the country during the Coalition invasion in 2003, returns to convene a national reconciliation meeting starting this week in hopes of finding common ground among Iraq's warring sects. The league's critics claim that its true motivation is offsetting growing Iranian influence in Iraq (it has been accused of holding Sunni sympathies). At a preparatory meeting in Cairo last November, Sunni parties pushed to recognize the insurgency as a legitimate resistance force, while the Kurds and Shiites, who dominate the Iraqi government, disagreed. Only one consensus emerged at that meeting: that the United States should set a timeline for withdrawal. Similar Arab League talks did manage to bring an end to Lebanon's civil war in 1990.

CALENDAR

WHAT TO WATCH FOR IN THE WEEKS AHEAD

changing began production in Croatia, but had to be completed in the Czech Republic and Italy after local authorities and churches protested.



JUNE 16

Human Rights, New and Improved

The United Nations Commission on Human Rights—a long-standing embarrassment whose members have included Zimbabwe, Sudan, and Cuba—will be abolished today, a victory in Secretary-General Kofi Annan's campaign to reform the UN. Members of the new Human Rights Council, which convenes on June 19, must gain majority approval from the General Assembly and have a clean rights record—a tougher standard than in the past, though not quite the two-thirds approval the United States and Annan wanted. The new body will have increased importance within the UN, as well as the power to sponsor interventions and suspend members for gross violations.

JUNE 18

Milestone in Central Africa

In what it hopes will be an end to years of violence and upheaval (most of them under the dictator Mobutu Sese Seko, who seized power in a 1965 coup), the Democratic Republic of the Congo will hold its first free

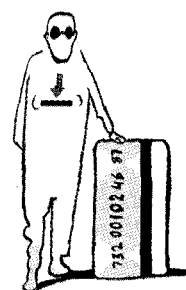
elections since it gained independence from Belgium forty-six years ago. Though fighting continues in the resource-rich eastern provinces, a shaky peace has held since a 2002 truce ended the civil war that killed 3 million people. Joseph Kabila, the current president of the power-sharing transitional government, will usher in elections for a new leader and national assembly. The European Union, eager to prove it can play a part in global security, will send as many as 1,500 troops to back the 17,000 UN peacekeepers already on the ground.

JUNE 20

Line Jumping, Courtesy of the TSA

Frequent fliers around the country can now enjoy the obnoxious pleasure of cutting to the front of airport-security lines. The Transportation Security Administration's new Registered Traveler program, which today goes into effect nationally after tests at five airports, allows travelers to pay an annual fee (probably around \$80) and submit to a “security threat assessment” in exchange for a card containing biometric information that spares them the typical routine of screening and wandling. At least seventy airports have expressed interest.

—Matthew Quirk





LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Decline of the IRA

While Matthew Teague's "Double Blind" (April *Atlantic*) was indeed a fascinating read, I was hardly convinced that Kevin Fulton's role was as significant as the dramatic cover photo and caption might suggest. Indeed, it is worth asking if the Irish Republican Army did in fact "topple," or whether it simply came to the realization that terrorism was no longer a viable tool. Terrorism in our modern era depends less on the effectiveness of the act itself and more on the effectiveness of the communication of that act to the global public. The day the media opts not to cover terrorist activities will be the day that terrorists start looking for other means to accomplish their goals. It cannot be a coincidence that while there has been a rise in terrorist activities in the Middle East over the last decade or so, there has been a corresponding decrease in terrorist activities in Northern Ireland. American/Western interests dictated that the happenings in the Middle East would be the first priority for mass media organizations, and the IRA realized that it would be hard pressed to compete for global media attention. Thus, terrorism in Northern Ireland became an ineffective use of time, money, and human life.

Adam Hill
Kandern, Germany

Matthew Teague replies:

It's true, as I noted in the story, that the IRA fell into military ruin due to a confluence of several circumstances: an environment inhospitable to terrorism, political gains by its partner Sinn Féin, and of course British agents within its ranks.

I think it's not true, however, that the IRA stopped operating due to a lack of global media attention. Quite the opposite. If the IRA were to restart its bombing campaign, in London or elsewhere, the media

coverage—in the current climate of fear and awareness—would be total, including within the United States. And since America is one of the Republican movement's largest financial bases, such attention would actually be devastating to the organization.

The NSA Can Hear You

James Bamford ("Big Brother Is Listening," April *Atlantic*) presents the late Senator Frank Church and, by implication, the senators opposing present National Security Agency activities as heroes. But it should be remembered that the practical result of Senator Church's efforts was to destroy the operational side of the CIA for almost three decades, and to end the careers of an entire generation of intelligence people whose skills would likely have been useful in the present age of terrorism. Perhaps 9/11 or the attacks on the *USS Cole* or our African embassies could have been prevented had those skills been passed on.

Mr. Bamford does not consider that almost everything in life is a trade between competing values. In an age of fanatics and weapons of mass destruction, it seems prudent to know why *anyone* in the United States is talking with suspected terrorists overseas.

Len Winner
Rancho Palos Verdes, Calif.

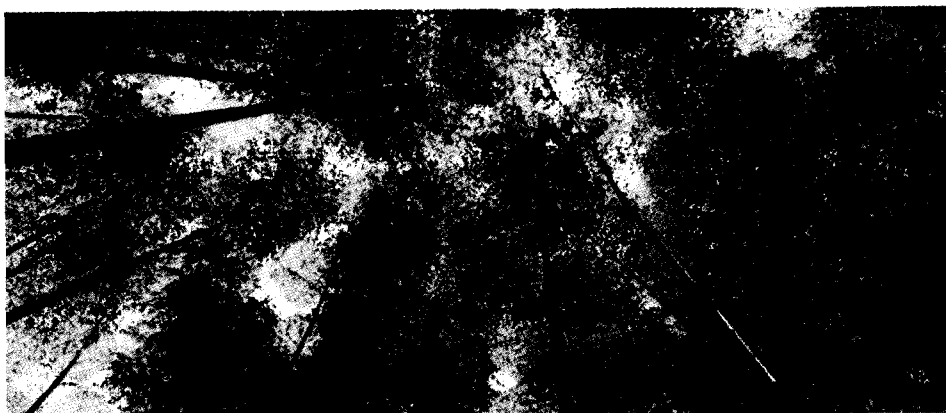
James Bamford reports that the *USS Jimmy Carter* uses "complex" technology to attach bugs to undersea fiber-optic cables in order to intercept transoceanic telephone calls. I do not know where Mr. Bamford got his information, but there is no way, based on the laws of physics, to covertly tap fiber-optic cables. There is no detectable signal of any kind—optical, thermal, or electrical—outside the fiber from the passage of the modulated light beam within. To tap a fiber,

one must sever it, polish both severed ends, feed the fiber into a mirror device that divides the light beam, reattach the other end of the fiber, and then connect the diverted signal to a transducer, allowing the eavesdropper to decode the light beam's contents. The interruption in service is lengthy, as it takes several minutes for a trained technician to sever, polish, and reconnect a single fiber in air. It would take hours to do this to dozens or hundreds of fibers underwater at oceanic-basin depths. The cable operator would know that service has been interrupted, and would later realize, due to loss of light intensity at the receiving transducer, that the signal has been split. Any other method of tapping an optic fiber is not science; it is science fiction.

David P. Vernon
Tucson, Ariz.

James Bamford replies:

Mr. Winner's charge—that the "practical result" of the joint intelligence committee under Senator Frank Church "was to destroy the operational side of the CIA for almost three decades"—is an old canard. The only real restriction on the CIA's Directorate of Operations to come out of the investigation was a prohibition on assassinations. As for his comment that "it seems prudent to know why anyone in the United States is talking with suspected terrorists overseas," I agree. So do federal judges of the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court: out of about 19,000 warrant applications, they have turned down only four. What is new is the Bush administration's decision to illegally bypass the court and place the decision-making authority, according to the former director of the NSA, in the hands of NSA "shift supervisors." I have always supported an energetic NSA, but when it turns to spying on American citizens there needs to be a responsible third party—the FISA Court—deciding who should be targeted.



The value of seeing the whole forest.

by the parent company of Kraft Foods, Philip Morris International
and Philip Morris USA

As a company that is the parent of both tobacco and food companies, we know what it is like to make the news – and not only in the financial reports. But what may not always make news is the long-term performance of a company like Altria Group, Inc.

We're not only one of the 30 companies that make up the Dow Jones Industrial Average, we're also one of the most profitable companies in the world. And we've had 38 dividend increases in the last 36 years. The family of brands made by our operating companies includes household names like Maxwell House, Marlboro, Velveeta, Virginia Slims, Philadelphia, Kraft, Nabisco. And many more.

We also know that in order for our companies to continue to be in business they need to strive to meet the expectations of Altria's shareholders, their consumers, regulators and society. It is simply the only path to the future.

For a company as newsworthy as ours, at times it can be hard to see the forest for the trees. But to look beyond immediate challenges and position our company for long-term success, we have to keep the whole forest squarely in sight.

And that's a vision we feel is worth sharing.

Our name is Altria Group.



Altria

Kraft Foods

Philip Morris International

Philip Morris USA

NYSE:MO altria.com

© Altria Group, Inc. 2005

Mr. Vernon's letter reminds me of the German high command's belief during World War II that the ciphers generated by their Enigma machine, an extremely complex encryption device, were absolutely unbreakable. A quarter of a century later, it was finally revealed that British and American codebreakers at Bletchley Park, outside London, had successfully broken the ciphers, perhaps the greatest secret of the war. In my book Body of Secrets, I quote from a classified address by an NSA deputy director to the agency's technical staff: "We're much further ahead now in terms of being able to access and collect network data, fiber-optics, cellular data, all the different modalities of communications that we are targeting." Also, intelligence officials have been quoted a number of times as saying that the USS Jimmy Carter was designed especially for such a mission.

The New Science of Love

Having done my share of online dating, I enjoyed Lori Gottlieb's recent article on the "science" of attraction and compability, "How Do I Love Thee?" (March *Atlantic*). As I was reading along, pondering the lengths of my ring and index fingers and reflecting on the insights into my personality this information is believed to provide, I was suddenly caught off guard. In order to make a point, Ms. Gottlieb chose an excerpt from an online profile. My profile. My words. To add to the weirdness, it was the bit about my reading habits, which mentions my preference for magazines. Like *The Atlantic*.

While my friends encouraged me to label my profile "As Seen in *The Atlantic*," the coincidence almost burned me: a woman who had recently contacted me on Match.com subsequently read the article and assumed that I was a plagiarist!

Ironically, Gottlieb's point was that she and I were probably not a match, because of my choice of reading material. Ah, that hurt a bit, but I was still flattered to see my words in one of my favorite publications and amused to be described as a guy with "a literary bent." As inaccurate as that characterization may be, it made me sound intriguing. Then again, now that my finely crafted prose has appeared in *The Atlantic* not

once but twice, perhaps Ms. Gottlieb might reconsider our compatibility.

Tommy Donovan
aka dedalusinseattle
Seattle, Wash.

The Health-Care Debate

Clive Crook dismisses the Canadian health-care system ("Poison Pill," April *Atlantic*) as some kind of a joke. Apparently he has been listening to the propaganda trumpeted by for-profit health-care providers who would make fortunes if they were allowed to expand their operations in Canada.

True, the Canadian system is plagued by unacceptably long waiting lists for some procedures, notably hip and knee replacements. But even with these unfortunate anomalies, the Canadian system withstands scrutiny better than almost any other country's system, and especially when contrasted with the United States.

Since cost seems to be Crook's main interest, how does he justify the fact that health-care costs per capita in the United States are twice those in Canada? Or that they consume roughly 14 percent of America's gross domestic product, compared with 7 percent in Canada? If the U.S. system generated twice the benefit of the Canadian system, perhaps it would be worth the doubled cost. But does it do so? Start with the 45 million Americans who have no health-care protection whatsoever, and add the other 20 million Americans who have completely inadequate coverage. It is no wonder that unexpected health-care costs are the largest single cause of personal bankruptcies in the United States.

Let's look at some other outcomes. Life expectancy in the United States is the lowest among nine comparable countries; Canada is tied for third place, behind Japan and Sweden. The average American between twenty-five and sixty-five has a 40 percent greater chance of dying than the average Canadian of the same age. And what about purely medical outcomes? Crook is right that his proposed user-pay "solution" would discourage people from making so many visits to the doctor. But countless public-health studies have shown that total medical costs are actually saved by early

intervention—that is, by catching and treating a disease in its early stages before it becomes catastrophic. Crook's plan to reduce the number of visits to doctors would result in more serious illness, and a higher cost both in dollars and in lives.

Bruce Partridge
Victoria, British Columbia

Nigeria's Peril

Jeffrey Tayler's depiction of Nigeria ("Worse Than Iraq?" April *Atlantic*) is an update on an old story, but I was glad to get the update nonetheless. As a resident of Lagos for the past three years, I know full well the precarious state of the country's so-called democracy and have followed the small successes and large failings of the Obasanjo presidency.

But while I appreciate the coverage, I can't quite accept the Iraq analogy. Tayler claims that the U.S. government's naming of African oil as a "strategic national interest" means "that the United States would use military force, if necessary, to protect it," and that Nigeria's troubles would, "like those of the Persian Gulf, cost us dearly in blood and money." This is a bold extrapolation, the plausibility of which I doubt (barring a northern Nigerian collusion with al-Qaeda). In Iraq there was at least the semblance of a direct threat to national security; any military action in Nigeria would be transparently economic. And it would be an outrage if, after passing on intervention so recently in Sudan, allowing genocide to continue there, the United States intervened in Nigeria to stop the destruction of American oil.

Craig Eldon Curry
Lagos, Nigeria

Jeffrey Tayler replies:

The Bush administration's designation of African oil as a "strategic national interest" implies the possibility of using American military force to protect it—a matter of definition, not extrapolation. Defending a strategic national interest—oil, in Nigeria's case—is no trifling matter, given how much the United States depends on imports of cheap energy.

It might be outrageous to imagine the United States intervening in Nigeria solely to protect oil, but then how are we

BE ROBUST YET
MELLOW
WITH A HINT OF SPICE

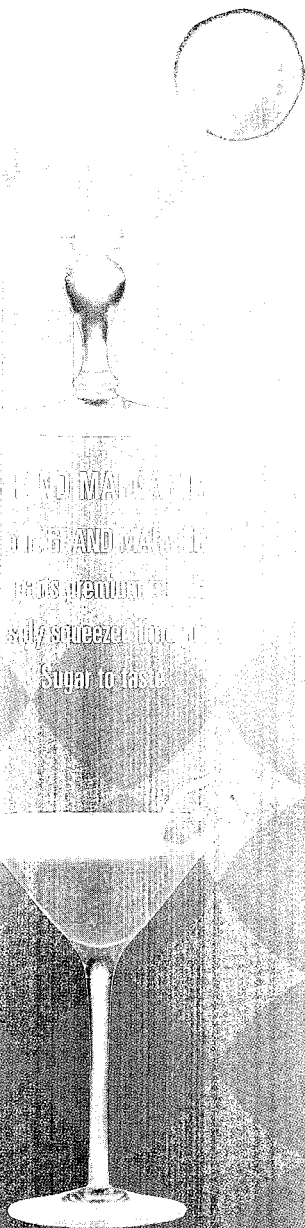
Scenery, adventure, history, arts, culture, big cities, small towns and delicious surprises at every turn,
from charming boutique wineries to enduring vacation memories.

COLORADO

TO DISCOVER EXCITING, UNEXPECTED PLACES TO EAT, SLEEP, RELAX AND ADVENTURE, CALL 1-800-COLORADO OR VISIT
COLORADO.COM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Celebrate with a superior cocktail.



GRAND COSMO

1/2 part GRAND MARNIER®
1 1/2 parts Belvedere® vodka
Splash of cranberry juice

Grand Marnier

to react to the U.S. invasion and occupation of Iraq, when the grounds for war advanced publicly by the Bush administration have proved overwhelmingly false? As worldwide competition for energy supplies intensifies, actions previously unthinkable drift within the realm of the possible, and weighty pretexts evolve to justify them.

Iraq and the Insurgency

Kenneth M. Pollack's suggestions for "saving" Iraq ("The Right Way: Seven Steps Toward a Last Chance in Iraq," March *Atlantic*) are warmed-over versions of the United States' attempt to pacify South Vietnam in the 1960s and early 1970s. This attempt failed then and it will fail again.

As with South Vietnam, Iraq has a largely homegrown resistance movement, corrupt central and local governments intent on preserving their power rather than "freeing" their country from the insurgents, and a social structure whose loyalties rest more on family and religion than on some vague concept of national identity. When the United States withdrew from South Vietnam in 1975, both the South Vietnamese army and government tottered on for a short while before collapsing. There is no reason to expect that the current Iraqi army and government would be any different.

Similarly, Andrew Krepinevich's theory of a "spreading oil stain" is as unworkable in Iraq as it was when the United States attempted it in South Vietnam's countryside. By day, a strong presence of American troops in Vietnamese villages gave the illusion of control. After dark, cadres of the Vietcong ruled the countryside. In the same manner, American control of Iraqi towns lasts only as long as troops are present. When they pull out, the towns revert to the control of whatever insurgent presence exists.

Also, with the notable exceptions of General Douglas MacArthur in post-war Japan and John Paul Vann during the Vietnam War, the "unified command structure" that Pollack advocates almost never works. The army is seldom willing to risk the lives of its troops on orders from a civilian authority. Similarly, military commanders make poor civil administrators because their training is

primarily limited to tactical battlefield exercises rather than civilian affairs.

The corrupt central government in Baghdad will last only so long as it is propped up by American military might. In spite of Pollack's suggestions, the only way to "save" Iraq is to return it to the Iraqis and withdraw the Coalition armies.

Holmes Brannon

Woodland Park, Colo.

Kenneth M. Pollack, like so many supporters and critics of the war, fails to provide any provision for the Iraqi people to express their will regarding the occupation of their country. As a first step, the United States should offer to fund a referendum asking when the occupation of Iraq should end and when the Iraqi government should assume full responsibility for the security and stability of its country.

Tony Green

Gualala, Calif.

Kenneth Pollack replies:

While I am the first to say that Iraq is not Vietnam, it is equally unfortunate that we have allowed popular misconceptions about the nature of our defeat in Southeast Asia to further confuse the debate over Iraq. Once General Creighton Abrams took over as commander of the Military Assistance Command in Vietnam, and Robert Komer was brought in to head the civilian side of the effort, the United States pursued an extraordinarily successful counterinsurgency campaign, presided over by precisely the sort of unified command structure that is needed in Iraq. Far from being a failure, as conventional wisdom would have it, the Komer-headed Civil Operations and Revolutionary Development Support program virtually eradicated the Vietcong as a force in South Vietnam by about 1970. At that point, Hanoi was forced to begin mounting conventional invasions. The first was smashed by U.S. airpower in 1972, in the Linebacker II campaign, while the second, in 1975, ultimately succeeded because of the absence of U.S. airpower.

Turning to Iraq, the working group I headed advocated the strategic and tactical approach often described as a "spreading oil stain" because it has been proven repeatedly to work. When American formations

The secret to
the world's greatest margarita
is no longer a secret.



GRAND MARNIER MAKES
A GRAND MARGARITA.

Drink with style. Drink responsibly.

© 2005 Grand Marnier, Inc. NYC NY GRAND MARNIER LIQUEUR 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF)
www.grandmarnierusa.com

PRODUCED BY LINZ ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have employed versions of this approach—as the 1st Cavalry Division did in north Baghdad, the 101st Airborne did in Kirkuk, and most recently the 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment did in Tal Afar—the results have been unqualified successes. Indeed, American military commanders are increasingly pushing to adopt precisely the sort of changes we recommended, and often doing so on their own initiative.

As far as Iraqi self-expression, the Iraqis are constantly being asked what they want—by pollsters, by journalists, and by people like myself who interact with them on a regular basis. The great shame is that more Americans don't bother to listen to them. The Iraqis' greatest desire is not to see the American presence ended but to see it actually start to provide them with the safety, jobs, clean water, sanitation, gasoline, and other necessities they need to live normal lives. In fact, the most recent polling data available shows that a healthy majority of all Iraqis (and the vast majority of Shiite and Kurdish Iraqis) do not believe that U.S. forces should leave Iraq for at least two years, although the same poll showed that most were very unhappy with the inability of the United States to provide basic services and public safety.

The Nuclear Imbalance

Benjamin Schwarz's piece on nuclear weapons ("The Perils of Primacy," January/February *Atlantic*) suggests that the United States should seek to re-establish a nuclear stalemate with Russia and China, and that until this is done, the U.S. will remain the primary threat to the stability of deterrence. But it is exceedingly difficult to agree on an acceptable measure of what constitutes a "nuclear stalemate" or a "nuclear balance." Witness the years of strategic arms control negotiations and the convoluted, byzantine treaties that resulted. Schwarz leaves out the fact that Russia has a significant advantage in "non-strategic" nuclear weapons. He also fails to mention that both Russia and China are currently developing new ICBMs and SLBMs. The United States, on the other hand, has destroyed almost all of its non-strategic nuclear weapons, is not producing new ICBMs or SLBMs, and lacks the capability to produce new weapons.

Brad Walker
Alexandria, Va.

Benjamin Schwarz replies:

Mr. Walker asserts, correctly, that Russia has more (but not better) "non-strategic" nuclear weapons (designed to be used on the battlefield), but these tactical weapons are by definition irrelevant to the strategic (intercontinental) nuclear balance, which is what my piece was concerned with. It's also true that Moscow and Beijing are "developing" some new intercontinental and submarine-launched ballistic-missile systems, but these are in the (for the most part incipient) planning stages, and in most cases it would take decades before they're operational, if they ever are. Owing to staggering financial problems, Russia's nuclear arsenal has, as I detailed, deteriorated hugely; Moscow is in no position to develop and deploy new systems. And Beijing would have some trouble with those submarine-launched ballistic missiles it's "developing," since it has no operational ballistic-missile submarines on which to deploy them. Mr. Walker writes that the United States isn't producing new ICBMs and SLBMs, but as I explained in my article, the United States has vastly improved its nuclear capabilities since the end of the Cold War by upgrading its existing systems.

It's true that the nuclear balance was difficult to measure during the Cold War. But the United States isn't simply pulling ahead of Russia on some meaningless yardstick devised to measure nuclear arsenals; the change is much more profound. The United States will soon have the capability to initiate and win a nuclear war against Russia by destroying all of Moscow's long-range nuclear forces in a first strike. This is nothing less than nuclear primacy.

Israel and Palestine

Ted Conover's article ("The Checkpoint," March *Atlantic*) zeroes in on one specific aspect of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, spends time with both Jews and Arabs under the guise of objectivity, and then seems to blame Israel for most of the difficulties. Even when Israeli soldiers are describing their point of view, Conover's sympathies are clear: a powerful Israeli military is intimidating innocent civilians.

But it is a distortion of the truth to describe only Palestinian civilians and

Israeli soldiers, and to present that as an entire picture. For every Palestinian hurt by the Israeli occupation, there are Jews who have lost children, brothers, and parents as a result of a terrorist attack. Probably every one of the soldiers he interviewed has either a friend or a family member who has been injured in such an attack. Where are these innocent civilians in Conover's article?

Jon Zimmerman
Chicago, Ill.

Ted Conover replies:

As we are seeing in Iraq, long-term occupation is a very difficult thing, corrosive to the well-being of both those who enforce it and those on whom it is imposed. Soldiers (in this case, Israeli) who trained to fight a military enemy are presented instead with civilians, among whom a few enemies lurk. It is hard to do one's duty without harming innocent people; the meaning of heroism, in such a context, remains obscure. That's why I felt considerable empathy for the soldiers I got to know, and whose work was patently the focus of my piece: the dangers they faced and the frustrations they felt reminded me, in exaggerated form, of my own work as a prison guard.

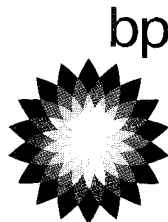
Are the Israeli victims of Palestinian violence part of this story? Of course: it goes without saying that they, and the fear and anger their deaths have spawned, are the occupation's *raison d'être*. But my main focus was on the soldiers, and it seemed impossible to understand their role without speaking also to Palestinian noncombatants. I try hard to see both sides. It is difficult to have a dialogue with a reader who does not.

Pushing Drugs

Carl Elliott's article ("The Drug Pushers," April *Atlantic*) contains little if any new or useful information. I am the "pharmaceutical liaison" for my clinic and privy to the conversations of the "reps" who detail from my small office space—the only space available to reps within my clinic. Most of their conversations concern the frustration they have in achieving a "face-to-face" with prescribers, not the gala events they have just sponsored or the expenses they run up. While I do accept fruit or vegetable

We need more than energy for the future. We need energies.

One form of energy won't secure our needs for the future. It's going to take many—solar, wind, hydrogen, natural gas, and yes, oil. So we're investing \$15 billion in the Gulf of Mexico to find and produce new oil and gas supplies. Recently, we announced plans to invest up to \$8 billion over 10 years in a new business called BP Alternative Energy that will use a wide range of energy sources to provide low carbon electricity. It's a start.



beyond petroleum®

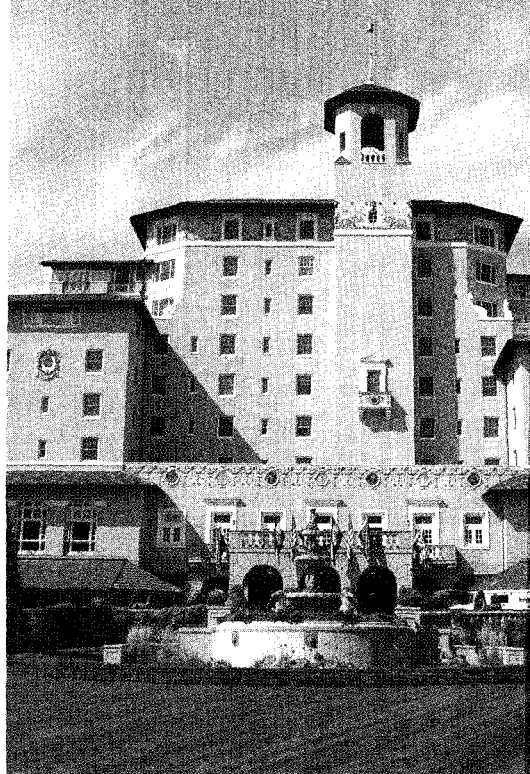
Offering Guests an Unparalleled Experience

Long recognized as a destination providing guests with the finest in luxury accommodations, The BRO^ADMOOR continues to reinvent itself, featuring

Newly renovated South Tower guest rooms with fully integrated multi-media systems

Summer 2006 unveiling of Nicklaus Design's Mountain Course

World-class spa, dining, tennis, and retail shops



Colorado Springs' historic BRO^ADMOOR is the longest consecutive winner of both the AAA Five-Diamond and the Mobil Five-Star awards.

For more information on The BRO^ADMOOR, call 866-203-8038 or visit www.broadmoor.com.

THE
BROADMOOR
COLORADO SPRINGS



trays and pens and sticky notes from them on behalf of my clinic's staff, most of these gifts are passed on to the local nursing home, to the adjacent hospital's nursing staff, and, on occasion, to the local animal shelter. Our patients are probably better supplied with pens than we are in the clinic. We also gladly accept the medication samples, because our uninsured and underinsured patients appreciate them; it is not at all unusual, in my acute-care setting, to be able to supply a "needy" patient with an entire course of short-term treatment for an illness using only the samples.

Mr. Elliott's article paints with a broad brush to suggest a picture of widespread collusion. But the article's "revelations" apply equally to every successful profession—and I know that my patients derive significant benefit from my willingness to accept the fact that "business is business."

Edwin A. Novak
Akeley, Minn.

Carl Elliott replies:

It is sad that a physician can read about a drug rep buying a doctor a swimming pool in exchange for writing prescriptions, or a medical-school professor giving lectures to students with slides provided by Eli Lilly, and find no surprises. "Business is business"? Yes, that is exactly right. A business is what American medicine has become.

What's Left of the Left?

It is curious that Christopher Hitchens retains such admiration for Perry Anderson's intellectual prowess ("What's Left?" March *Atlantic*). Marxist thinking has always been a dullard's pursuit, and those still consumed by it are far from the intellectual vanguard. Hitchens lauds Anderson for facing developments "as they actually were"—for instance, by admitting that radical ideas are/were coming from the Right, not the Left. Had Anderson predicted such circumstances in, say, the 1970s, his vision would have been impressive. Had the prediction come a decade or two earlier than that, it would have been an intellectual achievement of the first order. However, coming as it did, in an editorial in *New Left Review* in 2000,

it was simply braying the obvious. There is no basis for the label "the most profound essayist wielding a pen," if the essayist in question is merely crafting an epitaph.

Steve Stringer
Los Alamos, N.M.

Advice and Consent

Benjamin Schwarz, in his review of Peter Richmond's new biography of Peggy Lee ("Editor's Choice," April *Atlantic*), suggests that great white female jazz singers other than Lee are practically nonexistent. But, to anyone familiar with jazz singers of the 1940s and 1950s, several names should spring to mind: Anita O'Day, June Christy, and Chris Connor, for example, and one could add the immensely versatile Jo Stafford.

Jody Williams
Austin, Texas

Benjamin Schwarz replies:

My review hardly suggests that other white women jazz singers are nonexistent. And for what it's worth, but for lack of space I had planned to make clear that O'Day is my fave (her recording of "A Breeze with Gene Krupa, seems to be the second-most-played song now on my iPod), though she lacked Lee's cool detachment.

What might have been an interesting piece on the proliferation of home-decorating magazines ("Home Alone," March *Atlantic*) instead became a forum for Terry Castle to show off—Cliffs Notes—style—her great big brain. The author's obscure allusions (Vita Sackville-West, John Pawson, Miss Plaster Caster) and ten-dollar words (*ensorcelled*, *parlous*, *ructions*) were so distracting I could barely sustain interest.

I know Zurbaran; I even know Boethius. The best illustration of *Et in Arcadia ego* is in a Poussin painting, and it also described the first half of the novel *Brideshead Revisited*. But "the female Fauntleroy"? Does it even make sense?

Here are two fifty-cent words for Ms. Castle's handiwork: pretentious and boring.
Clare Malloy
Chicago, Ill.



SOME HOTELS HAVE "PREFERRED CUSTOMERS."
WE HAVE SOUL MATES.

The Broadmoor. It is not simply a resort. It is an experience. It is not merely world-class golf, Spa, dining. It is a total immersion into a time and place



where your pleasure is all that matters. It is not just a preference. It is a passion.

WWW.BROADMOOR.COM 1.866.203.8038

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you, inc.

powered by cisco.

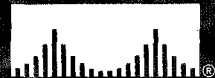
You push to find new ways to improve products,
refine practices, and expand relationships.
You bring "new" to the table every day.
Introducing You, Inc., part of a new way of doing
business created to help you make the most
of your network (and business). At its core is
Cisco Smart Business Communications,
a unique set of products and services made
specifically for small to medium-sized
businesses like yours. To learn more,
or to find a certified partner or a service
provider to help manage your network,
visit cisco.com/youinc

OFFICE
OPEN ALL YEAR

©2006 Cisco Systems, Inc. All rights reserved.

CISCO SYSTEMS

small business. powered by



PRODUCED BY JUNE 2006
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE AGENDA

JUNE 2006 | THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

THIS MONTH:

PHOTO OP

In Washington, D.C., a circus parade speaks unwittingly to Republican fears
PAGE 30

FIRST PRINCIPLES

Why America's energy security is better than you think
PAGE 32

POLL

The future of Hamas
PAGE 33

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Our dwindling military options in Iraq
PAGE 34

WASHINGTON

How Wal-Mart could push the U.S. toward universal health care
PAGE 38

PRIMARY SOURCES

Mental illness in the White House; the "daughter gap" in Congress
PAGE 46

COMMENT

Stoking the Beast

Cutting taxes to shrink government doesn't work—and that spells trouble for the conservative movement

BY JONATHAN RAUCH

President Carter ducked the presidential debate of September 21, 1980, but Ronald Reagan and John Anderson, the independent candidate, were on hand for a revealing exchange. The question was whether Reagan's proposed tax cuts, if not balanced by spending reductions, would fuel inflation. Anderson thought so: "I have been very careful in saying that what I'm going to do is to bring federal spending under control first."

Reagan scoffed. "John tells us that first we've got to reduce spending before we can reduce taxes," he said. "Well, if you've got a kid that's extravagant, you can lecture him all you want to about his extravagance. Or you can cut his allowance and achieve the same end much quicker." With that statement, Reagan performed one of the last century's great feats of political prestidigitation.

Until then, the conservative movement had been at odds with itself. Libertarians in the Goldwater tradition wanted to reduce spending in order to shrink Big Government. Supply-siders derided that idea as a political loser, "root-canal economics." Instead, they demanded large tax cuts that would grow the economy. Traditional business conservatives, however, believed in balanced budgets, and they held tax cuts hostage to spending cuts that never happened. The movement was gridlocked.

Reagan and his supply-side vanguard saw a way to break the jam—or, more precisely, two ways. First, some argued that tax cuts would so energize the economy as to pay for themselves. That claim was widely controversial, even among Republicans (Reagan's then-rival George H. W. Bush called it "voodoo economics"), and it proved mostly wrong. Less controversial, but in the end more important, was the claim Reagan lobbed at Anderson. Often called the Starve the Beast hypothesis, it held that tax cuts shrink the federal Leviathan by starving it of funds. Tax cuts need not *await* spending cuts because they would *cause* spending cuts.

For modern conservatism and the country, the importance of Starve the Beast is impossible to overstate. Suddenly Republicans could offer both lower taxes and smaller government without any need for fiscal dentistry. Suddenly it was the Democrats who were trapped. From then to now, tax cutting has been the lodestar of conservatism,

rising to its apogee under the current President Bush. But there have always been dissenting voices, of which perhaps the most prominent speaks from within the conservative movement.

When Diogenes searches Washington, D.C., for an honest man, he could do worse than carry his lantern to the office of William A. Niskanen, the chairman of the libertarian Cato Institute. Niskanen's wall displays portraits of Isaac Newton, Adam Smith, and Charles Darwin, each captioned ORDER WITH-OUT DIRECTION. Apart from the floor and a writing desk, every horizontal surface, including the window sill, is stacked a foot high with files and reports. At six feet four inches and of military bearing, with a thatch of white hair and an austere professorial manner, the seventy-three-year-old Niskanen seems to glide above political Washington.

would reduce the apparent cost of government, thus stimulating rather than stunting Washington's growth. "You make government look cheaper than it would otherwise be," he said recently.

Suppose the federal budget is balanced at \$1 trillion. Now suppose Congress reduces taxes by \$200 billion without reducing spending. One result is a \$200 billion deficit. Another result is that voters pay for only 80 percent of what government actually costs. Think of this as a 20 percent discount on government. As everyone knows, when you put something on sale, people buy more of it. Logically, then, tax cuts might increase the demand for government instead of reducing the supply of it. Or they might do some of each.

Which is it? To the naked eye, Starve the Beast looks suspiciously counter-productive. After all, spending (as a

Again looking at 1981 to 2005, Niskanen then asked at what level taxes neither increase nor decrease spending. The answer: about 19 percent of the GDP. In other words, taxation above that level shrinks government, and taxation below it makes government grow. Thanks to the Bush tax cuts, revenues have been well below 19 percent since 2002 (17.8 percent last year). Perhaps not surprisingly, government spending has risen under Bush.

"I would like to be proven wrong," says Niskanen. No wonder: for the modern conservative coalition, the implications of his findings are discomfiting, and in a sense tragic.

First, the root-canal economics of pre-Reagan conservatism was right all along: the way to limit the growth of government is to force politicians, and therefore voters, to pay for all the government they use—not to give them a discount.

Second, conservatives who are serious about halting or reversing the dizzying Bush-era expansion of government—if there are any such conservatives, something of an open question these days—should stop defending Bush's tax cuts. Instead, they should be talking about raising taxes to at least 19 percent of the GDP. Voters will not shrink Big Government until they feel the pinch of its true cost.

Third, the most effective constraint of all is to raise taxes *and* cut spending: exactly the sort of anti-deficit package that anti-tax conservatives pummeled the first President Bush and President Clinton for approving, and exactly the sort of package that the current President Bush and his anti-tax allies are sworn to block.

The conservative movement is in no position to accept or even acknowledge those implications, now that tax cutting has become the long pole in the Republican tent. Therein lies the element of tragedy. By turning a limited-government movement into an anti-tax movement, conservatism has effectively gone into business with the Big Government that it claims to oppose. It is not starving the beast. It is fueling the beast's appetite. And the beast has a credit card. ■

Jonathan Rauch is a correspondent for The Atlantic and a guest scholar at the Brookings Institution.



Trained at the University of Chicago, Niskanen spent his formative years crunching numbers at the RAND Corporation and then in the Pentagon (he was one of Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara's "whiz kids") and in the Nixon administration's Office of Management and Budget. He is a data guy, the sort of economist who responds to a visitor's question by saying, "I've got a chart on that that I made up yesterday." In the Reagan administration, he served as acting chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. Blunt-spoken and seemingly impervious to partisanship, he was passed over for the permanent chairmanship after telling senior politicians, in Reagan's presence, that one of their pet tax proposals would have made Walter Mondale proud.

Even during the Reagan years, Niskanen was suspicious of Starve the Beast. He thought it more likely that tax cuts, when unmatched with spending cuts,

share of the gross domestic product, the standard way to measure it) went up, not down, after Reagan cut taxes in the early 1980s; it went down, not up, after the first President Bush and President Clinton raised taxes in the early 1990s; and it went up, not down, following the Bush tax cuts early in this decade.

Niskanen recently analyzed data from 1981 to 2005 and found his hunch strongly confirmed. When he performed a statistical regression that controlled for unemployment (which independently influences spending and taxes), he found, he says, "no sign that deficits have ever acted as a constraint on spending." To the contrary: judging by the last twenty-five years (plenty of time for a fair test), a tax cut of 1 percent of the GDP *increases* the rate of spending growth by about 0.15 percent of the GDP a year. A comparable tax hike reduces spending growth by the same amount.

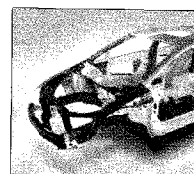
Ingeniously designed to help protect the things that need protecting.



At Honda, we continue to show our commitment to "Safety for Everyone" by developing new technologies designed to help protect you and your family in the event of an accident. Regardless of the size or price of your Honda*. By studying the dynamics of collisions between vehicles, our engineers created the Advanced Compatibility Engineering™ (ACE™) body structure. It's a unique design that helps spread the energy of a frontal collision throughout the body. ACE is only from Honda and



comes standard on the all-new Civic. In the future, ACE will come standard on many of our models as they evolve. After all, we made a promise to help keep all of our drivers and passengers safe.



ACE helps absorb frontal-collision energy.

Safety for Everyone. **HONDA**
The Power of Dreams

*Does not include specialty vehicles: Honda Insight, Honda S2000 and Acura NSX. © 2005 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. safety.honda.com

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTO OF
A CAPITOL EXODUS?

Elephants walk down East Capitol Street during the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey animal walk parade, nine days before Jack Abramoff was sentenced to six years in prison for fraud—and eight months before the congressional elections.

PHOTOGRAPH BY D. C. HUGHES/ZUMA PRESS



Shock Absorption

For America, energy security lies closer than you might think

BY CLIVE CROOK

It should be reassuring that the “energy crisis” one often reads about is always “looming.” In recent months the price of oil has been persistently higher than \$50 a barrel. Just a few years ago, when it fell to less than \$10, a price that high would have seemed both improbable and quite scary. It would have evoked memories of the oil shocks of the 1970s and the ruinous economic dislocation that followed. But in 2006, preoccupied as the country may be with its oil addiction and energy security, we still aren’t in a crisis, apparently. The crisis is only looming.

Looking at the performance of the economy, you could be forgiven for failing to notice the price of oil altogether. Growth is strong; unemployment is low; inflation is under control. Energy shocks do not look like this. Oil at \$50, \$60, \$70 a barrel? People resent the price of gas at the pumps, yes. But the economy seems to glide on, impervious.

Of course, high oil prices *have* acted as a brake on an otherwise strong economy—but only a modest brake. The biggest reason is that the economy uses energy, and especially oil, much less intensively than it did before. Since 1970 the country’s economy has grown by roughly 200 percent; its consumption of oil has risen by just 40 percent. The economy still needs oil to function. And in absolute terms, it needs more than before. But it needs far less in relation to output; that is, oil is a smaller component in the goods and services that America produces than it used to be. This makes a huge difference. Why? Because any given rise in oil’s price becomes easier for the country to absorb.

That is the real meaning of “energy security.” Contrary to what many politicians appear to believe, energy security does not reside in a low and stable price of oil. Oil prices have always fluctuated

wildly and probably always will; the structure of the industry makes price stability an unrealistic goal. Security lies in the improving ability of the economy to take widely fluctuating prices in its stride. The economy’s movement away from energy-intensive industries toward services has had precisely this effect. So too has the ordinary use of new, energy-saving technologies designed primarily to drive down costs. To some extent, energy efficiency and energy security turn out to be the same thing.

Much of the rhetoric about oil today is overheated. The world is not running out of the stuff, or out of energy more generally. With present technologies, proven and probable reserves of oil will be sufficient for decades. Even if prices somewhat lower than those already seen this year were sustained, an array of existing but not yet widely applied technologies would make it economically feasible to extract oil from tar sands or shale, or to convert coal to liquid fuel. There will be enough fuel from those sources to meet the world’s needs as far into the future as one cares to look—even if no brand-new energy-producing technologies emerge anytime soon.

The biggest immediate problem is not the supply of energy in the long term, but its fixity in the short term. Bringing new supplies onstream takes time, whether it is a matter of building new power plants, sinking new oil wells, or adding new refining capacity. At the same time, demand for energy is insensitive to price; when capacity is stretched it takes a very sharp increase in prices to push consumption down. Today, new investments are going ahead and consumers appear to be reining back. Once capacity comfortably exceeds demand again, as it did through the 1980s and 1990s, prices may eventually fall just as sharply. But the cycle will likely repeat,

leading to periodic vulnerability to oil shocks. The unremarked improvement in America’s energy security has been impressive, but it needs to continue, and it should be happening faster than it is.

Up to a point, there is a public interest in protecting the economy from wasteful volatility by speeding the rate of decline in oil’s systemic importance—by, as it were, investing in more shock protection than ordinary private cost saving will achieve. Environmental risks clinch the argument. The science and economics of manmade global warming are far more complicated than most commentary on the subject would have you believe, but there is a strong case for curbing global greenhouse-gas emissions. This can be done economically, provided the investments are phased in over an extended span of time. (For instance, it is far cheaper to build a new plant that emits less carbon dioxide than to retrofit an existing plant to the same effect. One failing of the Kyoto Protocol is its rush to impose immediate, drastic changes at ruinous cost.) Still, the planning and the policies need to be put in place now.

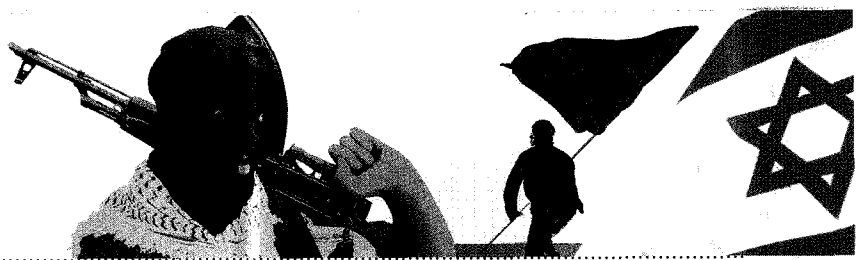
Energy diversification would better insulate the economy from oil-price shocks and reduce emissions of greenhouse gases. The economic instruments needed to speed this diversification away from oil are close at hand: taxes on greenhouse-gas emissions (in principle, a tax on carbon, implemented through higher taxes on gasoline and other fuels) and subsidies for the use of oil-saving technologies.

The current administration has repeatedly paid lip service to the idea of energy diversification but has done little so far to put it into practice. It should do much more. Not because the oil is running out, and not because the world has just a few years to avoid a global-warming catastrophe: there is plenty of oil, and dealing with global warming intelligently must be a multi-decade undertaking. Rather, such policies are an opportunity for the United States to lead other nations in effectively addressing the world’s biggest environmental risk, and become more prosperous in the bargain. ▀

Clive Crook is a senior editor of The Atlantic.

THE FUTURE OF HAMAS

The Atlantic recently asked a group of foreign-policy authorities about what lies ahead for Hamas



Q: Will the Hamas-led government remain in power over the next four years? (35 votes)

NO: 54% / YES: 46%

"No government in the Palestinian Authority is likely to last four years at the moment."

"It will be brought down either in early elections or [by] violence."

"I believe that the Israeli government will conclude that its short-term interests are best served by having a Hamas-led government in control and will operate accordingly: it will not take actions that would lead to a total collapse of the Hamas regime; it will not provide covert or diplomatic support to groups organizing to replace Hamas; and it will point to Hamas radicalism and corruption as justifications of Israeli policies. Given the deadlock of Israeli politics, it could hardly have a better Palestinian government."

"Fatah has been discredited, and Palestinians are looking for an alternative."

Q: If the Hamas-led government stays in power, will it:

A. Adopt a less belligerent stance toward Israel, opening up new opportunities for peace agreements?

B. Continue to be openly and implacably hostile to Israel, resulting in continued (and perhaps escalating) violence between the two sides? (32 votes)

A.: 69% / B.: 31%

"Hamas will remain formally opposed to Israel and will not engage in peace-process negotiations, but it will focus on state building in the Palestinian area and not on violent resistance."

"Hamas will continue to be openly hostile to Israel while violence diminishes ... For now violence does not serve its ends, [as] Israelis [are moving] toward pre-1967 borders [unilaterally]."

"There's an obvious additional option: Hamas will continue to be implacably hostile, but less openly. Yasir Arafat learned eventually that if he talked like a liberal, he could do almost any hostile thing he wanted."

Q: Do you agree or disagree with the following statements?

The success of a Hamas-led government would likely help Islamic extremist causes throughout the Middle East. (31 votes)

DISAGREE: 52% / AGREE: 48%

"To be successful in terms of policy, Hamas would have to be far less extreme. [That's not] a model that other extremists want to follow."

"If success [means] responsible governance and re-election, then it may hurt extremist causes, as Hamas will have been compelled to moderate. If success [means] implementation of radical policies, this could help extremists."

"It would help the less extreme wing of the extremists—those who believe that you can use ballots rather than bullets to gain power."

"How could it not? The danger looms largest for Jordan, then Egypt."

The collapse of a Hamas-led government—particularly under Western pressure—would likely harm democratic causes throughout the Middle East. (32 votes)

DISAGREE: 56% / AGREE: 44%

"I generally disagree. Some [would] lay blame for the collapse of Hamas on Western pressure. But the collapse [would be] messy and confusing, making it difficult to attribute it to outside pressure as opposed to internal strife and lack of institutional capacity."

"The limited attractiveness of democracy to the ruling elites in the region was [already] diminished by the Hamas victory. Its early passing is not going to make the rulers more interested in democracy ... For the emerging middle class, I would make much the same argument. For the radical element, such a collapse would only confirm ... their belief that democracy is just a sham to keep the same ruling elites in power."

"The questions posed do not exhaust the possibilities ... The success of a democratically elected Hamas will encourage the spread of democracy in the region because it will demonstrate to Islamists that there is a legitimate political

course available to them ... The collapse of a Hamas government, conversely, might harm radical Islam more than it harms the cause of democracy, because it would demonstrate the incapacity to govern of an avowed radical Islamist group."

POLL PARTICIPANTS: Kenneth Adelman, Ronald Asmus, Samuel Berger, Max Boot, Stephen Bosworth, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Daniel Byman, Eliot Cohen, Ivo Daalder, James Dobbins, Lawrence Eagleburger, Douglas Feith, John Gaddis, Robert Gallucci, Jay Garner, Leslie Gelb, Marc Grossman, John Hamre, Gary Hart, Bruce Hoffman, John Hulsman, Robert Hunter, Robert Kagan, David Kay, Charles Kupchan, John Lehman, James Lindsay, Jessica Mathews, William Nash, Joseph Nye, Carlos Pascual, Thomas Pickering, Kenneth Pollack, Joseph Ralston, Susan Rice, Wendy Sherman, and James Steinberg.

Hunkering Down

A guide to the U.S. military's future in Iraq

BY FRED KAPLAN

Late in February, U.S. Army generals in Iraq started asking military historians and archivists to dig up official records from the 1970s involving the withdrawal of troops from Vietnam. The generals were especially interested in the nitty-gritty of pulling out—procedures for disposing and transferring military property, for example, and the precise sequence of demobilization. The message was explicit: we're going to be staging another withdrawal soon, from Iraq; once it begins, it could spin easily out of control; so we need a plan for an orderly exit now.

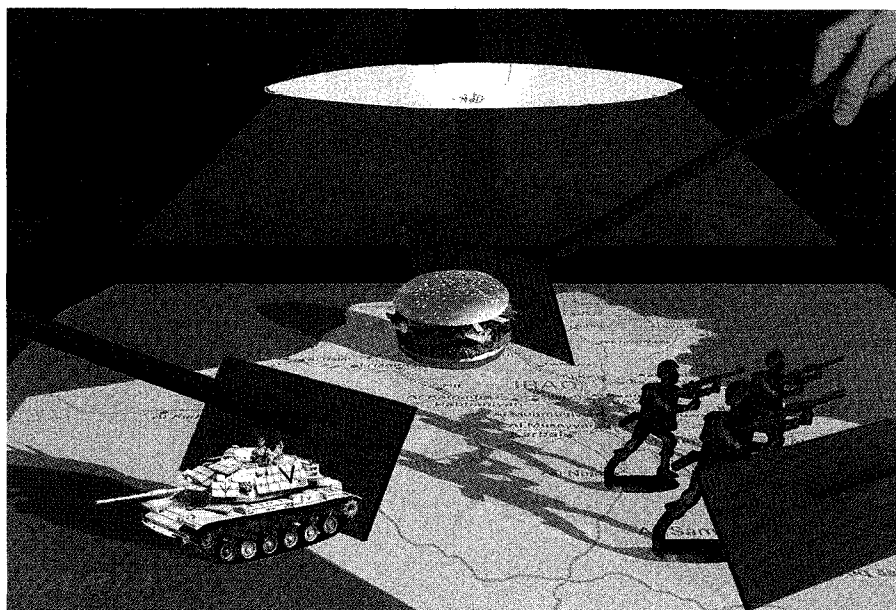
And yet, in three years of occupation, the U.S. military has taken steps that suggest a *total* pullout is unlikely for years to come. The most tangible sign of these measures is the far-flung network of Forward Operating Bases, or FOBs. There are more than seventy FOBs scattered across Iraq, many of them elaborate renovations of Saddam Hussein's former network of military bases and presidential palaces. Some FOBs consist of just a handful of barracks, but more than a dozen of them are vast complexes reminiscent of the West German garrisons from Cold War days.

The larger bases are fortified chunks of Middle America, surreally plunked down in the desert, replete with Burger Kings, Pizza Huts, Internet cafés, first-run movie theaters, gyms, and swimming pools. Camp Anaconda, built around two 11,000-foot runways and spread out over fifteen square miles, is home and workplace to 20,000 U.S. troops and 2,500 private contractors. Camp Cooke, which boasts 29,000 square feet of retail shopping, is so huge that a shuttle bus runs back and forth from one end to the other. At Camp Falcon, Army engineers had to bring in 100,000 tons of gravel just to build the reinforced roads.

There's nothing provisional about these places. They're often referred to as "enduring bases," and there are plans to

keep them operating, in American hands, even if all our combat regiments go home. The Pentagon is requesting \$348 million in emergency funds this year for further base construction, beyond the billions already spent.

And so we are operating in an odd state of limbo. It's clear that we're getting out of Iraq, and soon, yet it's equally clear that we're staying, in a fairly big way. We are simultaneously engaged yet disengaging, hunkered down yet packing up.



Here's the little secret that explains the contradiction, understood by all involved: whatever factions end up running the Iraqi government, they'll need—and want—the U.S. military to stick around for many years. This is true no matter what the political mood is stateside.

Over the past year or so—ever since competent American officers were finally put in charge of training local soldiers—the Iraqi army has been growing and improving. Yet the Pentagon estimates that while nearly half of the Iraqi units are able to *lead* a combat operation, not one can fight by itself. The

reasons are plain: the Iraqi military has no air force, no centralized intelligence corps, scant logistics apparatus, and only one armored battalion. As a result, it is—and, for the foreseeable future, will be—unable to coordinate a battle plan, defend the country's borders, provide air support, or protect supply lines. To perform any of these basic tasks, it will need an outside power with professional armed forces. And unless some other country gets involved soon, that outside power will have to be the United States.

Strategy is an art, logistics a science; and the U.S. military has always been extremely adept at science. To supply an army with bullets, bombs, bandages, spare parts, repair kits, fuel, food, water—and to keep all these things

moving through the system so nobody runs short—requires extensive planning. For each American soldier capable of going out on patrol or fighting insurgents, there are five support troops supplying his needs, according to an Army spokesman. In other words, of the roughly 130,000 American troops in Iraq today, only about 25,000 are combat troops. Categories overlap, of course; a truck driver in a convoy can find himself in a firefight or be hit by a roadside bomb. Still, when the generals plan how many troops they need, this is the combat-to-support—or “tooth-to-tail”—ratio that shapes their calculations.



You don't have to plan around your arthritis pain.

Is it the stairs you climb? The events you attend? Or the people you visit? If you have osteoarthritis, it colors everything you do. But you shouldn't have to miss out on the important things. Ask your doctor about prescription CELEBREX. It was designed to target the source of your pain, stiffness, and inflammation.

Just one CELEBREX provides 24-hour, all day and all night relief.

CELEBREX is one of the most studied arthritis medicines on the market. But you should know that CELEBREX, like all medicines, has both risks and benefits. It's important to talk to your doctor about treatment options to find out which one is right for you. Your doctor may also recommend other kinds of treatments.

Important Information: CELEBREX may increase the chance of a heart attack or stroke that can lead to death. It should not be used right before or after certain heart surgeries. Serious skin reactions or stomach and intestine problems such as bleeding and ulcers can occur without warning and may cause death.

Patients taking aspirin and the elderly are at increased risk for stomach bleeding and ulcers.

Tell your doctor if you:

- Are pregnant
- Have a history of ulcers or bleeding in the stomach or intestines
- Have high blood pressure or heart failure
- Have kidney or liver problems

People with aspirin-sensitive asthma or allergic reactions due to aspirin or other arthritis medicines or certain drugs called sulfonamides should not take CELEBREX.

Prescription CELEBREX should be used exactly as prescribed at the lowest dose possible and for the shortest time needed.

For more information, call 1-888-CELEBREX (1-888-235-3273) or visit www.CELEBREX.com

Please see important information about CELEBREX and other NSAIDs on next page.

CELEBREX
(CELECOXIB CAPSULES) 100 mg / 200 mg

Uninsured? Need help paying for medicine? Pfizer has programs that can help, no matter your age or income. You may even qualify for free Pfizer medicines. Call 1-866-706-2400. Or visit www.pfizerhelpfulanswers.com.

Pfizer
helpful
answers™

©2006 Pfizer Inc. All rights reserved. CL264198BA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Medication Guide

for Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drugs (NSAIDs)

(See the end of this Medication Guide for a list of prescription NSAID medicines.)

What is the most important information I should know about medicines called Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drugs (NSAIDs)?

NSAID medicines may increase the chance of a heart attack or stroke that can lead to death.

This chance increases:

- with longer use of NSAID medicines
- in people who have heart disease

NSAID medicines should never be used right before or after a heart surgery called a "coronary artery bypass graft (CABG)."

NSAID medicines can cause ulcers and bleeding in the stomach and intestines at any time during treatment. Ulcers and bleeding:

- can happen without warning symptoms
- may cause death

The chance of a person getting an ulcer or bleeding increases with:

- taking medicines called "corticosteroids" and "anticoagulants"
- longer use
- smoking
- drinking alcohol
- older age
- having poor health

NSAID medicines should only be used:

- exactly as prescribed
- at the lowest dose possible for your treatment
- for the shortest time needed

What are Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drugs (NSAIDs)?

NSAID medicines are used to treat pain and redness, swelling, and heat (inflammation) from medical conditions such as:

- different types of arthritis
- menstrual cramps and other types of short-term pain

Who should not take a Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drug (NSAID)?

Do not take an NSAID medicine:

- if you had an asthma attack, hives, or other allergic reaction with aspirin or any other NSAID medicine
- for pain right before or after heart bypass surgery

Tell your healthcare provider:

- about all of your medical conditions.
- about all of the medicines you take. NSAIDs and some other medicines can interact with each other and cause serious side effects. **Keep a list of your medicines to show to your health care provider and pharmacist.**
- if you are pregnant. **NSAID medicines should not be used by pregnant women late in their pregnancy.**
- if you are breastfeeding. **Talk to your doctor.**

What are the possible side effects of Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drugs (NSAIDs)?

Serious side effects include:

- heart attack
- stroke
- high blood pressure
- heart failure from body swelling (fluid retention)
- kidney problems including kidney failure
- bleeding and ulcers in the stomach and intestine
- low red blood cells (anemia)
- life-threatening skin reactions
- life-threatening allergic reactions
- liver problems including liver failure
- asthma attacks in people who have asthma

Other side effects include:

- stomach pain
- constipation
- diarrhea
- gas
- heartburn
- nausea
- vomiting
- dizziness

Get emergency help right away if you have any of the following symptoms:

- shortness of breath or trouble breathing
- chest pain
- weakness in one part or side of your body
- slurred speech
- swelling of the face or throat

Stop your NSAID medicine and call your healthcare provider right away if you have any of the following symptoms:

- nausea
- more tired or weaker than usual
- itching
- your skin or eyes look yellow
- stomach pain
- flu-like symptoms
- vomit blood
- there is blood in your bowel movement or it is black and sticky like tar
- skin rash or blisters with fever
- unusual weight gain
- swelling of the arms and legs, hands and feet

These are not all the side effects with NSAID medicines. Talk to your healthcare provider or pharmacist for more information about NSAID medicines.

Other information about Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drugs (NSAIDs)

• Aspirin is an NSAID medicine but it does not increase the chance of a heart attack. Aspirin can cause bleeding in the brain, stomach, and intestines. Aspirin can also cause ulcers in the stomach and intestines.

• Some of these NSAID medicines are sold in lower doses without a prescription (over-the-counter). Talk to your healthcare provider before using over-the-counter NSAIDs for more than 10 days.

NSAID medicines that need a prescription

Generic Name	Tradename
Celecoxib	Celebrex
Diclofenac	Cataflam, Voltaren, Arthrotec (combined with misoprostol)
Diflunisal	Dolobid
Etodolac	Lodine, Lodine XL
Fenoprofen	Nalfon, Nalfon 200
Flurbiprofen	Ansaid
Ibuprofen	Motrin, Tab-Profen, Vicoprofen (combined with hydrocodone), Combunox (combined with oxycodone)
Indomethacin	Indocin, Indocin SR, Indo-Lemmon, Indomethagan
Ketoprofen	Oruvail
Ketorolac	Toradol
Mefenamic Acid	Ponstel
Meloxicam	Mobic
Nabumetone	Relafen
Naproxen	Naprosyn, Anaprox, Anaprox DS, EC-Naproxyn, Naprelan, Naprapac (copackaged with lansoprazole)
Oxaprozin	Daypro
Piroxicam	Feldene
Sulindac	Clinoril
Tolmetin	Tolectin, Tolectin DS, Tolectin 600

This Medication Guide has been approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

Distributed by



G.D. Searle LLC

Division of Pfizer Inc, NY, NY 10017

LAB-0315-1.0 © 2006 Pfizer Inc. All rights reserved. CL264198BA Issued July 2005

Once the Iraqi army stands up and our combat troops stand down—as President Bush puts it—U.S. military planners estimate that the Iraqis will still need 20,000 to 30,000 Americans for logistics, air support, intelligence, and so forth.

But then there's the nightmare scenario: What if there *is* no Iraqi government to defend? What if the political stalemate between Shiite and Sunni Muslims persists and the "low-grade civil war"—which has been rumbling since Saddam Hussein left Baghdad—erupts into anarchy, an unbridled sectarian war of all against all? If America's mission is to hold Iraq together, what happens if the country falls apart? What do the American troops there do?

Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld was asked this question at a Senate Appropriations Committee hearing in March. His answer was a parody of obfuscation. "The plan," he replied, "is to *prevent* a civil war and, to the extent one were to occur, to have the Iraqi security forces deal with it, to the extent they are able to." No senator asked the logical follow-up question: To what extent *are* they able to? Nor did anyone pose a more worrisome question: Even if the Iraqis could deal with a civil war themselves, would they want to? If Sunnis and Shiites can't form a national government, if they devolve into implacable sectarian foes, what's to keep the nascent Iraqi army from devolving into sectarian militias?

This is already happening, to a disturbing degree. Southern Iraq is pretty much controlled by Shia militias, northern Iraq by the Kurdish peshmerga. In the turbulent middle territories, nearly all the Iraqi battalions consist entirely of either Sunnis or Shiites, and most of them are more loyal to their religious faction or tribe than to an Iraqi nation.

If Iraq shatters, the Bush administration will be faced with four choices: (1) Try to stop the civil war. (That would involve sending a lot more troops, which seems politically out of the question.) (2) Pick one side and fight alongside it. (Several senior U.S. officers, including two generals, told me they can't imagine a president going this route.) (3) Get out quickly. (4) Hunker down, and stay neutral, till the smoke clears.

Unlike the first two choices, options three and four are at least feasible, because of the FOBs. Almost all these bases are, among other things, air bases. If we decided to get out, personnel could be flown out by helicopters and cargo planes. Missiles, munitions, and ammo stockpiles would probably be blown up on the spot. The heavy equipment would pose a problem. The U.S. Army has about 450 M-1 tanks, 700 Bradley Fighting Vehicles, 300 Stryker vehicles, and 700 M-113 armored personnel carriers in Iraq, all of which *could* be moved by air, but not quickly. (The C-5, the largest U.S. military cargo plane, can carry just two M-1s; the next largest, the C-17, can carry only one.) Most of these vehicles would probably leave in much the same manner as they had entered—a thunder run south to Kuwait (or north through Kurdistan to Turkey), perhaps while protecting convoys carrying supplies that weren't airlifted out. Insurgents could attack the convoys and do some damage, though they'd also be answered by lots of firepower. (Then again, maybe the insurgents wouldn't want to impede our exit, or maybe they'd be too busy killing rival Iraqis.) Another option would be to leave behind the heavy armor. Building replacement models would cost more than \$5 billion, which is hardly trivial, but not much more than the monthly cost of continuing to fight the war.

The easier option, though, would be to hunker down—especially since we're doing that already. Thousands of troops still go out on dangerous combat patrols or take part in raids and offensives, but the number and scope of these operations have gone down dramatically in the past year. "Most troops are engaged in support functions," one U.S. officer in Iraq told me. "They stay on the big FOBs and never leave." (The combat soldiers have a name for these support troops: "fobbits.")

As the U.S. presence on the ground has diminished, strikes from the air have intensified; they've gone up 50 percent since a year ago, and the number of Iraqi cities hit by these strikes has doubled, from eleven to twenty-two. But when they're on the ground, the pilots and crews—as well as their target plan-

ners and traffic controllers—rarely, if ever, step foot off the FOBs.

The FOBs are quite secure. Most of them are situated several miles outside cities—far enough to be invisible to most Iraqis, and close enough so U.S. troops can intervene on short notice. They're surrounded by fortified defense perimeters extending well beyond the base buildings. In this sense, Iraq is not Vietnam or Somalia or Lebanon. By the time the helicopters fled from the Saigon embassy rooftop, all the U.S. troops had been out of Vietnam for more than a year. The eighteen soldiers gunned down in the streets of Mogadishu had inadequate armor and air support. The 241 military personnel killed in Lebanon when a truck bomb crashed through their gate were on a base that was barely defended. Iraq's insurgents have never been able to mount a sustained assault on an American position. In a full lockdown, the operational trick would be to keep the supply routes open and safe. (Two-thirds of U.S. combat deaths in Iraq, and three-quarters of injuries, have been caused by roadside bombs—a testament both to the vulnerability of convoys and to the security of the FOBs.)

But if things fall apart, the *political* trick will be to make a case that the mission still makes sense. It would be hard to justify a massive force that just sits there, but an argument could be made for a stripped-down core of 30,000 troops. If all-out civil war erupts, Iraq's neighbors may feel compelled to step in, for reasons of security or aggrandizement—Iran on the side of Shiites, Saudi Arabia backing Sunnis, Turkey quashing the Kurds. The United States would be foolish to get militarily involved in an ethno-regional conflict, but it could help deter or mediate one—and having *some* troops on the ground, and planes in the air, creates diplomatic leverage. But if this becomes a new rationale for military presence, it can work only as one piece of a larger diplomatic initiative. And it would be best to make contact and establish routines with all the bordering nations now, while we are still merely concerned about the dangers and not yet ravaged in the storm. ▀

Fred Kaplan is the national-security columnist for Slate.

WASHINGTON

The New War Over Wal-Mart

The mounting attacks on the world's largest company could change American business—and transform the health-care system

BY JOSHUA GREEN

Wal-Mart has made its slogan (“Always Low Prices. Always.”) into a blood oath. The company has grown to prominence through legendary cost-saving acumen and a relentless adherence to low prices, which it maintains by rigid cost control. Today, Wal-Mart employs more people—1.7 million—than any other private employer, and by this measure is not just the largest company in the world but the largest company in the *history* of the world.

With size comes power. Several years ago, economists coined the term “Wal-Mart effect” to describe the consequences, large and small, that flow from the company’s unending war on prices. The Wal-Mart effect drives down consumer prices so powerfully that it helps check U.S. inflation. But it has hastened the outsourcing of U.S. manufacturing jobs to cheaper countries, and, some argue, it also drives down wages and benefits.

Big business in America is both admired and instinctively suspected, and the biggest business of all is a natural magnet for criticism. The overwhelming focus lately has been its health-care policy, which covers fewer than half its workers and leaves the government to care for tens of thousands of its employees and their children through programs, like Medicaid, that were created to help poor people. Some states have begun to retaliate. Maryland passed a bill in January forcing any company with more than 10,000 workers to spend at least 8 percent of its payroll on employee health care—a law aimed squarely at Wal-Mart, the only company that qualifies. Similar “fair share” bills are pending or planned in thirty states. Especially in the nation’s capital, there’s a growing sense that after years of frustration the Lilliputians are finally tying down their man.

One of the major forces opposing Wal-Mart is organized labor. The United Food and Commercial Workers International Union has long wanted to organize Wal-Mart’s stores. Last year, it succeeded at a Canadian Wal-Mart, which the company immediately shut down. “If Wal-Mart doesn’t change its ways, we’ll turn it into Big Tobacco,” Chris Kofinis, communications director for the UFCW-funded Wake Up Wal-Mart, told me recently.



The company’s other main antagonist, Wal-Mart Watch, is also backed by labor, though at first glance its motivations are opaque. Wal-Mart Watch is heavily financed by the Service Employees International Union, whose president, Andy Stern, says he has no intention of organizing Wal-Mart. Not long after the Maryland law passed, I asked Stern, who helped push it, what he was up to. He smiled. A social service worker turned union organizer, Stern at fifty-five already has a full head of white hair. But he hardly resembles the stereotypical, cigar-chomping union boss. Fit and energetic, he speaks with the assuredness and big-picture worldview of a motivational speaker, an effect

amplified by his bright purple shirt (purple is SEIU’s official color). The sleek purple chairs and frosted glass in the union’s Washington offices lend an air of Scandinavian minimalism and further the sense of calculated nonconformity. “Why go after Wal-Mart?” Stern replied. “Because Wal-Mart is the GM of our era. Whatever business practices they adopt have huge influence across other American businesses.”

Stern has something much grander in mind even than unionizing Wal-Mart. “Ford wasn’t created to be a health-care provider; it was created to produce cars,” Stern says. “My goal is to get Wal-Mart’s leadership out there in traffic and holler, ‘We can no longer compete in the global economy when health care is factored into the cost of our products.’ If Wal-Mart’s CEO, Lee Scott, were to come out and say, ‘We need a national

health-care system that works for everyone,’ then it’s a whole new ball game.”

Stern says that he first contemplated trying to get Wal-Mart to change its practices in 2003, after the company announced plans to open forty Supercenters in California. Local grocery chains reacted by proposing to cut wages and health benefits in a preemptive bid to remain competitive, some even locking out their employees. The result was a massive strike. “When you saw that, you realized what an incredible effect this one company has on a market,” Stern said. It was a classic example of the Wal-Mart effect—and it didn’t stop there. When the supermarkets did in fact cut their health-care plans, the janitorial



At Lockheed Martin, we believe in doing our homework. In hundreds of homes each year.

Lockheed Martin is dedicated to the premise that creating a better world starts at the local level – where we live and work. In 2005, Lockheed Martin employees volunteered more than one million hours of their own time to community projects. From rebuilding homes after Hurricane Katrina to mentoring disadvantaged youth to organizing food drives, the men and women of Lockheed Martin are united in a common goal of service. Because we believe that giving back is the very best way forward.

www.lockheedmartin.com

LOCKHEED MARTIN
We never forget who we're working for™



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

companies whose workers SEIU represents complained that they, too, could no longer remain competitive. "They came to us and said, 'We're not as big as the supermarket chains, and if they can't afford to pay for health care, how can we be expected to?'" Stern said.

After the 2004 election, SEIU joined with environmentalists, women's groups, and community activists to form Wal-Mart Watch, hiring seasoned Democratic operatives and jumping into the public debate. The new group focused much of its efforts on the company's health-care programs, with considerable success. Wal-Mart, despite investing heavily in public relations and making slight improvements in its plans, was unable to stop the Maryland law or quiet the growing chorus of critics.

The company appears to have no clear idea of how to stop the fallout. Some Wall Street analysts believe the "headline risk" associated with the negative publicity is one reason for Wal-Mart's sagging stock price. The company topped *Fortune's* most-admired list in 2003 and 2004—but slipped to twelfth place this year.

Stern seemed to take a Bart Simpson-like delight at the spectacle of a flummoxed symbol of authority whose current chaos he'd helped devise. Spending around \$5 million annually, Wal-Mart Watch has pushed anti-Wal-Mart laws in dozens of states, leaked damaging internal documents, and helped make the company known as much for its exploitation of government health plans as for its business acumen. Over the last year, and very much against its will, Wal-Mart has been moved to the center of the national debate over health care, and Stern has drawn one step closer to what he's really after.

In Stern's thinking, if the world's largest company could be coaxed or bullied into publicly favoring a national health-care policy, here's how things might play out: a rush of other companies already beset by health-care costs and accustomed to mimicking Wal-Mart would fall in line, putting business on the same side as labor. Governors burdened with soaring Medicaid costs might also join in. The pressure on the federal government would be overwhelm-

ing. Stern, in other words, is seeking to turn the Wal-Mart effect to his own ends, harnessing it to transform health-care policy just as it routinely transforms business policy. It's an audacious plan.

In late February, Wal-Mart CEO Lee Scott gave a speech to the National Governors Association in Washington, D.C. The group's chairman this year, Arkansas Governor Mike Huckabee, chose health care as the focus of the annual meeting. (Huckabee is an able governor and possible Republican presidential nominee, but he's most famous for losing a hundred pounds and writing a diet book, *Quit Digging Your Grave With a Knife and Fork*, and he extols the virtues of healthy living just about any time he can.) In one

The sheer economics of the health-care crisis for business is forcing Wal-Mart and other large companies to balance reflexive opposition to government with enlightened self-interest.

sense Huckabee's invitation to Scott was natural: Wal-Mart is based in Bentonville, Arkansas. But it promised a certain drama, too, because fewer than half of Wal-Mart's American workers are covered through the company's health plan.

Scott's audience was also significant. Governors are caught in the middle of Wal-Mart's health-care crisis. The company is believed to be the largest employer in at least two dozen states, so its well-being is important to them. But in many of those states, Wal-Mart workers correspondingly top the list of Medicaid recipients. The program itself has exploded, adding 8 million Americans between 2000 and 2004 and putting enormous strain on state budgets, which fund about 40 percent of Medicaid. What's especially troubling is that so many new recipients aren't jobless—their employers simply don't offer health care, or not cheaply enough to keep them off public assistance. Many of these people work for Wal-Mart.

Scott got right to the point. "America is facing some pretty tough challenges these days," he stated. "We know our benefits are not perfect." His goal before

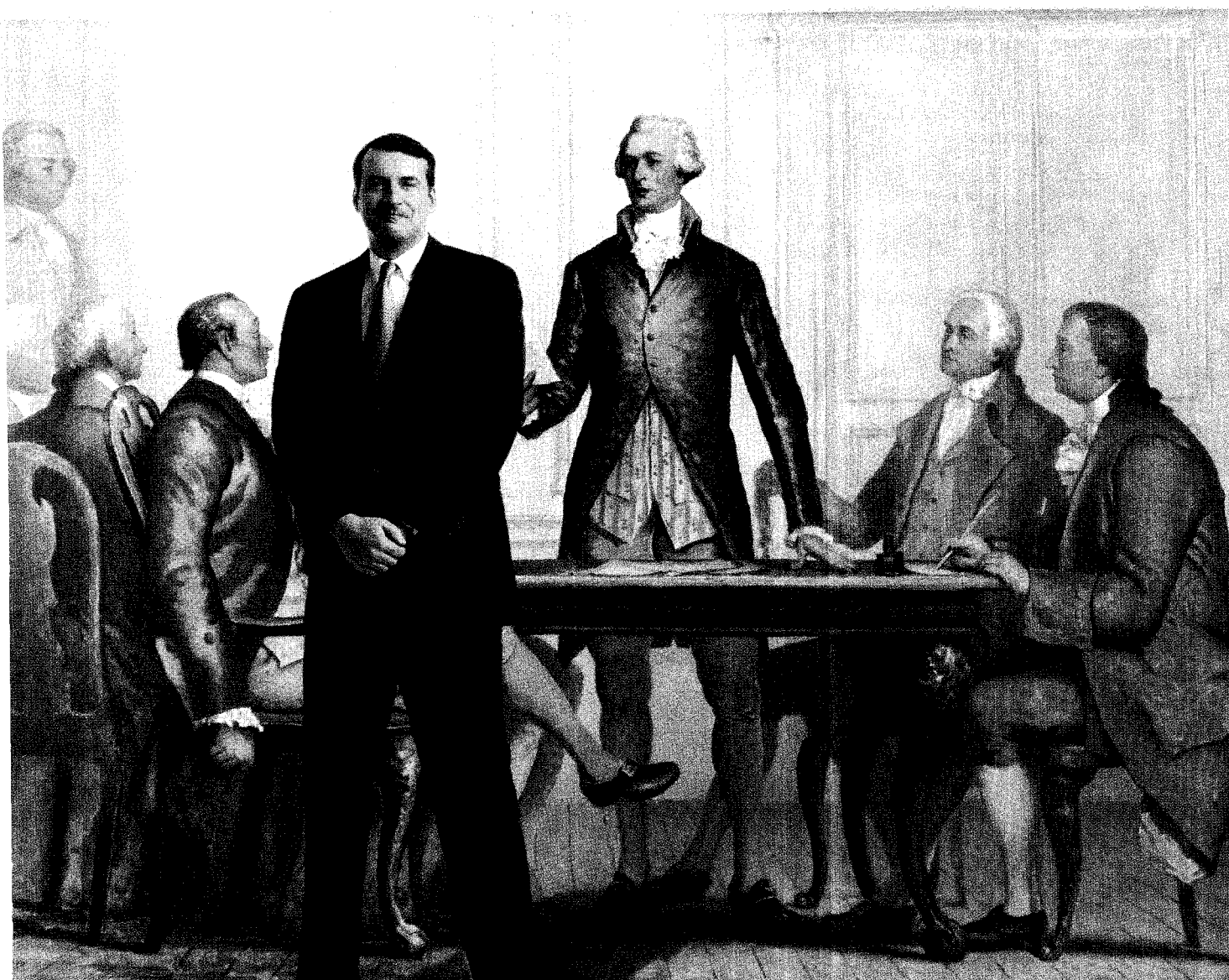
the governors was to slow the onrushing storm directed at Wal-Mart's health-care coverage. For maximum effect the press had been notified ahead of time that he had come bearing a peace offering of sorts—his speech would announce improvements in the company's benefits.

These turned out to be relatively minor concessions: reducing the waiting period for part-time employees to qualify for benefits, broadening availability of Wal-Mart's cheapest plan, and allowing children of part-timers to become eligible with their parents. Though constructive, such increments won't solve the larger problem, as Scott seemed to understand. Wal-Mart's CEO is fifty-seven and slightly doughy, with the bland, unassuming aspect of a

middle manager. But when he finished his pitch, he became soberly defiant: "We cannot do it alone. No business can. No business should have to. The fact is the soaring cost of health care in America cannot be sustained over the long term by any business that offers health benefits to its employees." This is exactly Andy Stern's position.

Scott made clear that he had not come to surrender, to unions or state governments. "I believe we're seeing a little too much politics," he said. Bills like Maryland's "may score short-term political points, but they won't solve America's health-care challenges." He angrily denounced them as "horrible public policy." Clearly, Stern and his fellow critics have Wal-Mart seeing purple.

For all Wal-Mart's size, its business model leaves it more vulnerable than most companies to the rising cost of health care. Its key to consistently out-competing everyone else on price is low margins and high volume. Wal-Mart doesn't make a lot of money on any individual sale; it makes huge multiples of small profits on a torrent of sales.



John Dowd, Private Banker. (212) 408 4278

Trust the collective wisdom of two hundred and twenty-two years of Private Banking.

There is a place where the ideals that built this country still thrive.

Where drive, perseverance, and foresight prevail.

This is the Private Bank of The Bank of New York.

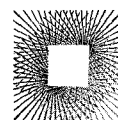
Here, two centuries of insights have been passed from banker to banker.

And knowledge from the past is used to serve our clients today.

To preserve wealth. To invest for the future.

To help families succeed, generation after generation.

www.bankofny.com/theprivatebank



The **BANK**
of **NEW YORK**SM

The Private Bank since 1784

In 2005, Wal-Mart earned profits of \$11.2 billion on sales of \$312.4 billion—a hefty sum, to be sure, but a startlingly thin margin of less than four cents per sales dollar—about \$6,000 in profit per employee. (Exxon Mobile, by comparison, earned around \$300,000.) That’s fine if you can keep holding down costs, as Wal-Mart goes to incredible lengths to do. (Among the exquisite revelations in Charles Fishman’s recent book, *The Wal-Mart Effect*, is the company’s policy of reimbursing meal tips only up to 10 percent—there goes its image with one big sector of the American workforce!) But one cost that is well outside its formidable power to control is health care. At Wal-Mart that outlay has risen 19 percent over each of the last three years.

Just how big a problem this poses was brought to light last October, when someone leaked an internal memo written by the company’s executive vice president for benefits, Susan Chambers, to

its current ratio of benefit costs to profits for five more years. That’s it.

The significance of the Chambers memo isn’t that a major company is plotting to scale back health-care coverage; it’s that employer health-care costs are growing so sharply that the apotheosis of American capitalism is frantically digging in its heels *merely to slow their rate of growth*. The alarming implication for a company whose greatness rests upon squeezing a few pennies out of every dollar in sales is a microcosm of the health-care issues beating against American business. As employers are hit with spiraling benefits bills, economic rationality leads them to want to dump their most costly employees. This pushes those most in need of care into the ranks of the uninsured or onto the dole.

Wal-Mart has little cushion to absorb increased costs, which is why laws like Maryland’s, which force it to spend more on health care, are such a threat.

health-care system or there’s going to be a national effort to convert from it.”

What the war against Wal-Mart tends to gloss over is that it’s not at all clear that the company behaves any worse than its competitors. When it comes to payroll and benefits, Wal-Mart’s median hourly wage pretty much tracks the national median wage for general merchandise retail jobs. And its health-care benefits are a good deal more accessible, if still not entirely affordable, than those of many of its competitors. Target, for instance—unlike Wal-Mart, to which it is often compared—does not offer benefits to part-timers. A recent report on the company by Jason Furman, a visiting scholar at New York University and a former Clinton health-care official, dubbed Wal-Mart a “progressive success story,” noting that “more Wal-Mart employees are eligible for health insurance than in the retail sector as a whole and even slightly more than the nationwide total.”

Looked at from another angle, the most damning statistic deployed against Wal-Mart—that its workers and their families form the largest company group on the Medicaid rolls in so many states—is a function of Wal-Mart’s size more than mean-spirited company policy. In percentage terms, rather than raw numbers, the company’s workers and their children are less likely to draw Medicaid coverage than their counterparts elsewhere in the retail sector. Among retailers, Wal-Mart is actually one of the better providers of health care—which shows how terrible the problem has become.

Wal-Mart Watch has pushed anti-Wal-Mart laws in dozens of states, leaked damaging internal documents, and helped make the company known as much for its exploitation of government health plans as for its business acumen.

Wal-Mart Watch. The Chambers memo reported that the company’s cost of benefits was outpacing its profits. “Growth in benefits is unsustainable,” it warned, going on to recommend fourteen measures of containment: nine “limited-risk initiatives” and five “bold steps.” These ranged from such benign ideas as giving employees discounts on healthy foods to highly controversial ones like thinning the number of unhealthy (and thus more expensive) workers by adding physical tasks, like collecting carts, to jobs that currently don’t require them.

The uproar that ensued focused on the practice of discriminating against unhealthy workers—a potential violation of federal law. But the truly startling thing is the memo’s estimate of how little even the most extreme “steps” could accomplish. Enact every proposal, and Wal-Mart will still merely maintain

Stern’s gamble is that Wal-Mart won’t be able to maintain its profit margin in the face of sustained political and economic pressure, and that sooner or later this reality will force the company in the direction he wants it to go.

There’s something shrewd, and at the same time deeply cynical, about the critics’ moves against Wal-Mart. Stern shows no qualms about supporting “fair share” laws like Maryland’s, even if they slow the arrival of a national plan, operating as they do through the current employer-based system he says is broken—and do so by singling out one company and punishing it for shortcomings that exist across the entire retail sector. “Fair share is not the ultimate answer to this problem,” Stern concedes. “But it’s the difference between tactical and strategic. There will be state-based efforts like Maryland’s to shore up the present

There is every technical reason why Wal-Mart should support universal health care and shift the burden onto the only entity in the country bigger than itself: the federal government. Lee Scott’s speech to the governors very nearly went this far. What lies at the bottom of Wal-Mart’s angry resistance to what is in its own self-interest are matters of corporate culture that extend to most big businesses. First, corporations typically don’t think in broad public-policy terms—particularly not Wal-Mart, which until recently was a regional company so reverent of its small-town heritage that most of its executives started as hourly workers. Second, business

MAN'S MIND STRETCHED TO A NEW IDEA
NEVER GOES BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL DIMENSIONS
-oliver wendell holmes

INSPIRED THINKING IN AN IDYLIC SETTING

ASPEN IDEAS FESTIVAL

ASPEN COLORADO

2006



THE ASPEN INSTITUTE

THE **Atlantic**



Altria



BOEING®

Booz | Allen | Hamilton



Human energy



ERNST & YOUNG



Imagination at work



LEXUS

For information go to www.aspeninstitute.org/ideasfest or call 970-544-7969.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in general, and Wal-Mart in particular, reflexively distrusts anything that resembles "Democratic" policy or is favored by labor unions, like universal care. This is not an unreasonable reaction when the chief advocate is a union president busily promoting laws aimed at boosting your company's health-care spending. Third, businesses are inherently suspicious of government—in this case fearful that bargaining over a national system could leave them worse off than they are now, by saddling them with new spending mandates. This concern is reinforced by their Republican allies, who are ideologically opposed to government-run health care.

Wal-Mart's health-care problem, and the nation's, is partly the result of historical accident. During World War II, a labor shortage forced U.S. employers to compete for workers. Wage controls at the time prevented them from offering higher salaries. So health and pension benefits, which were unregulated, became a means of competing for employees. This turned out to be popular with workers and businesses alike, because employer-provided health benefits, while unquestionably valuable, are not part of a worker's taxable income; and they gave employers a justification for paying more moderate wages.

For a long time, health benefits were not a major expense. But as health-care costs have spiraled upward, they've become a significant part of the payroll—more and more, the *most* significant part. Stern's real reason for pursuing national health care is that he's every bit as hurt by soaring costs as business is: "As a union we are steadily trading wages for health care."

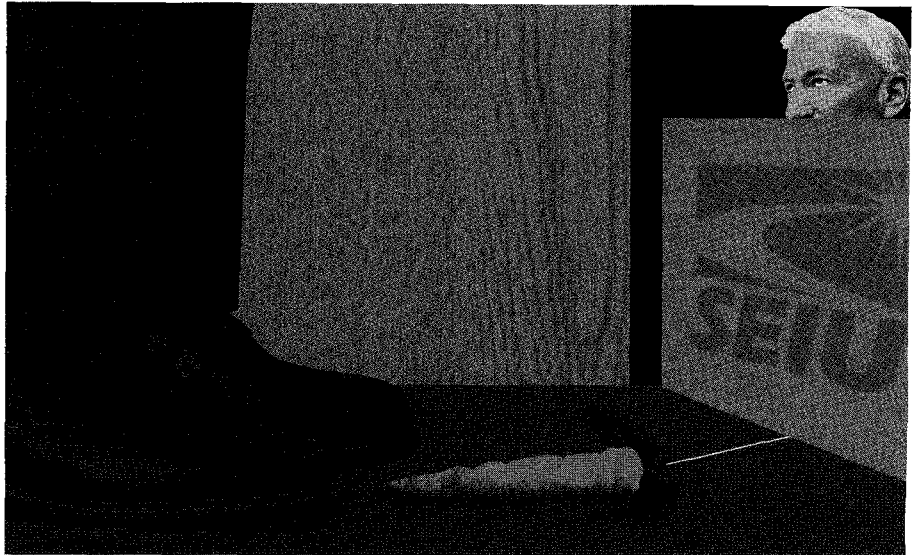
During the last presidential campaign, a couple of hard-hit automakers indicated privately that they liked John Kerry's health-care plan, recognizing how significantly it would reduce their burden. Under Kerry's plan, the government would have helped pay catastrophic medical expenses—greatly relieving businesses of the fastest-growing benefit cost, the one driving Wal-Mart and others to try to dump unhealthy workers. "But none of [the automakers] would say that publicly," says Furman, who worked on the Kerry

campaign. "None of them wanted to get involved in the political debate."

That won't be true forever. The sheer economics of the health-care crisis for business is forcing Wal-Mart and other large companies to balance reflexive opposition to government with enlightened self-interest. What makes Stern's idea so intriguing is that this is no typical union shakedown: it is in Wal-

her legislative director Laurie Rubiner, who helped write the late Republican Senator John Chafee's plan for universal coverage.

A national health-care plan need not be a "single-payer" system in which government covers all costs—most likely it won't. Stern suggests something modeled after the health benefits plan for federal employees. Most of



Mart's own financial interest, as well as Stern's. As much as Lee Scott must dislike his critics, it's hard to dispute much of what they're arguing—indeed, Scott sounded the same themes in his speech to the governors.

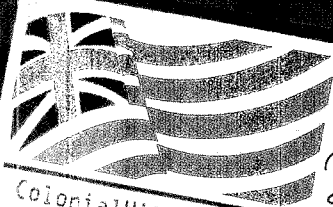
And what Scott is saying lately is changing the debate. "The controversy over Wal-Mart is framing the failure of the health-care system in a very public way," says Chris Jennings, a former senior adviser to Bill Clinton and a health-care-policy consultant. "And not just failing workers but businesses, too."

Barring a major terrorist attack, health care could be the biggest domestic issue in 2008, and a vehicle for any number of presidential hopefuls. It would be a natural for a Republican governor and economic moderate like Mike Huckabee, a dark horse who must distinguish himself. In Massachusetts, Republican Governor Mitt Romney just agreed to a bill creating the first mandatory statewide health plan. The most politically astute Democrat has already taken a provocative step: Hillary Clinton recently brought in as

the Democrats who sought the nomination in 2004 offered plans based on expanding existing programs like Medicaid. Rubiner has proposed a system modeled after auto insurance: everyone would be required by law to have health insurance, but government would subsidize the poor. (The Massachusetts plan works like this.) None of these approaches would be the dreaded "socialized" medicine—they would be organized by government but operate through private doctors and health plans. Employers would still contribute something toward health care, but their contribution would go through the government, and in exchange they would at last receive a measure of cost predictability.

Still, Washington's hypercautious culture seems unlikely to produce a solution anytime soon. The United States currently spends 16 percent of its gross domestic product on health care—far more than any other country. Who better to initiate the mother of all cost-saving efficiencies than Wal-Mart? ■

Joshua Green is a senior editor at The Atlantic.



Colonial Williamsburg®

ColonialWilliamsburg.com

1-800-400-5862

THE SIEGE OF HOY'S CONSCIENCE

Duty to family on one side. Duty to
country on the other. You're in
the middle. Revolutionary City. The
fiercest battles are fought from within.

Admit One

Admit One

REVOLUTIONARY CITY
A daily adventure from
Colonial Williamsburg.

Williamsburg, Virginia

1-800-400-5862

Colonial Williamsburg®

Primary Sources

Tales from the couch in the Oval Office; the emerging Islamist majority in Palestine; the curious phenomenon of the "daughter gap"

HISTORY

The Presidential Mind

Of the thirty-seven U.S. presidents from George Washington to Richard Nixon, almost half may have suffered from a mental illness, according to a Duke University study. Two of the psychiatrists who authored the study reviewed biographical material on each president and assessed the likelihood that each chief executive suffered from various psychological disorders. While acknowledging the "limitations" of this method, they report that eighteen presidents exhibited tendencies suggestive of mental illness, with depression (in 24 percent of cases) being the most common, followed by anxiety (8 percent), bipolar disorder (8 percent), and alcoholism (also 8 percent). In ten cases, the disorder manifested itself during the president's term in office, and in most of these instances, the authors argue, it "probably impaired job performance." Franklin Pierce, for instance, lost his son in a railway accident immediately before his inauguration, and seems to have sunk into a depression so deep that associates commented that "he was not the person who had victoriously campaigned for office." And the political "drift" associated with William Howard Taft's term may be attributed to "the fact that he coped with the stress of the Presidency by overeating to the point of massive obesity and obstructive sleep apnea."

—"Mental Illness in U.S. Presidents Between 1776 and 1974," J. R. T. Davidson, K. M. Connor, and M. Swartz, *The Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease*

PSYCHIATRIC DISORDERS IN U.S. PRESIDENTS (1776–1974)

President	Diagnosis
John Adams	Bipolar disorder
Thomas Jefferson	Social phobia
James Madison	Depression
John Quincy Adams	Depression
Franklin Pierce	Alcohol dependence, depression
Abraham Lincoln	Depression with psychotic features
Ulysses S. Grant	Alcohol dependence, social phobia, specific phobia (blood)
Rutherford B. Hayes	Depression
James Garfield	Depression
Theodore Roosevelt	Bipolar disorder
William H. Taft	Breathing-related sleep disorder
Woodrow Wilson	Anxiety, depression, personality change due to stroke
Warren Harding	Somatoform disorder
Calvin Coolidge	Social phobia, depression, hypochondriasis
Herbert Hoover	Depression
Dwight Eisenhower	Depression
Lyndon Johnson	Bipolar disorder
Richard Nixon	Alcohol abuse

INTELLIGENCE

20/20 Foresight

It turns out that sometimes U.S. intelligence gets things right, or close to right—even if nobody's listening. When Hamas upset Fatah in January's Palestinian elections, the radical Islamic group's victory seemed to catch American policy makers entirely off guard. But they wouldn't have been so shocked if they'd taken a look at a polling analysis carried out just before the election by the State Department's intelligence service (and recently obtained by Secrecy News, an online service that tracks "new developments in secrecy, security, and intelligence policies"). While the State Department didn't go so far as to predict a Hamas victory, its analysts did

describe the race as "neck and neck," with the Islamist group only two points off the lead. The analysis also cited a decade's worth of polls showing Hamas steadily gaining the trust of Palestinians while the ruling party's support diminished, and noted that corruption (an issue on which Hamas enjoyed a huge advantage in public confidence over Fatah) was the most-cited concern of voters leading up to the election. All in all, the State Department analysts concluded presciently that "these results show a closer race than other published surveys ... which have tended to place [Fatah] ahead at the polls by a wider margin."

—"Hamas and Fatah Neck and Neck as Palestinian Elections Near," Office of Research, Department of State

SOCIETY

Take Your Daughters to Work

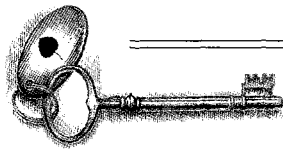
If you want to know how a male legislator is going to vote on abortion-related legislation, you should find out how many daughters he has, a new study suggests. A Yale academic used voting-record scores for male legislators, compiled by the National Organization for Women and the National Right to Life Committee, to assess whether there was a link between having female children and taking a more liberal position on "women's issues," defined broadly to include topics from education to health care to abortion rights. The author found that the higher the proportion of female children in a U.S. congressman's family, the more likely he was to lean left on these issues—that

is, to have a higher NOW score and a lower NRLC score. (The pattern exists with both Democrats and Republicans.) And although the "gender gap," which holds that women are more likely to be liberal than men, narrows into near nonexistence over abortion, the "daughter gap" widens when abortion rights are at stake: the relationship between having more daughters and having a liberal voting record was strongest for legislation specifically related to abortion and contraception.

—"Female Socialization: How Daughters Affect Their Legislator Fathers' Voting on Women's Issues," Ebonya Washington, National Bureau of Economic Research

For links to the documents discussed in these pages visit www.theatlantic.com/doc/200606/primary-sources.

Unlocking
POTENTIAL
for the last
FIFTY YEARS



Opening doors. Clearing pathways. Clearing minds. Some of the world's most brilliant leaders have participated in our seminars, from top CEOs, authors, artists and philosophers to ambassadors, cabinet members and Nobel laureates. We invite you to join us this year.

The Executive Seminar

The Institute's flagship program offers a unique and Socratically moderated education in values-based leadership, drawn from texts of the world's greatest thinkers. Offered in Aspen and on the shore of the Chesapeake Bay.

Global Values and Leadership

Through traditional and contemporary readings, explore the implications of globalization, focusing on the emergence of India and China. Offered on the shore of the Chesapeake Bay in the fall.

The Wilderness Seminar

Explore humankind's relationship to nature — through history, politics, literature, art and philosophy. Offered in the summer on a mountaintop in Aspen, and in the fall on a private island in the Chesapeake Bay.

The Socrates Society Forum for Young Leaders

Contemporary issues for emerging leaders. Offered in Aspen over Presidents Day and Fourth of July weekends.

Pursuing the Good Life

Drawing on Aristotle and the wisdom of the ages to help people plan for more satisfying, useful, moral and meaningful lives. Offered in Aspen in August.



THE ASPEN INSTITUTE

Timeless values. Enlightened leadership.

aspeninstitute.org/seminars | 1.800.525.6618 | Discounts available for *Atlantic* subscribers.

Real reporters. Real time. Real insights.

Washington Week with Gwen Ifill and National Journal brings clarity and context to the vital issues of our day. The nation's most respected journalists open their notebooks to discuss the week's most important stories. Join host Gwen Ifill each Friday evening for television's most compelling conversation.

Live each Friday at 8 p.m.
on PBS stations nationwide.

WASHINGTON WEEK with GWEN IFILL & National Journal

Funding provided by



A production of WETA Washington, D.C., in association with *National Journal*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Women's Empowerment

This is the fifth in a series of archival excerpts in honor of the magazine's 150th anniversary. This installment is introduced by Terry Castle, a professor of English at Stanford. Her books include The Apparitional Lesbian and Courage, Mon Amie.



ONE OF THE MORE disturbing newsreels of the early twentieth century—now, like the Zapruder film, easily found on the Web—shows Emily Davison, a militant English suffragist maddened by the injustices she felt had been done to women, throwing herself in protest in front of the king's horse at the Epsom Derby on June 4, 1913. In nine jerky seconds you see it all: a somersaulting horse, a woman down and lying motionless, men in boaters running onto the track. Jockey and horse survived; Davison, struck in the head, died without regaining consciousness. Fellow suffragists saw her death as a martyrdom. Davison, wrote Emmeline Pankhurst, no doubt believed that through her grotesque self-sacrifice she might “put an end to the intolerable torture of women.”

Like watching Davison's suicide, perusing old *Atlantic* essays on the century-long female struggle for equal rights can provoke mixed feelings—especially in the erstwhile feminist. On the one hand, one is grateful for the fearlessness with which various *Atlantic* writers, male and female, have argued over the years on behalf of women's rights. It's hard not to rejoice at Samuel McChord Crothers's eloquent defense of women's suffrage, or Virginia Woolf's surprisingly passionate

assault on the exploitation of female domestic labor. My favorite blast from the feminist past here is the ferocious “Desperate Housewives,” in which Nora Johnson, two years before Betty Friedan's *Feminine Mystique*, decries the exhausting work of child care as

“the simple, nerve-wracking, mindless, battering-ram process of trying to teach a savage to use a fork.”

On the other hand, in gloomier moods, I find myself wondering if true sexual equality—the kind Davison killed herself for—will ever be achieved. Women in Western societies now have the vote, of course, along with many other rights and protections. Yet women and men continue to *collide* in countless ways in modern life. In an essay here from 1997, Katha Pollitt itemizes the many fields (business, politics, media, science, religion, etc.) in which American women are under-represented; the disparities persist in 2006. Women's historic entry into the workforce, one fears, has yet to produce any net gain in human happiness; men continue to resent female competition (sometimes with good reason); women themselves struggle to combine careers with the demands of motherhood and running a household. Nor has the “intolerable torture of women” mentioned by Mrs. Pankhurst exactly come to a halt—not yet, at least, in some of the more barbarous places around the globe. One suspects we're not quite done with it: the woman on the track, the king's horse bearing down; the conflict, the pain, the waste. —TERRY CASTLE

For the full text of these articles, visit www.theatlantic.com/ideastour.

MEDITATIONS ON VOTES FOR WOMEN

October 1914

BY SAMUEL MCCORD CROTHERS

.....

In 1914, as the women's suffrage amendment languished in Congress, Samuel McChord Crothers, a popular essayist and a Harvard Square-based Unitarian minister, made the case for equal suffrage. (The amendment did not pass that year, however; American women would not win the right to vote for another six years.)

Few subjects have of late been more vehemently debated than the extension of the right of suffrage to women ...

Heretofore this has been a man's world arranged for his convenience. Now Woman has appeared, open-eyed and

armed, and all things are to be changed. Religion, the State, the Family, are to be reorganized according to a strictly feminist plan. If the ultimatum is not at once accepted we may look for that dreadful catastrophe, a sex war.

No wonder that the honest citizen awakened by the loud cry is not in the best of humor. And when he is called opprobrious names, like Victorian and early-Victorian, he is inclined to be surly. It is all so sudden. It appears that all the ideals of womanhood that he has revered are to be overturned and trodden under foot by cohorts of Amazons shouting, “Down with the Home” ...

The essential thing is that many women are becoming conscious of what some women have always felt, that some of the limitations which have been accepted as natural are in reality only conventional, and so can be removed ...

During the last generation some things took place which were really revolutionary. The entrance of women into the colleges and universities, and into business and the

professions, marked an advance of great importance. This was a new departure, at least in our modern world. Those who believed in a definite "sphere" for women had reason to be alarmed at this new departure. It involved many social changes. But these changes did not involve political action, and so were quietly acquiesced in.

Now that the revolution has taken place, multitudes of educated women are in influential positions, moulding public sentiment and directing large institutions. All the functions of citizenship they actually exercise except that of voting at certain elections. We no longer find anything amusing in the term "strong-minded" applied to a woman. What are colleges for if not to strengthen the mind!

And when our daughters come back from school and college, where their minds have been strengthened and broadened by modern discipline, they naturally seek to use the power they have acquired. Why not?

Volume 114, No. 4, pp. 538-546

TALENT, OPPORTUNITY, AND FEMALE ASPIRATIONS

June 1926

BY FAITH FAIRFIELD

.....

Six years after the Nineteenth Amendment had given American women the right to vote, Atlantic contributor Faith Fairfield pointed to an ongoing double standard in other areas.

The progress of man has never been impeded by preconceived ideas regarding his abilities, his proper interests, and his appropriate activities. Woman has always been so hampered. For generations her existence was narrowly prescribed because she was considered an inferior creature lacking a soul and possessing but a rudimentary intellect ... Woman ... is repeatedly reminded that the greatest scientists, musicians, and artists have never been numbered among her sex ...

The average woman must still choose between domesticity and a career ... In exceptional cases a woman continues her work without interruption after marriage, her home life being as subordinated to her career as a man's would be. The work these women accomplish is often exceptionally valuable, perhaps because they are emotionally as well as intellectually satisfied. This solution of the modern social problem ... is probably most efficacious in giving woman an opportunity to develop her possibilities ...

An intellectual man may be married to a low-grade moron with the sanction of society, but the husband of a woman of unusual ability is considered an object for pity or merriment unless his accomplishments equal or excel hers.

Volume 137, No. 6, pp. 801-804

EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY AND PAY

May and June 1938

BY VIRGINIA WOOLF

.....

In 1938, Virginia Woolf, a champion of equal opportunity for women and the author of Mrs. Dalloway, To the Lighthouse, and A Room of One's Own, responded scathingly in the pages of The Atlantic to a written solicitation she had received in the mail asking "the daughters of educated men" to join in the cause against war. What women really ought to lobby for, she argued, is equal opportunity and better pay for themselves.

One does not like to leave unanswered so remarkable a letter as yours—a letter perhaps unique in the history of human correspondence, since when before has an educated man asked a woman how, in her opinion, can war be prevented? Therefore let us now make the attempt, even if it is doomed to failure ...

The fact is indisputable—scarcely a human being in the course of history has fallen to a woman's rifle; the vast majority of birds and beasts have been killed by you, not by us.

How, then, are we to understand your problem, and if we cannot, how can we answer your question, how to prevent war? The answer based upon our experience and our psychology—Why fight?—is not an answer that would be of the least use to you ...

Some more energetic, some more active method of expressing our belief that war is barbarous, that war is inhuman,—that war, as Wilfred Owen put it, is insupportable, horrible, and beastly,—seems to be required. But, rhetoric apart, what active method is open to us?

You, of course, could once more take up arms—in Spain, for example—in defense of peace. But that presumably is a method that you have rejected. At any rate that method is not open to us; both the Army and the Navy are closed to our sex. Nor, again, are we allowed to be members of the Stock Exchange. Thus we cannot use either the pressure of force or the pressure of money. We cannot preach sermons or negotiate treaties. Then again, although it is true that we can write articles or send letters to the press, the control of the press,—the decision what to print and what not to print,—is entirely in the hands of your sex. It is true that for the past twenty years we have been admitted to the Civil Service and to the Bar; but our position there is still very precarious and our authority of the slightest ...

There is [a] way in which [women can help the anti-war cause]. And that is by earning their own livings; by continuing to earn those livings while the war is in progress. History is at hand to assure us that this method has a psychological influence, a strong dissuasive force upon war-makers. In the last war the daughters of working men proved it by showing that they could do their brother's work in his absence.

They thus roused his jealousy and his anxiety lest his place should have been filled in his absence, and provided him with a strong incentive to end the war.

It follows that an Outsider must make it her business to press for a living wage in all the professions now open to her sex; further, she must create new professions in which she can earn the right to an independent opinion. Therefore she must bind herself to press for a money wage for the unpaid worker in her own class—the daughters and sisters of educated men who are now paid on the truck system, with food, lodging, and a pittance of forty pounds a year. But above all she must press for a wage to be paid by the State legally to the mothers of educated men. It is the most effective way in which we can ensure that the married woman shall have a mind and a will of her own, with which, if his mind and will are good in her eyes, to support her husband, if bad to resist him—in any case to cease to be “his woman,” and to be herself.

Volume 161, Nos. 5–6, pp. 585–594 and 750–759

SCIENCE: CAREERS FOR WOMEN

October 1957

BY HELEN HILL MILLER

.....

In 1957, Helen Hill Miller, a Washington, D.C.-based writer and a correspondent for The Economist, considered the social and psychological obstacles facing women attempting to forge careers in science.

When the *Atlantic* was started, women scientists were next to unknown ...

Much of the time and energy of women who entered the scientific professions in the nineteenth century was spent in either contriving to take barriers gracefully or crashing into them with results demolishing sometimes the woman, sometimes the barrier ...

To many a pioneer who came up the hard way, the lot of the science majors of the class of 1957 who are entering advanced study or employment this autumn seems a very easy one. This does not mean, however, that all bars are down. A few “No Admittance” signs are still posted: for instance, use of the 200-inch telescope at Mount Palomar is denied to women astronomers, on the ground that living facilities on the mountain are inadequate, though the 120-inch instrument at near-by Lick Observatory is unrestricted. Similarly, some industrial corporations still refuse to hire women engineers, on the ground that living conditions in the field are difficult ...

Other types of restriction remain. One is the counsel that many young girls get when making up their minds about entering a profession. Interviewed in his private

machine shop among boulders and birches at Belmont, Massachusetts, Dr. Vannevar Bush [the renowned pioneer in analog computing] credited folklore with much of the reluctance of women to attempt disciplines based on logic, such as mathematics and physics. Promising youngsters, he remarked, are frequently scared off by the declaration: “Girls aren’t good at math.” Some girls, he believes, can be very good at it. Dean Gordon B. Carson of Ohio State’s College of Engineering concurs: “There is still some social stigma and question in the high schools of the nation when girls major in the scientific-mathematics portion of the high school curriculum” ...

The two-way stretch of a home and a job, during at least part of a married woman’s life, is undeniable. To solve this highly personal problem without quitting requires finding an employing institution that can accommodate itself to maternity leave, part-time employment, sudden emergencies. It requires a family in accord with the effort. It requires finding, for at least part of the time when the children are young, another woman who can relieve the scientist of the necessity of being in two places at the same time. And it requires a certain philosophy about scientific attainment: in today’s competitive conditions, continuity of work is almost indispensable if one is to get as far as one might be able to go—as Vannevar Bush puts it, “Getting to the top on part time is doggone tough.”

Volume 200, No. 4, pp. 123–128

DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES

June 1961

BY NORA JOHNSON

.....

Two years before Betty Friedan’s Feminine Mystique articulated “the problem that has no name,” novelist and essayist Nora Johnson considered the frustrations of the well-educated homemaker.

Probably every educated wife has found herself staring at a mountain of dirty diapers and asking herself desperately, “Is this all there is?” And at the same time she is embarrassed by her dissatisfaction; she, of all people, with her intelligence and realistic view of life, should be able to rise above it. But the paradox is that it is she who is least able to. She lives for a better day. Things will be easier when this baby is born, or that one toilet-trained, or the children are all in school; and she will have time to be pretty and intelligent and young again. The mistake is in thinking that everything is going to solve itself by magic. What our girl must do, as she stares at the diapers, is to accept some of the truths about marriage and motherhood that her education and society conspired to

The word “engineering” means
different things to different people.



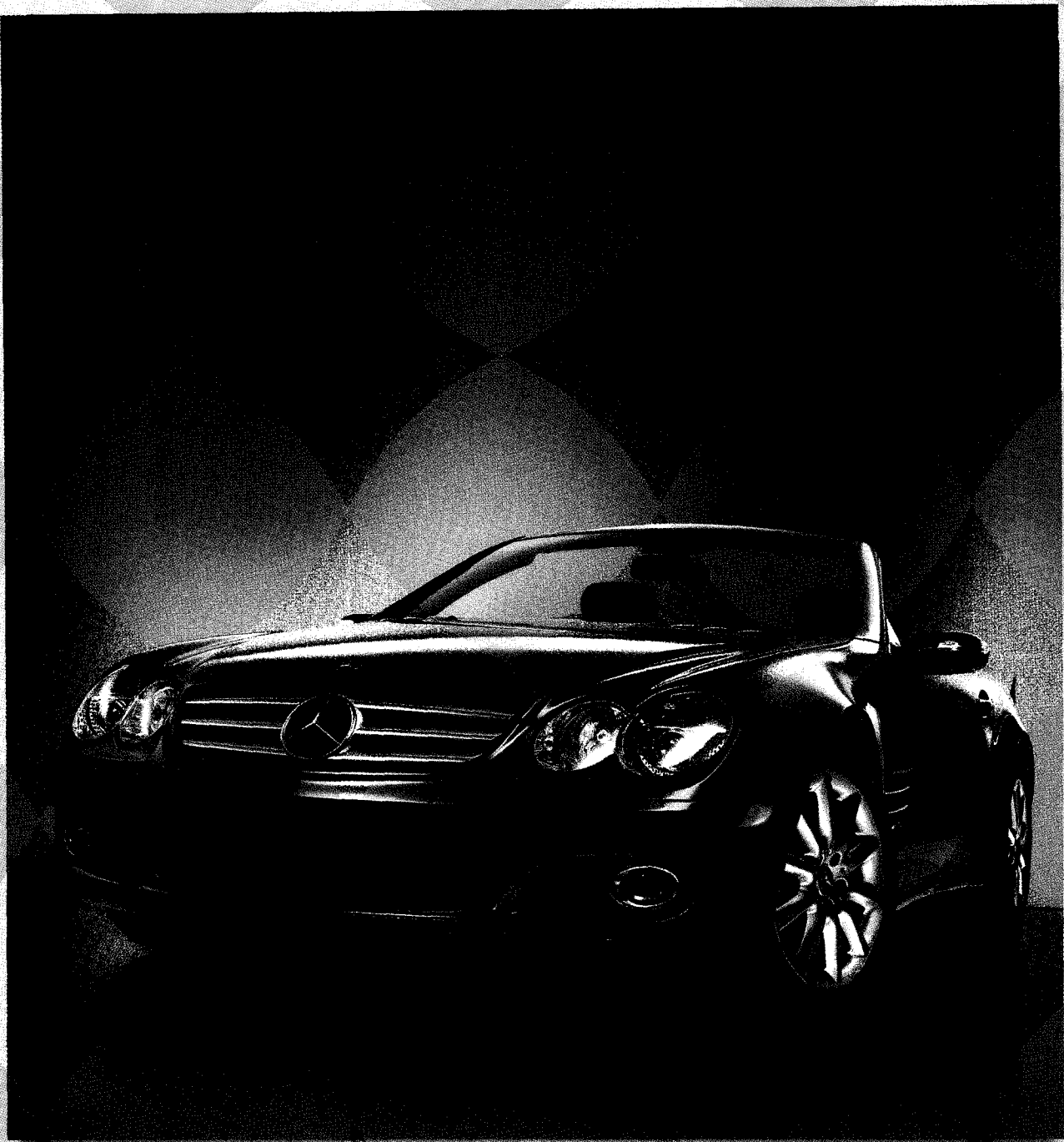
TO STUDY THE EXTERIOR LINES OF THE 2007 SL-CLASS IS TO STUDY A WORK OF ART. *To carefully examine its mechanical systems, internal components and technological advancements is to behold another level of beauty altogether—and to understand the Mercedes-Benz definition of engineering.*

The retractable hardtop is a marvel of its own. Eleven separate hydraulic cylinders work in concert to effortlessly conceal it within the trunk in a scant 16 seconds. And with the top up or down, the SL slices the air with an unmatched aerodynamic proficiency.

This car's impeccable handling is a product of both an exceptionally rigid body and a development known as Active Body Control. This system continuously stabilizes the car during cornering as well as acceleration and

braking. Explained here in a single sentence, it is the result of years of research; a feature which seems to almost defy the laws of physics, delivering a ride which is nothing short of breathtaking.

Inside the cabin of the SL, every dial and switch has been painstakingly engineered to provide a balance of aesthetics and function. Luxury is abundant but never superfluous. Driver and passenger experience all the comforts of a Mercedes-Benz, and all the invigorating performance characteristics of our finest roadster.



THIS IS THE 2007 SL-CLASS. *Awe-inspiring beauty. Both above the hood and beneath it. To us, that is engineering.*

Unlike any other.



Mercedes-Benz

MBUSA.com

keep from her, and go on from there. And if she would appreciate what she has, she must do it now, not next year or five years from now.

The first truth is that marriage does not automatically equal security and contentment. An unmarried friend of mine told me once that she did not see how any problem in marriage could be as bad as one outside of it, because if you had your man, anything else could be easily straightened out. We had a long argument about whether the heart sank more over a sick child or a departed boy friend, and neither of us won. She is one of a good many girls who think that three dates a week, secretarial jobs, and the responsibility of keeping themselves clothed are a nerve-shattering, frantic business, and who look forward to marriage and motherhood as a long, relaxing rest cure. "Getting married and settling down" is a valid notion for men, as it has been throughout history, but not for potential mothers. The day the doctor confirms one's pregnancy is the day to start bracing oneself for the really hard work. (I cannot convince my unmarried friends of this, but, of course, that is as it should be, or many babies might never be born.)

The truth is that, with the birth of the first child ... from that moment on, mama is no longer the center of attention; the baby is ... The business of life is starting now, and every day of mama's life proves it to be so. And here her struggle starts. She wants to give everything to the baby; she wants equally to hold on to herself, her intelligence and uniqueness, while the baby constantly tries her patience, her strength, her nerves, and roots out of her the deepest emotions she has ever known in her life. This is a whole new process, and not one that provides built-in security ...

A girl does not need a college education to take care of babies and keep house ... It is the simple, nerve-wracking, mindless, battering-ram process of trying to teach a savage to use a fork. It requires bloodless patience, a deadly will, enormous physical stamina, and a stable disposition, but no precision instruments. It takes strength and determination.

For the fact is that motherhood makes the heaviest demands in what might be called the areas of least experience. I would be surprised if there were a single college-educated mother who has not been struck by the total uselessness of her liberal education when it comes to housewifery. Instead of distilling pearls of knowledge from a large body of facts, she must now master a whole new set of domestic facts: how to roast a chicken, remove gum from the rug, take a child's temperature, keep the shine on the Sheraton table, iron a blouse, or even change a tire or build a bookcase. Some of these necessities are positively shocking. The care of dirty diapers and the job of keeping the oven clean call for a strong-minded unfastidiousness; even more does the whole process of having a baby, which is certainly nature at its rawest.

Volume 207, No. 6, pp. 38-42

FEMINISM'S UNFINISHED BUSINESS

November 1997

BY KATHA POLLITT

.....

Decades after the women's-liberation movement began the battle to break down gender barriers and put women on a more equal footing with men, social critic and columnist Katha Pollitt pointed out that sexism and gender bias continued to play an insidious—and largely unacknowledged—role in women's lives. She called for a revitalized feminism to rectify the problem.

It takes a real talent for overlooking the obvious to argue that women have achieved equality in contemporary America. After all, despite thirty years of feminist activism and much social change, virtually every important political, social, cultural, and economic institution is still dominated by men: legislatures, courts, corporations, labor unions, the news and entertainment media, education, science, medicine, religion. Study after study shows that women make less money than men even when they do the same or similar work, which they have a hard time getting; that they shoulder the bulk of child-rearing and housework, even in families where both husband and wife work full-time ...

But if the evidence is all around us, why doesn't everybody see it—or see it for what it is? In recent years a seemingly endless parade of social critics have achieved celebrity by portraying not sexism but feminism as the problem ...

Denial is mostly the privilege of those who benefit, or hope to benefit, from the status quo ... At least in surveys, it's men who hold rosy beliefs about equality, like the two thirds of fathers in one study who claimed to share child care equally with their wives—an outcome wildly inconsistent with virtually all the research, not to mention the experience of most mothers ...

What would a revitalized feminist movement look like? What made the movement so compelling in the 1970s was in part the clarity of the demand it made on America to live up to its own values: fair pay, equal treatment under the law, respect for individual merit and difference and so forth, and the responsibility of government to ensure that women receive an equal helping of these important social goods ... But there was another, more radical side to the movement, which had to do with the promise feminism held out to women of a life not just with more justice but also with more freedom, more self-respect, more choices, and more pleasure. Feminism promised that one could become more conscious of the social forces limiting one's life, and that from this new awareness positive change could come. That is what the much-maligned slogan "The personal is political" meant ... It was a do-it-yourself, direct-action social movement. It might take a revival of this spirit to get us beyond "denial"

Volume 280, No. 5, pp. 160-164



Spa services await you in
our Arrivals Lounge.

The best service anticipates your needs. To help you arrive feeling ready for business, our Arrivals Lounge at Heathrow has the services of a spa. You can step off the plane and straight into a shower, a robe, even a Molton Brown facial - all while your suit is being pressed. Our goal is simple: to deliver the best service you could ask for, without you having to ask. So whether you're enjoying a gourmet meal, or our infinitely more comfortable flat bed, we think you'll find our business class like no other.



Visit ba.com/clubworld

Business class is different on **BRITISH AIRWAYS**



THE DAY AFTER *ROE*

If the Supreme Court overturns Roe v. Wade, it will set off tectonic shifts in the American political landscape not seen since the civil-rights movement—or perhaps even the Civil War

BY JEFFREY ROSEN

Illustrations by Chris Lyons

.....

With the recent appointment by President Bush of two Supreme Court justices, John G. Roberts Jr. and Samuel A. Alito Jr., interest groups on the left and the right are preparing for the end of *Roe v. Wade*. Leaders in both camps believe that the demise of *Roe* may occur sooner rather than later, and they have different scenarios for how the coup de grâce might be delivered. Imagine, for example, that Justice John Paul Stevens, having just turned eighty-six, decides to retire from the Supreme Court in July. President Bush, under pressure to appoint a reliable conservative to mobilize his base for the midterm elections, nominates Judge Edith Jones of Texas, a fire-breathing social conservative who has written that “one may fervently hope” courts will reconsider *Roe v. Wade*. Outraged Senate Democrats then mount a filibuster, and the Republicans respond with the so-called nuclear option, eliminating the filibuster for judicial nominations by a simple majority vote. Jones is then confirmed along party lines, fifty-five to forty-five. She joins the Court in October, just in time to hear a constitutional challenge to the federal ban on “partial-birth” abortions that the justices have already agreed to review. In June of next year, the Supreme Court hands down its decision. By a 5–4 vote, the justices not only uphold the right of Congress and the states to ban partial-birth abortions, which often occur late in pregnancy, but also overturn *Roe v. Wade*, thus allowing the states to ban or restrict abortions from the very beginning of pregnancy.

No one except Justice Stevens, of course, knows whether he is inclined to retire, and even if he did, no one knows whether the five votes would emerge to overturn *Roe* cleanly. (For what it’s worth, I wouldn’t bet on Chief Justice Roberts’s siding unequivocally with the anti-*Roe* forces.) But serious people on both sides of the abortion divide are girding themselves for the fights in Congress and the state legislatures that they believe will erupt once *Roe* is finally uprooted. And states like South Dakota are so convinced

that *Roe*’s demise is imminent that they are racing to pass sweeping bans on abortion designed to encourage the Supreme Court to administer the last rites. So let’s assume, for the sake of argument, that the activists are correct and the long-anticipated moment has finally come to pass: *Roe v. Wade* is no longer on the books. What happens next?

The results might not be what you expect. The day after *Roe* fell, of course, abortion would be neither legal nor illegal throughout the United States. Instead, the states and Congress would be free to ban, protect, or regulate abortion as they saw fit. But in many of the fifty states, and ultimately in Congress, the overturning of *Roe* would probably ignite one of the most explosive political battles since the civil-rights movement, if not the Civil War. A careful look at how the pieces of the Rubik’s Cube might begin to turn the day after *Roe* suggests that access to abortion wouldn’t necessarily become less widely available than it is now; that the Democrats could gain politically, perhaps even seizing the White House and both chambers of Congress; and that, when the dust settles, in five or ten or thirty years, early-term abortions would be protected and late-term ones restricted.

Throughout American history, the Supreme Court, often derided as the least democratic branch of the federal government, has, paradoxically, best maintained its legitimacy when it has functioned as the most democratic branch—that is, when it has deferred to the constitutional views of Congress, the president, and the country as a whole. For all the invective initially generated by *Brown v. Board of Education*, which outlawed school segregation, the decision was

supported by more than half of the country when it was handed down in 1954, a time when southern minorities were blocking Congress from enacting the civil-rights legislation that the public supported. Many of the most famous decisions by the Warren, Burger, and Rehnquist Courts similarly reflected the popular will: a survey of eighty-eight civil-rights and civil-liberties cases between 1953

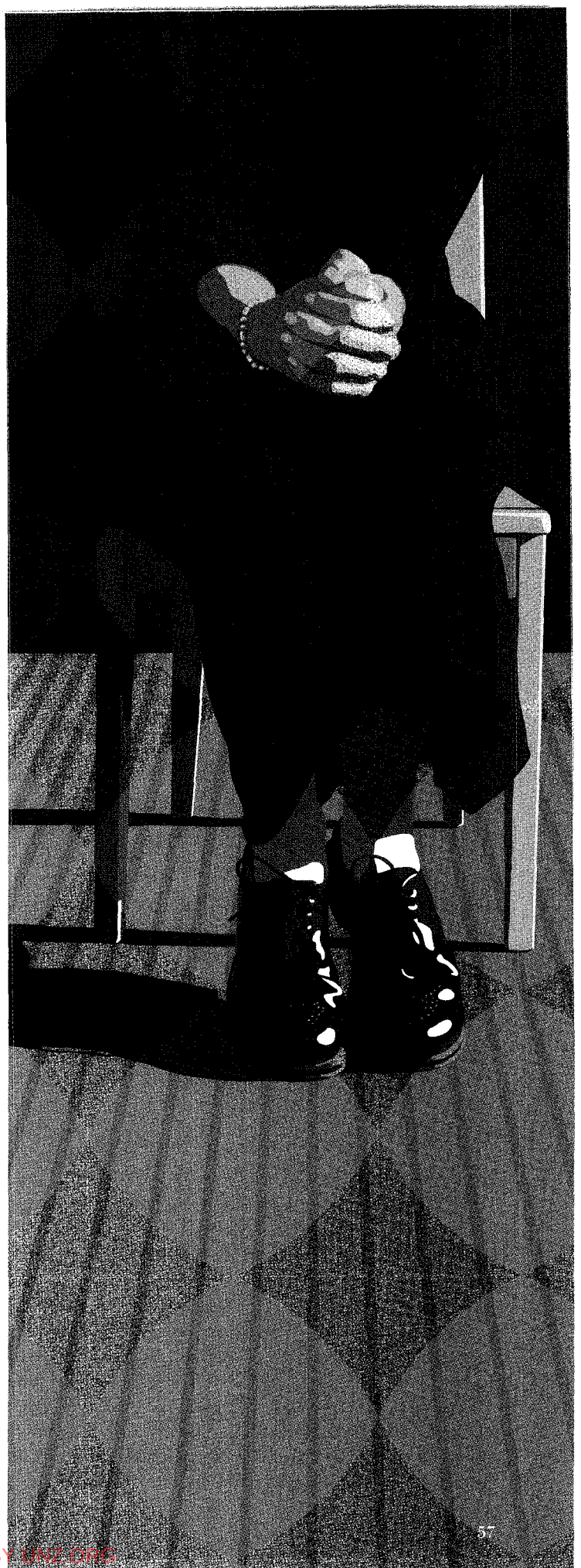
Jeffrey Rosen, a law professor at George Washington University and legal-affairs editor of The New Republic, has written previously for this magazine about John Ashcroft and the legacy of the late Chief Justice William Rehnquist. His latest book, The Most Democratic Branch: How the Courts Serve America, will be published this month by Oxford University Press.

and 1994 found that, in most instances, the Supreme Court was generally in sync with public opinion. When public opinion opposed a particular rights claim, so, by and large, did the Supreme Court.

Roe v. Wade was an entirely different matter. The Court's decision, in 1973, to strike down abortion laws in forty-six states and the District of Columbia was high-handed, and represents one of the few times in history that the Court leaped ahead of a national consensus. In every Gallup Poll since soon after *Roe* was decided, small minorities of Americans—in the 20 percent range on each side—have said that abortion should be always illegal or always legal, while a large majority has said it should be legal under some circumstances and especially at the beginning of pregnancy. Later, the Court continued to ignore popular opinion when it struck down, in the name of *Roe*, many practices enthusiastically supported by the public, including spousal-notification laws, parental-consent laws, and informed-consent requirements. Critics of *Roe v. Wade* often compare it to the *Dred Scott* decision on slavery before the Civil War. In both cases, the Supreme Court overturned political compromises that national majorities supported, provoking dramatic political backlashes.

The Court seemed to align itself better with public opinion when it reaffirmed *Roe* in the 1992 *Planned Parenthood v. Casey* decision: abortions that take place before fetal viability (about twenty-four weeks) had to be protected, the Court declared, but those after viability could be restricted. And yet the Court departed from this moderate and widely accepted compromise eight years later, in *Stenberg v. Carhart*, when it struck down laws in thirty-one states banning partial-birth abortion—laws that are currently supported, according to a recent Gallup Poll, by 70 percent of the American people. If the Court decides to reverse *Stenberg* next year and to uphold the federal law banning partial-birth abortions, it might still preserve the core protections of *Roe v. Wade* for choice early in pregnancy. If so, it would express the sentiments of the majority of Americans on abortion far more faithfully than the current White House and Congress are likely to do.

If, on the other hand, the Court does seize the opportunity to overturn *Roe*, it would at least allow national majorities to eventually make their constitutional views about abortion clear. The Court has served itself well in the past by upholding state and federal laws in the face of uncertainty about the constitutional views of the American people, and by deferring to those of the other branches of government, rather than blindly following the polls. Still, if a national referendum were held the day after *Roe* fell, there's little doubt that early-term abortions would be protected and that later-term abortions would be restricted. But the U.S. Constitution doesn't provide for government by referendum. Because of the intricacies of American federalism, and the polarization of American politics exacerbated by *Roe* itself, the moderate national consensus about abortion might not be reflected in law for years to come, and the political landscape could be transformed beyond recognition. What follows is a guide to the battles that might break out in Congress, the states, the White House, and the courts after *Roe* falls.



I. THE STATES

The day after *Roe*, the handful of state abortion bans that were passed before *Roe* but never formally repealed would arguably spring back to life. According to Clarke Forsythe, of Americans United for Life, there are eleven state laws already on the books that would ban abortion throughout pregnancy without making exceptions for threats to a woman's health. (Most have narrow exceptions allowing abortion in cases where the life of the mother is seriously threatened; some also include exceptions for rape or incest.) In at least seven of these eleven states (Arkansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Texas, and Wisconsin), the draconian abortion bans have never been blocked by state courts as violations of state constitutional rights, and therefore could, in theory, be immediately enforced. If the governor or attorney general in any of these states announced an intention to support these miraculously rejuvenated abortion bans, and if state courts agreed that the bans hadn't been implicitly repealed, abortions might indeed be outlawed in most circumstances.

Even in the most conservative states, however, the overturning of *Roe* would put any pro-life governor or attorney general in a tight spot. For the truth is that draconian state bans on abortion that failed to provide widely supported exceptions would likely be unpopular with majorities in all

states like Texas, swing states like Ohio and Pennsylvania, or liberal states like California, public support for access to abortion in cases of rape, fetal defect, and threats to a woman's health, as well as for restrictions on abortion generally, is overwhelming.

The current abortion drama in South Dakota provides the best predictor of what might happen if a handful of other states try to resurrect old abortion bans, or pass new ones, that fail to include exceptions for rape, incest, and serious threats to a woman's health. In March, South Dakota became the first state since *Roe* was decided to pass a law that bans all abortions except when a woman's life is seriously threatened. The law, which contains no other exceptions, was opposed by many national pro-life organizations, which contended that it went too far. And their misgivings proved to be prescient. As soon as the ink was dry on the South Dakota law, a backlash started to develop. A group called Focus South Dakota began collecting signatures for a recall referendum that seeks to place the abortion ban on the ballot in November, giving the citizens of the state an opportunity to repeal it. That group's own statewide polls, at least, suggest that the recall referendum has a good chance of succeeding. In its survey of registered South Dakota voters, taken a week after the abortion ban passed, 57 percent said they would vote to repeal the ban, and 33 percent said they would vote to uphold it. According to Jim Robin-

If a national referendum were held the day after *Roe* fell, early-term abortions would likely be protected. But the Constitution doesn't provide for government by referendum.

the states in question. According to Clyde Wilcox, a Georgetown University professor who has studied public opinion on abortion, there would be majority opposition to any law that failed to include these exceptions, even in the most conservative states. "My guess is that any state that has a total prohibition on abortion—that can't stand," Wilcox told me. "If you look at the polls, you'll never get more than 15 or 20 percent that would ban all abortions. Across the board, around 75 percent are in favor of exceptions for rape, incest, and fetal defect, as well as the life and health of the mother. Even in the most conservative states, that will be over 50 percent." In other words, there's less variation among states when it comes to public attitudes about abortion than you might expect. In national Gallup Polls over the last thirty years, two-thirds of Americans have consistently said that abortion should be legal in the first trimester of pregnancy, although in the second trimester, the number plummets to 25 percent, and in the third trimester it falls further, to 10 percent. And since 1973, according to polls conducted by the National Opinion Research Center, overwhelming majorities—between 80 and 90 percent—have said that abortion should be available to a woman if her health is seriously endangered by the pregnancy, or in cases of rape or risk of serious fetal defects. Whether in conservative

son, who conducted the poll for Focus South Dakota, these results are entirely consistent with the responses of South Dakota voters over the past two decades. "The number of voters who say abortion shouldn't be legal under any circumstances has stayed pretty much the same for years, at about 15 percent," Robinson told me. "You can add another 20 percent who think there should only be an exception for the life of the mother. We've known for some time that this sort of ban would be opposed in the state two to one, which is pretty much the same as the national numbers. But because one party is in control here, you have an extreme minority who came to dominate the legislature and drank their own Kool-Aid."

Since the South Dakota ban passed, the approval rating of the governor, Mike Rounds, has dropped by 12 percentage points, and several state legislators have announced their intention to switch parties from Republican to Democrat. Legislators who voted for the ban, including a few Democrats, already face primary challenges from abortion moderates. Robert Burns, a political-science professor at South Dakota State University, thinks the backlash against the South Dakota law could precipitate a political realignment in the state, helping Democrats in state senate elections as well as influencing the gubernatorial and congressional elections. Burns sug-

gests that Republican pro-choice voters, who had been willing to support pro-life legislators as long as the disagreement seemed symbolic, may desert the party. And if South Dakota-style bans on abortion were imposed in other states, the evidence is that they would be equally unpopular. Polls taken in March by organizations ranging from Pew to Fox News produced similar findings: by about a 59 to 36 percent margin, voters oppose a South Dakota-style ban in their own state. And 62 percent in the Fox News poll said that they supported the right to choose if the pregnancy “risks the mother’s mental health.”

The day after *Roe v. Wade* falls, members of the pro-life movement will face a choice: Will they heed the lessons of South Dakota and include at least a physical-health exception in any abortion law, or will they doom themselves to political defeat? This choice could split the movement in two, and legislatures in some pro-life states might prefer principled failure to pragmatic accommodation. Not all of the seven states where the pre-*Roe* abortion bans are lurking have a popular-recall procedure. This means there might be some states where most citizens would oppose the rejuvenated abortion ban but a defiant state legislature would refuse to repeal it. This is a recipe for voter revolt. In other states—such as Michigan and Arkansas—pro-life legislators could try to head off a recall referendum by modifying the resurrected abortion bans to reflect the will of the voters. In the end, few of the seven states that reconsidered their old abortion bans would be likely to settle on laws as extreme as South Dakota’s. After the Supreme Court seemed to be on the verge of overturning *Roe*, in 1989, in *Webster v. Reproductive Health Services*, Louisiana introduced a bill that would ban abortion with exceptions for threats to the woman’s life but not for rape or incest. The governor vetoed the bill, and rape and incest exceptions were finally added. But even rape and incest exceptions are too narrow to satisfy voters in most states, who support some kind of health exception as well.

The day after *Roe*, a handful of states would try not only to revive old abortion bans but also to pass new ones. “The real battles will occur in the red states, and they will be knock-down, drag-out battles,” says the Republican consultant Whit Ayres. In the wake of the South Dakota law, a number of state legislatures (including those in Alabama, Indiana, Georgia, Kentucky, Missouri, Mississippi, Ohio, Oklahoma, Tennessee, and West Virginia) are now considering extreme bills that would make it a crime for doctors to perform abortions unless the life of the mother is threatened, with no other exceptions. The Mississippi ban has already passed the state house of representatives, which added exceptions for rape and incest, and Governor Haley Barbour has pledged to sign it if it passes the state senate. And yet, the day after *Roe*, even pro-life legislators would have to think twice about passing abortion bans without the health exceptions that a majority of the public clearly favors. These representatives, unable to depend on the bans being struck down by the courts, would face the certainty of a voter rebellion if they defied public sentiment.

In short, the overturning of *Roe* would put pro-life legislators in an agonizing position: many are inalterably opposed to including an exception for threats to women’s health; they argue that these exceptions have been broadly interpreted by doctors and courts in the past to include psychological as well as physical health, in effect subverting the bans and making abortions available throughout pregnancy. “People in the pro-life movement are opposed to health exceptions in any form,” the pro-life scholar Paul Linton told me. “On the other hand, people will have to consider whether a narrow physical health exception might be a political necessity.” If any of these states now pondering extreme bills did, in fact, pass broad bans without a health exception, they should expect voter insurrections similar to the one now taking shape in South Dakota. By contrast, if health exceptions were included, although abortions might be formally restricted in some states from the beginning of pregnancy—a significant change in the law—elective abortions might, in practice, remain widely available for those who were willing to negotiate the procedural hurdles involved in proving a threat to their mental or physical health.



The day after *Roe*, of course, there would be just as much mobilization in blue states to protect abortion as there would be in red states to restrict it. Even without *Roe v. Wade*, according to the Center for Reproductive Rights, a woman’s right to choose would be secure in about twenty-three states. Six of these (California, Connecticut, Maine, Maryland, Nevada, and Washington) already have laws on the books protecting choice throughout pregnancy. In ten others (Alaska, California, Florida, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana, New Jersey, New Mexico, Tennessee, and West Virginia), state courts have ruled that their state constitutions protect abortion rights broadly throughout pregnancy. And in seven more (Hawaii, Iowa, New Hampshire, New York, Oregon, Vermont, and Wyoming), the political climate is sympathetic to choice, and citizens are likely to demand strong new laws protecting abortion.

The day after *Roe*, pro-choice activists in the most liberal states would have to be careful not to overreach, to avoid

duplicating the errors of their pro-life counterparts in the most conservative states. If, for example, pro-choice activists make clear to state legislators in Iowa that they won't accept any state law that imposes restrictions on late-term, partial-birth abortions, which are intensely unpopular throughout the country, they may alienate the moderate middle of the electorate. But regardless of potential self-inflicted wounds by Democratic activists, the right to choose in the twenty-three bedrock pro-choice states is likely to remain broadly available throughout pregnancy.

It's conceivable that a year or two after *Roe*, as many as a dozen red states would adopt draconian restrictions on abortions throughout pregnancy, while a larger group of more populous blue states would offer the same access to abortion as they do now. What effect would this have on the national abortion rate? "My guess is that no more than a dozen states could sustain a total abortion ban, and these

A dozen state abortion bans might not dramatically change the national abortion rate, but they would dramatically change state and national politics. After *Roe*, women with disposable incomes would still be able to travel to have an abortion. Poor women, on the other hand, might be forced to seek abortions from illegal local providers. If television footage began to show arrests of illegal abortion doctors, the political framework for the abortion debate would almost certainly be transformed. "With *Roe* on the books, the focus of the abortion debate has tended to be on issues like partial-birth abortion, which is a huge political winner for Republicans," says Michael Klarman of the University of Virginia, a scholar of the Court and public opinion. "If you take *Roe* off the books, the focus will be on poor women in a handful of states trying to get illegal abortions, and these highly salient examples are going to benefit the other side."

The overturning of *Roe* would lead to the extraordinary spectacle of fifty state legislatures fighting over the question of when life begins. "I can imagine a fifty-front war going on for the next thirty years," says one pro-choice advocate.

are principally states where virtually no legal abortions are performed today," says Gerald Rosenberg, a University of Chicago professor who has studied the effects of *Roe* on abortion rates. "That doesn't mean that individual lives wouldn't be severely impacted, but in terms of national numbers, the effect would be small." For example, if the South Dakota ban survived the overturning of *Roe*, the national impact would be negligible. In 2000, fewer than 1,000 women obtained abortions in South Dakota, representing one-tenth of 1 percent of all the abortions performed in the United States. That year, there were only two abortion providers in the state, and about 30 percent of South Dakota residents who sought abortions traveled to other states, such as Colorado and Nebraska. If the South Dakota abortion ban took effect, that percentage would certainly rise. But while women in the most conservative states would increasingly travel for abortions in a post-*Roe* world, the fact is they have been traveling for abortions throughout the three decades *Roe* has been on the books. In 2000, according to a report by the Guttmacher Institute, a pro-choice research organization, 87 percent of all counties in the United States had no abortion providers, one-third of all American women lived in these counties, and 25 percent of all the women who obtained abortions traveled at least fifty miles to do so. "In the past, the impact of some state restrictions that tried to limit access to abortion was primarily to delay rather than prevent abortions, because women can travel to another state," Lawrence B. Finer of the Guttmacher Institute told me. "But if more and more states pass such restrictions, it becomes harder to travel, which could have a disproportionate impact on poorer women."

A year or so after *Roe*, state legislators in a large group of swing states would probably remain undecided about precisely which abortion regulations to adopt. This can only mean they would be consumed by the abortion debate. The extraordinary spectacle of fifty state legislatures fighting over the question of when life begins would rivet the nation and overwhelm the state legislators themselves, many of whom are part-time representatives with little aptitude or inclination for debating the finer points of ontology. "My single biggest concern is that abortion politics will simply dominate state legislatures in many states, even those in which there's no majority for a criminalization strategy, in ways that will be very unpredictable and will distract policy makers from almost everything else," says Ed Kilgore of the moderate Democratic Leadership Council. "In swing states, Democrats would be under pressure to sponsor state legislation re-establishing the right to choose, and they'd have to make some hard choices about how extensive to make that. I've talked to a few state legislators, and everyone has expressed a sense of horror."

Indeed, many Democrats would be forced to decide whether to ignore the demands of their pro-choice base and to support the kind of restrictions that both local and national majorities overwhelmingly endorse—such as twenty-four-hour waiting periods and parental- and even spousal-notification provisions. Bills such as the one recently debated in Mississippi requiring that women seeking abortions be offered an opportunity to view a sonogram are also likely to be popular: the pro-life movement has discovered that viewing an ultrasound of the fetus early in pregnancy may change the way some parents think about abortion.

AIR BAGS SAVE LIVES. ALL-WHEEL DRIVE SAVES AIR BAGS. IT'S WHAT MAKES A SUBARU, A SUBARU.



2006 AWD SUBARU B9 TRIBECA™

At Subaru, we believe the best accidents are the ones you avoid. Which is why the 2006 All-Wheel Drive Subaru B9 Tribeca relies on more than just air bags to save lives. It also has standard features like road-hugging all-wheel drive, a 250-horsepower boxer engine for balance, and Vehicle Dynamics Control. Because while we're proud the B9 Tribeca received the highest rating in all government crash tests,* we'd prefer it if our air bags didn't get much real-world use. To learn more about the Subaru B9 Tribeca, visit subaru.com.

*Government star ratings are part of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's (NHTSA) New Car Assessment Program (NCAP). See safercar.gov for more details. The ABC's of Safety: Air bags. Buckle up. Children in backseat.

Think. Feel. Drive.™



SUBARU®

(My wife and I are expecting, and having viewed a sonogram of our twin babies at only twelve weeks I can attest to the emotional power of the experience.)

But the moment that voters in swing states began to think that their own right to choose early-term abortions was threatened, state politics could tip decisively in the pro-choice direction. In Virginia, for example, after the U.S. Supreme Court, in 1989, handed down *Webster*, a decision that suggested *Roe v. Wade* was within one vote of falling, voters in the next election chose as governor a Democrat, Doug Wilder, because he was pro-choice. In the aftermath of *Roe*, there might be even more dramatic backlashes in battleground states like Pennsylvania and Ohio, especially if their state legislatures passed more conservative restrictions than the political center supports. In the current U.S. Senate race in Pennsylvania, a pro-life Democrat and a pro-life Republican, Bob Casey and Rick Santorum, are running against each other; in a post-*Roe* world, however, pro-choice voters who tend to hold their noses and vote for social conservatives might look for pro-choice alternatives. But because of the pressures on both parties to pander to extremists in their bases, exacerbated by the polarizing effects of the Internet, one can envision a scenario in which neither Democrats nor Republicans would prove deft enough, in swing states, to capture the moderate center. In that case, third parties might emerge to step into the centrist void.

As the state electoral maps were thrown into chaos, Congress would come under increasing pressure to intervene. In the late 1960s, as Bill Stuntz of Harvard Law School notes, national opinion shifted after sensationalistic articles appeared in *Newsweek* and *The Saturday Evening Post* exaggerating, by at least a factor of ten, the number of deaths from botched illegal abortions. A year or two after *Roe*, a similarly galvanizing television image might mobilize women in swing states to take to the streets on behalf of the right to choose. "If a young woman who is raped gets pregnant and goes to a downscale abortion provider and dies from the infection, that becomes a huge story," says Stuntz.

It's hard to know precisely how soon after the fall of *Roe* a story about a botched abortion might capture the national imagination. But the moment pro-choice and swing voters perceived that their own right to choose was threatened, there would be increasingly urgent demands for a federal bill protecting the early-term choice that two-thirds of the country supports. If congressional Republicans failed to respond, or insisted on trying to ban early-term abortions instead, their intransigence could set in motion a national backlash that would make the response to *Roe v. Wade* itself look tame.

II. CONGRESS

If *Roe* falls next June, the House and Senate majority leaders will presumably be called to the White House the next day to discuss ways of preventing pro-life representatives and senators from introducing a draconian federal bill to ban abortions in nearly all circumstances. Given the tepid national support for a near or total ban, even among Republicans (only a narrow majority of whom believe that

abortion should be illegal in most or all cases), the party leadership understands that an extreme federal ban has the potential to split the Republican coalition at the seams. "Many moderates within the Republican Party, and even some conservatives, bought into the pro-life position when there was no threat *Roe* would actually be overturned," says Marshall Wittmann of the Democratic Leadership Council. "I think there are a lot of Republican moderate women and men—especially exurban and suburban women—who would be very queasy about this issue. GOP leaders would fear that they couldn't hold the coalition together if abortion rights were truly threatened."

Whether the majority leaders would be inclined or able to enforce party discipline and prevent a sweeping pro-life abortion bill from reaching the Senate and House floors in 2007 is anyone's guess. As the Terri Schiavo debacle shows, both of the current leaders, Bill Frist and Dennis Hastert, are more concerned with mollifying their base than courting the center, and both have been willing to support socially conservative legislation that a majority of the public opposes. (Last year, in a CBS News poll, 82 percent of Americans said they disapproved of the decision by Congress and the president to intervene in the Schiavo case.) In the Senate, ardent pro-life Republicans, like Sam Brownback of Kansas, might well introduce a sweeping abortion ban, but pro-choice Republicans, like Arlen Specter, the chair of the Senate Judiciary Committee, would presumably prevent the bill from reaching the Senate floor.

If a draconian abortion ban did, however, make it out of the Judiciary Committee, there are a handful of other moderately pro-choice Republicans, such as Olympia Snowe and Lincoln Chafee, who would presumably break ranks to vote against it. Other pragmatic Republicans might try to coalesce around a less extreme abortion restriction that a majority of the Senate and the country could support, such as the Child Custody Protection Act, which has already passed the House and would criminalize the act of helping minors cross state lines to obtain an abortion without first complying with their home states' mandatory notification law. Other moderately pro-life measures might include expanding the federal law that allows health-care companies to opt out, in certain circumstances, of Medicaid contracts that cover abortion services. Pro-life activists, of course, would be furious at a compromise like the Child Custody Protection Act, but the pragmatists might try to appease them by waving the banner of federalism and claiming that the abortion issue should ultimately be settled in the states. "It's hard to imagine Congress moving very quickly or reaching a broad consensus on abortion policy," says Whit Ayres, the Republican consultant. "I think the ultimate decision will be pushed away from the extremes."

If efforts at compromise failed, however, and a sweeping abortion ban somehow made it to the Senate floor, the Democrats might mount a filibuster (assuming it was still available for ordinary legislation). But whether or not the federal abortion ban progresses very far, the mere threat of its passage might be enough to push the Democrats over

e l e v a t e answers

There is a gap. The world doesn't produce enough energy today to meet tomorrow's needs. Natural gas is an answer and ConocoPhillips is taking action. Creating a new U.S. facility to deliver new supply. The first of its kind built in decades, it's just in time. So don't worry. You can always count on us to elevate.



ConocoPhillips
e l e v a t e

conocophillips.com

© 2005 ConocoPhillips. All rights reserved.

the edge in the 2008 elections, helping them to recapture at least the Senate and perhaps even the House. Pro-life voters are currently better mobilized than their pro-choice opponents; surveys have shown that pro-life voters rank a candidate's position on abortion among their top three concerns, as opposed to pro-choice voters, who rank it substantially lower. But the day after *Roe*, those priorities would undoubtedly change. Suburban Republican women, a number of whom are fiscally conservative and socially liberal, might switch parties in many states, giving Democrats the margin of victory they need to win the Senate in a country virtually at parity. Virginia, for example, currently has two Republican senators, John Warner and George Allen, but it's not clear how either would do in a race where swing voters were energized by the issue of choice. (Even the ardently pro-life Allen told *Newsweek* that he would have vetoed a South Dakota-style law if he were still governor of Virginia, and declared on *Meet the Press* that the federal government shouldn't be in the business of passing abortion laws, but should instead leave the issue to the states.) Throughout the

extremists insisted that it didn't go far enough in protecting late-term abortions. The more moderate Democrats elected after the overturning of *Roe*, one hopes, would not make the same mistake. If a Democratic Congress proposed the Freedom of Choice Act, moderate pro-choice Republicans in swing states, like Specter in Pennsylvania, would face tremendous pressure to support it. But even with some Republican support, it's not certain that a Democratic Congress could muster the sixty votes necessary in the Senate to defeat a Republican filibuster (assuming, once again, that it still exists). NARAL Pro-Choice America estimates that in the current Congress, there are about fifty potentially pro-choice senators, thirty-three of them reliable and seventeen swing votes. Unless the election of 2008 were a Democratic sweep, a Republican minority might still be able to block a federal law protecting early-term abortion, even if a majority of the Senate and the country supported it. Or a Republican president could threaten to veto the Freedom of Choice Act. But if *Roe* is overturned, there may not be a Republican president.

If *Roe* falls next year, abortion will almost certainly become the central issue in the 2008 presidential election. And Republicans are already worrying about the fallout. One GOP congressman says, "You wouldn't see another Republican president for twenty years."

South, moderate Democrats in the mode of John Edwards might beat conservative pro-life Republicans in enough states to shift the Senate.

Even in the House, where there are fewer competitive seats due to gerrymandering, the rise of abortion moderates could give the Democrats a fighting chance to gain the seventeen seats necessary to win a majority. "Gerrymandering depends on existing voting patterns holding, and this would change existing voting patterns," says Bill Stuntz of Harvard Law School. "You have a lot of sixty-four districts, but if national public opinion on abortion shifted, at some point Democrats would win a lot of seats that Republicans have been winning by more than ten points, just as Republicans did when they took the House in 1994."

It's entirely possible, therefore, that if *Roe* were overturned, both the House and the Senate would be Democratic after the 2008 elections. What would happen next? The moment the new Congress was sworn in after a national election dominated by abortion, Democrats in both chambers would introduce a federal bill to codify the protections of *Roe v. Wade*. It might look very much like the Freedom of Choice Act, which has languished in Congress for the past decade. That act would protect a woman's right to choose before fetal viability and allow states to ban abortion after fetal viability, unless the life or health of the mother is threatened. The Freedom of Choice Act was introduced in the Democratic Congress that followed Bill Clinton's election in 1992 and was defeated in part because pro-choice

III. THE WHITE HOUSE

If *Roe* falls in June 2007, abortion will almost certainly become the central issue in the 2008 presidential election. And Republicans are already worrying about the political fallout. "We'd be blown away in the suburbs, and you wouldn't see another Republican president for twenty years," a pro-choice Republican congressman recently told *Roll Call*. Karl Rove has long dodged questions about whether he thinks *Roe* should be overturned, and Ken Mehlman, the head of the Republican National Committee, has refused to comment on the South Dakota law, making it clear that he'd rather talk about anything else. The fact that Electoral College battleground states, such as Ohio and Pennsylvania, are likely to be facing the fiercest state fights over abortion can't be good news for the GOP.

Imagine what the effect of *Roe*'s demise might be on John McCain, the Republican senator who, although undeclared as a presidential candidate, seems, at the moment, to have the best chance of winning a general election. A recent bipartisan national poll found that McCain had a favorable rating from 65 percent of the respondents, as opposed to 46 percent for the Democratic front-runner, Hillary Clinton. Those who positively rated McCain crossed party lines and political ideologies, including 64 percent of conservatives, 67 percent of independents, and 67 percent of liberals. These impressive numbers could evaporate in an instant if *Roe* is overturned, because McCain is strongly pro-life, and he would have to tack even further to the right to win the Republican

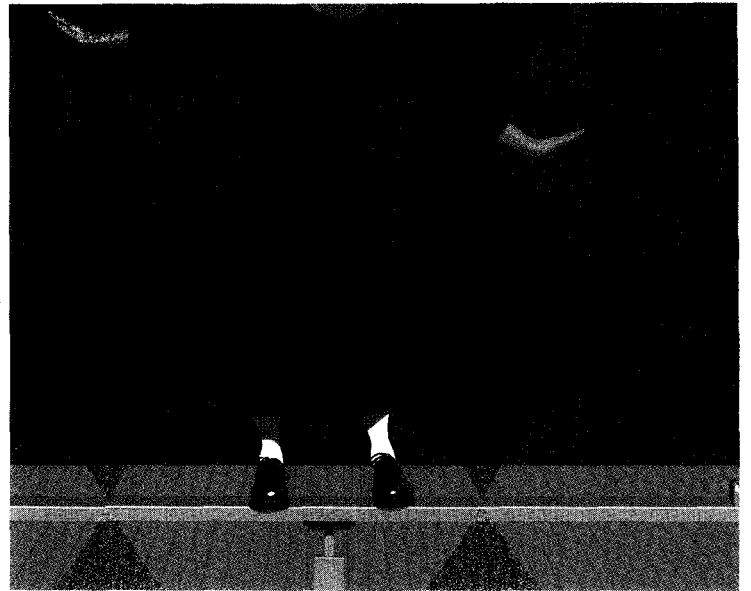
primaries in a post-*Roe* world. The GOP base is already wary of his stand on taxes and campaign finance. "He would stick with the pro-life part of the party, and it would hurt his chances of being elected," says a former McCain aide. When asked by *Newsweek* whether he supported the South Dakota ban, McCain was palpably uncomfortable, saying he would support it if it were consistent with his long-standing position that abortion should be banned except in cases of rape and incest and to protect the mother's life. But this position could cause swing voters, most of whom favor an exception for the mother's health, to desert McCain in droves: suddenly he would look like a radical conservative rather than a moderate maverick. Without a reliable constituency on the right or the left, McCain's candidacy might collapse.

Hillary Clinton, on the other hand, would benefit greatly from the demise of *Roe*. Her liberal credentials on social issues would reassure the Democratic base, which would demand pro-choice orthodoxy in the primaries, but looking toward the general election, Clinton has already begun to position herself as an abortion moderate. In a speech on *Roe*'s anniversary, last year, she emphasized that abortion is a "sad, even tragic choice to many, many women," adding that government should "do more to educate and inform and provide assistance so that the choice guaranteed under our Constitution either does not ever have to be exercised or only in very rare circumstances." (Her husband's mantra on abortion—"safe, legal, and rare"—was more concise but similarly finessed.) Among Clinton's potential Democratic primary opponents, perhaps Governor Mark Warner of Virginia would be even better equipped to capture the median voter's position on abortion in a general election. But except for Rudolph Giuliani, no Republican candidate could plausibly impersonate an abortion centrist, and if *Roe* fell, Giuliani might have an even harder time than McCain satisfying the base in the Republican primaries.

So there's a good chance, assuming *Roe* falls, that there will be a Democrat in the White House by 2009. If Congress, at that point, passed a Freedom of Choice Bill protecting early-term abortions, the president would sign it. And if Republicans attempted a filibuster, they might marginalize their party for decades to come. It's possible for the president and Congress to resist the wishes of national majorities for a while, but not forever. For nearly forty years, a small group of southern Democratic senators prevented Congress from enacting civil-rights legislation, including anti-lynching laws. Similarly, although there have long been national majorities in favor of gun control, Congress has refused to pass stricter gun-control legislation because the National Rifle Association is better organized and more intensely mobilized than the diffuse, less committed anti-gun majority.

If *Roe* is overturned, by contrast, the national majority for early-term choice would resolve to vanquish any minority that tried to block its will. Republicans who tried to obstruct a pro-choice federal law supported by Congress, the president, and the public might consign themselves to electoral oblivion, much as the Democrats did before the Civil War. In 1856, after winning the presidency and both

chambers of Congress, the pro-slavery majority wing of the Democratic Party destroyed the more moderate minority wing and, ultimately, the party itself, by demanding increasingly sweeping protections for slavery. The moderates, led by Illinois Senator Stephen Douglas, insisted that each state or territory should decide for itself whether to protect slavery or ban it, while the extremists held that the rights of slaveholders had to be preserved, regardless of what local and national majorities wanted. In the *Dred Scott* case, in 1857, the Supreme Court imposed the views of pro-slavery Southern extremists on the entire country and helped to precipitate a historic political realignment. As a result, Northern Democrats switched parties and became Republicans, and the Democrats failed to win the presidency and Congress again for nearly forty years.



IV. THE COURTS

Once *Roe* is gone, one argument goes, each state would be free to reflect the wishes of local majorities, and the country would quickly reach a democratic equilibrium. But that assumption, as we've seen, may be too optimistic. Since the abortion battle will be fought out in the states and in Congress, rather than settled by a national referendum, it's possible that pro-life and pro-choice extremists could thwart the moderate compromises that national majorities have long supported.

The courts might further complicate the political dynamic in unexpected ways. The day after *Roe*, activists on both sides would rush to court to challenge state abortion laws, claiming that they violated the state and federal constitutions. It's not hard to imagine that a rogue judge (in the spirit of Roy Moore, who was unseated as chief justice of Alabama after he defied a federal court order and refused to remove a monument to the Ten Commandments he had installed in the rotunda of the state judicial building) might overturn a state law protecting abortion. A battleground state like Illinois might provide the stage for a memorable act of pro-life judicial activism. The Illinois state legislature declared

in 1975 that an “unborn child is a human being from the time of conception,” and it’s easy to envision a conservative Illinois judge invoking this pronouncement as he overthrows an Illinois law protecting early-term abortions.

If a Democratic Congress managed to pass a federal law guaranteeing early-term abortions, and a President Hillary Clinton signed it, it’s possible that conservative activists on the Supreme Court might further inflame national opinion by striking the law down. Those justices who are most intensely committed to federalism believe that Congress, under the Constitution, has limited authority to regulate interstate commerce; they might decide that because abortion is a medical activity rather than a commercial one, Congress has no authority to prevent states from banning it. This would be a brazen act of judicial activism—no less anti-democratic than *Roe* itself. But the only way to reverse a Supreme Court decision like this would be to ratify a federal constitutional amendment protecting abortion. If the House and Senate were Democratic, it would be very difficult, but perhaps not impossible, to get two-thirds of each chamber to propose a pro-choice constitutional amendment. But persuading three-fourths of the state legislatures to ratify the amendment could take years. As time passed, the frustration of a highly mobi-

confirmed the limited ability of courts to challenge deeply felt currents of public opinion. During the first half of the twentieth century, compulsory sterilization of the “mentally defective” was extremely popular, encouraged by the Progressive political and religious leaders of the American eugenics movement. In response to this public enthusiasm, legislatures in sixteen states passed laws, between 1907 and 1913, authorizing the sterilization of “idiots” and “imbeciles.” When lower courts struck down seven of these laws, their decisions had little practical impact, and states passed even more sterilization laws. The Supreme Court upheld these laws in a notorious 1927 opinion by the enthusiastic eugenicist Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. Despite a 1942 Supreme Court opinion questioning mandatory sterilization, sterilization laws remained on the books through the 1960s, and as recently as 1985 the sterilization of the mentally retarded was allowed in at least nineteen states. In the end, American support for sterilization cooled not because of the courts but because of public antipathy to Hitler’s eugenics policies and, later, accusations during the civil-rights movement that blacks were disproportionately targets of mandatory sterilization. The judicial response to laws restricting contraception followed a similar pattern. In 1965, the Supreme Court, in

The moment television begins showing arrests of illegal abortion doctors—or broadcasting stories of women dying from infections contracted during botched illicit abortions—the political framework of the debate will be transformed.

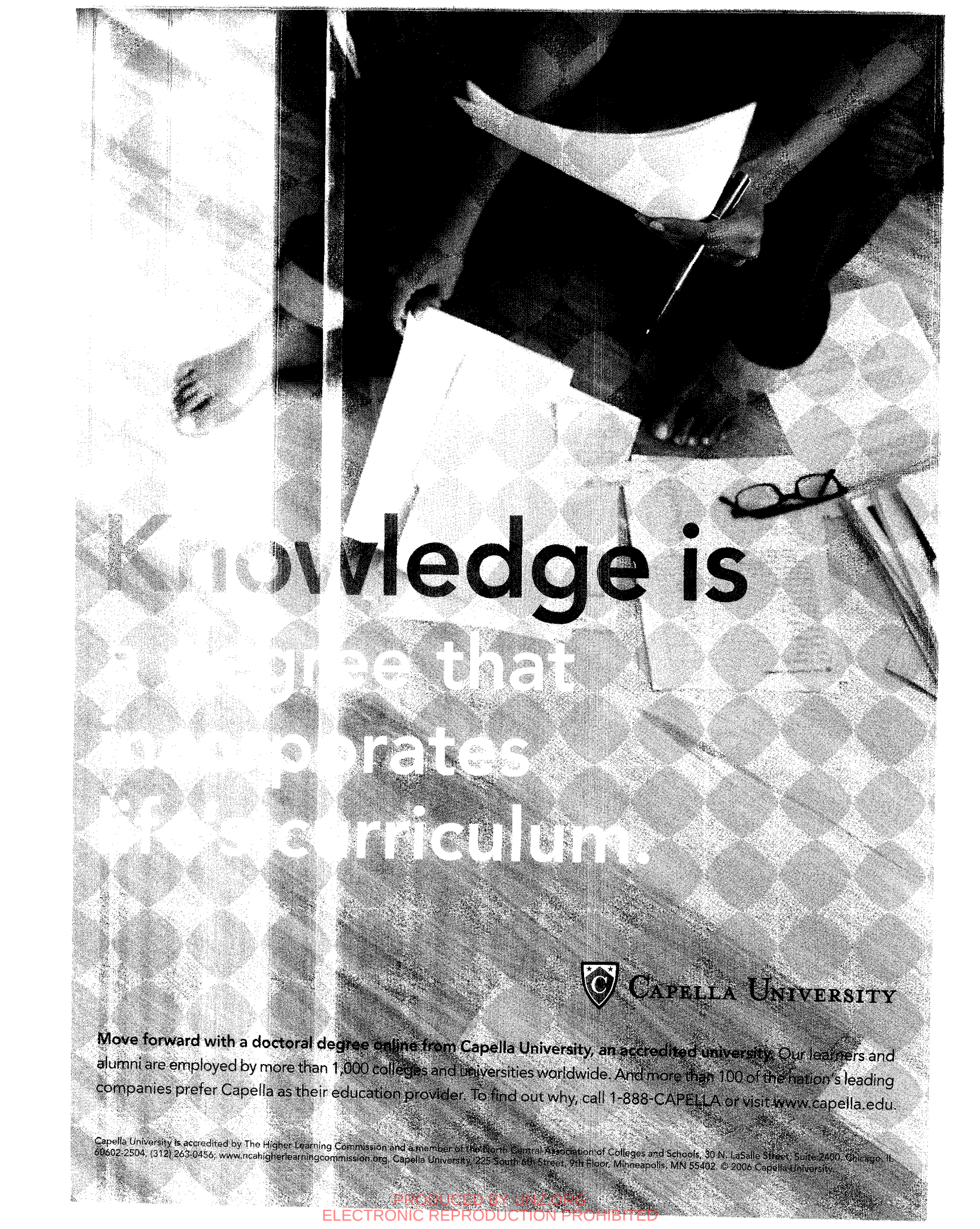
lized, pro-choice majority would dramatically increase as it found itself repeatedly thwarted from enacting its wishes into law. “I can imagine a fifty-front war going on for the next thirty years,” says Nancy Northup of the Center for Reproductive Rights. “Be careful what you wish for.”

Nevertheless, at some point after *Roe* fell, the country would reach some kind of political equipoise on abortion. It’s difficult, in America, to deny the wishes of majorities for too long, and whether it takes years or decades, the state legislatures and Congress will eventually come to reflect the popular will. When the dust settles, most of the state laws may look a lot like the compromise that the Supreme Court finally settled on in the 1992 *Casey* decision: protecting early-term abortions and restricting late-term ones. If *Roe v. Wade* hadn’t short-circuited the national political debate about abortion, the state legislatures might have arrived at this compromise on their own more than a decade earlier. But in light of the polarizing backlash that *Roe* provoked, the Supreme Court today might well move more quickly than our elected representatives to mirror the constitutional views of the moderate majority of Americans. If the Court remains sensitive to the people’s constitutional views, as it has been for most of its history, it may be more than a little hesitant to overturn the core of *Roe* in the first place.

In the twentieth century, judicial encounters with laws concerning mandatory sterilization and contraception have

Griswold v. Connecticut, forced the last holdout state to comply with an overwhelming national consensus when it struck down Connecticut’s law banning the use of contraceptives by married couples, the only law of its kind in the nation still on the books. Because popular support for banning contraception had eroded, the *Griswold* decision was embraced by Congress, the White House, and the country as a whole.

The great question of American politics is whether this historical pattern of judicial sensitivity to the constitutional views of majorities will continue to hold in the future. In the 1980s and 1990s, partly in response to *Roe v. Wade*, interest groups arose on the right and left that urged judges to ignore the views of national majorities as a sign of their constitutional virtue. For more than two decades, Republican presidents have looked for Supreme Court nominees who appeared to be pro-life—and then have prayed that they wouldn’t actually overturn *Roe*. But at some point, it’s possible that the GOP’s luck might run out: Republicans might get too many Court appointment opportunities to prolong this exquisite balancing act, and *Roe* could indeed fall. At that point, it’s not clear who would represent the views of the moderate majority that the Supreme Court has tried—and often failed—to capture in its abortion cases. But whatever party or movement managed to seize the vital center in a post-*Roe* world would be likely to dominate American politics for a generation to come. ▀



Knowledge is a degree that incorporates life's curriculum.



CAPELLA UNIVERSITY

Move forward with a doctoral degree online from Capella University, an accredited university. Our learners and alumni are employed by more than 1,000 colleges and universities worldwide. And more than 100 of the nation's leading companies prefer Capella as their education provider. To find out why, call 1-888-CAPELLA or visit www.capella.edu.

Capella University is accredited by The Higher Learning Commission and a member of the North Central Association of Colleges and Schools, 30 N. LaSalle Street, Suite 2400, Chicago, IL 60602-2504, (312) 263-0456; www.ncahigherlearningcommission.org. Capella University, 225 South 6th Street, 9th Floor, Minneapolis, MN 55402. © 2006 Capella University.

PRODUCED BY UNIZOHS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ali al-Timimi, 1976

PHOTO FROM GEORGETOWN DAY SCHOOL
JUNIOR HIGH YEARBOOK 1976-1977

THE EDUCATION OF ALI AL-TIMIMI

Describing him as a “rock star” of Islamic fundamentalism in the United States, the government sent an American Muslim scientist to prison for life. But has justice been served?

BY MILTON VIORST

.....

Back in the late seventies Ali al-Timimi used to hang around our house with my son Nick. They were twelve or thirteen, classmates at a very liberal, heavily Jewish, private day school that was founded by New Dealers when the public schools in Washington were still segregated. Small and slight for their age, both were outsiders. They went to rock concerts and drank beer together, and to this day Nick acknowledges the comfort the friendship brought him as they faced the burdens of intruding adolescence.

Soon after Nick entered high school, Ali went off with his parents to Saudi Arabia, and the two never met again. A year ago Nick called me to say he had learned from the newspapers that Ali had been sentenced to life in prison for what the FBI described as recruiting followers after 9/11 to prepare for an anti-American jihad. Characterized by the supervising U.S. attorney as a “kingpin of hate,” Ali was charged specifically with conspiring to induce eleven young Muslims in northern Virginia, most of them American, to fight with the Taliban against U.S. troops in Afghanistan.

Over the next few months I tried to find out more about Ali, now forty-two years old. Piecing together the mosaic of his life was not easy. Not only was he himself in prison, beyond my reach, but the Muslim men who knew him, intimidated by the anti-Muslim atmosphere that has pervaded the country since 9/11, were all unwilling to talk. President Bush, during the recent fuss over allowing a Dubai company to run terminals at the nation’s major ports, argued that the United States must not convey to the world an impression that it is biased against Muslims. But among Muslims I encountered, not a single one would say that it is not.

The news of Ali’s case brought to mind the incident that my wife and I most vividly associated with him. It was at Nick’s bar mitzvah, in 1977. Ali was among the friends Nick had invited. It had not occurred to us that he was the only Muslim among them. But we were not prepared for the anti-Arab diatribe that the rabbi, a fervid Zionist, delivered as his sermon. I still recall squirming at the rabbi’s words, while hoping the teenagers sitting together in the front row would be too bored to pay attention. Nearly thirty years later, in my quest to understand Ali, I learned how futile that hope had been.

In *American Muslims: A Community Under Siege*, by Ahmed Yousef, a book published

before Ali’s imprisonment, Ali described what the incident had meant to him: “We entered the synagogue and all the boys, Jewish and non-Jewish, placed yarmulkes on their heads in accordance with Jewish rituals. After the rituals, the rabbi began to address the audience. He began to attack the Arabs by saying they sought to kill young Jewish boys. I was offended that I would be associated with seeking to murder my Jewish classmate and one of my closest friends.”

Ali was also quoted in the book as saying that after the service I came to him and apologized for the rabbi’s statements; I do not remember that part of it. He told Yousef that the whole episode had made, in Yousef’s words, a “lasting impact” on him, forcing him to recognize that, whoever he was, “in the larger world, issues of his ethnicity and religion would be something by which people were going to make judgments about him.”

Paradoxically, the household in which Ali was raised was not particularly ethnic or religious. His parents moved to the United States from Baghdad for professional reasons, in 1962, and made up their minds never to go back. Mehdi, his father, was a lawyer who worked in Iraq’s embassy and, in his free time, obtained an M.A. in law at George Washington University. Sahera, his mother, was a university student when they arrived, and she took pride in telling me that she had acquired three master’s degrees and a Ph.D. in psychology. She then went on to a distinguished career in mental-health education. “We were very ambitious,” she told me. “We vowed to make something of ourselves. That’s the main thing we taught the children.”

Ali was born in 1963, and his brother, Zaid, three years later. Photos in the family album show them growing up, like other American children, with Halloween costumes and Christmas trees surrounded by toys. Ali wears a baseball cap in one snapshot, a McDonald’s T-shirt in another. At one of Ali’s birthday parties, Nick is in a picture with other classmates cheering as Ali blows out the candles on a cake. Ali’s mother told me that, though she and her husband were committed Muslims—she wore a veil until she was in high

school, he recited daily prayers, neither of them drank alcohol—they spoke English, not Arabic, at home and did not push religious observance on the children. In photos in his late teens, Ali, already bearded, posed wearing an Islamic

Milton Viorst has written six books on the Middle East. His most recent book is Storm From the East: The Struggle Between the Arab World and the Christian West (2006).



100 Years of GM *First*s.

For over a century, GM has been more than a leader in automotive engineering. We've been a leader in cutting-edge technologies, driving both scientific advancements and the American economy. Today, I help carry on that tradition at GM. My name is Larry Burns and I lead the team who built the first drivable fuel cell



by-wire vehicle. It's a vehicle with a powerful, renewable-energy propulsion system that only emits pure clean water vapor. That's it behind me. It's part of our goal to reinvent the automobile as you know it today.

Larry Burns

DRIVING AMERICA'S ECONOMY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only





*Ali (left) and the author's son Nick,
from the 1977 Georgetown Day
high school yearbook*

headdress. But in a biographical sketch written many years later, he recalled that even at age thirteen he did not know that Muslims everywhere face Mecca to pray.

Ali's transformation began in 1978, when the al-Timimis took their sons to Saudi Arabia for an extended stay, to open them to their Islamic heritage. Ali's father obtained a legal post in the Saudi Ministry of Transport; his mother was named to set up a department of psychological counseling at the University of Riyadh. For their sons, they chose a school that promised to combine rigorous instruction in Western academic disciplines with an introduction to Sunni Islam, the sect to which the family belonged. Most of the students, Ali has written, were offspring of the families of Western Muslims who worked in the kingdom.

In Ali's first year, students memorized segments of the Koran, studied some Islamic law, and learned the correct performance of Islamic rituals. In the second, Ali came under the influence of a young Canadian convert, a graduate of the Islamic university at Medina, who offered him an understanding of the faith within the framework of Western culture. The version of Islam that Ali absorbed was called Salafiya, derived from *salaf*, the term attached to the three generations that followed the Prophet Muhammad in the seventh century. These generations are said to be Islam's model of purity. Salafis, in emulating practices that go back to the roots of the faith, are much like the fundamentalists of other religions. They are not a sect, like Sunnis and Shiites, but a school of religious devotion. Ali brought this devotion with him when he returned to Washington in 1981 to begin college.

Still, it is not clear why Ali became a Salafi. The scar left on his memory by the rabbi's anti-Arab rhetoric at Nick's bar mitzvah represents at most an insight into his thinking. Now, locked away, he is not able to provide a better explanation. In Yousef's profile, written in 2004, he says, "I left the United States in 1978 when Islam was at best a passing curiosity; I came back for college in 1981 when Islam after the Iranian revolution was now at the center of the news." Elsewhere he cited a series of traumatic episodes within the Islamic world that upset him: the violent seizure of the holy mosque in Mecca, in 1979, by Islamic fanatics; Russia's invasion of Afghanistan in the same year; the intra-Muslim carnage of the Iran-Iraq War, which began in 1980.

In Washington, Ali stepped up his study of Arabic and turned to the examination of Islam's original sources to strengthen his beliefs. At the same time, he resolved to pass his Islamic learning along to others.

Ali enrolled in a pre-med program at a local university, but he probably devoted more time to his readings in Islam than to his coursework. Though a good student, he did not become a doctor after earning his degree; his mother blames an asthmatic condition that kept him out of the labs. But whatever the reason, he spent much of his time mixing with the new and often rival communities of Muslims—Arabs, Iranians, African-Americans—that were growing up around mosques in the Washington area. The Yousef book quotes him as saying, "Of course, I got caught up in the politics ... I flirted with each group, only quickly to become disinterested in their rhetoric and what I perceived as their being out of touch with the questions being raised in America—about Islam and the Muslims." He was instrumental in forming a study group exploring Salafiya. "In the end," he said, "I was hungry for answers to the larger philosophical questions." This hunger propelled him back to Saudi Arabia, in 1987, to increase his understanding of Islam.

For a year Ali explored the doctrines of Salafiya at the elite Islamic university in Medina, where the Prophet Muhammad founded his religious community fourteen centuries ago. Being in Islam's second-holiest city, the university attracts thousands of students from around the world. The Saudi government covered Ali's tuition, along with his room and board, as it did for all the students there. The curriculum at Medina was aligned with Wahhabism, the politicized form of Salafiya, named for Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab, the eighteenth-century zealot who fused his own puritanical theology with the political ambitions of the Saud tribe to found the monarchy that lasts to this day. Ali's focus, however, was more on the theology than on the politics.

By now Ali's Arabic was strong enough to carry him in the classroom. Moreover, his obvious ardor for the religion, combined with his being one of the few Americans in Medina, made him special and gave him access to some of Saudi Arabia's leading Islamic thinkers. Most notable among them was Abdul-Aziz bin Baz, the blind sheikh who later, as grand mufti, the kingdom's highest legal authority, would become the official interpreter and defender of Saudi Salafiya. Ali developed a

PHOTO FROM GEORGETOWN DAY
HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK 1977-1978

strong attachment to bin Baz, in which his parents took pride. But they envisioned him in a secular career and urged him to return home. Had they not, it seems likely he would have stayed on far longer to pursue his religious calling.

Back in the United States, Ali enrolled for a second bachelor's, this one in computer science at the University of Maryland, while doing parallel studies in software programming at George Washington University, where his father and mother had obtained degrees. Within a few years his level of skills permitted him to hold a sequence of jobs with high-tech computer firms based in the Washington area. One of them was SRA International, a highly regarded company where Ali worked as a "bioinformatics software architect," providing information technology to the government. Some of the jobs required that Ali obtain a high-level security clearance; one assignment was in response to a call from the White House, which provided him with a letter of commendation after his work was done. He later enrolled as a doctoral candidate at George Mason University, in northern Virginia, near where he then lived. The specialty he chose was computational biology, a new field that contained the promise of breaking fresh ground in medicine through the advanced use of computers.

Ali also lived a rich personal life. His renown as an Islamic scholar was growing, earning him invitations to lecture to

means "to struggle" or "to strive"—and, by extension, "holy war." Muslims agree on a duty to perform jihad, in the sense of striving to deepen their faith; the duty that some see to wage holy war is more controversial. *Jihad*, different from both, is an intellectual struggle that the principal Islamic sages, in adopting the controlling body of doctrine a thousand years ago, declared permanently closed. Since then, Muslims have debated—with Shiites more open to change than Sunnis—whether religious reinterpretation was permissible at all. Ali, within the framework of Sunni orthodoxy, was on the side of those who chose to go beyond acceptance and to grapple with religious ideas.

"He and I would talk sometimes of living in a Muslim country," Ziyana went on, "but we never did anything about it. Though Ali was often upset with American policies in the Middle East, he never doubted that he was American. He was used to American ways. He said the openness of America shaped his work as a scientist. Ali liked being American."

Curtis Jamison, Ali's dissertation director at George Mason, told me that Ali's innovations in computational biology were at the threshold of a significant breakthrough in cancer research. The school even hired Ali—though it let him go after he came under suspicion by the FBI—to design a computer program that coordinated the research of several universities. While he was at George Mason, Ali published or co-published a half-dozen scientific papers.

Photos in the family album show Ali and his brother growing up, like other American children, with Halloween costumes and Christmas trees surrounded by toys. Ali later recalled that as a boy he did not even know that Muslims everywhere face Mecca to pray.

Muslim groups in the United States and abroad. In 1991 he married Ziyana al-Rawahi, a slim, attractive Omani who had come to Washington five years earlier for university studies. She had been introduced to him by her brother, also a student, whom Ali had met at a local mosque. Twenty at the time, Ziyana was a devout Muslim who recited prayers daily and wore a traditional head scarf. But she was also a modern woman who dressed fashionably and shared Ali's dual commitment to faith and the intellect.

Ali and Ziyana eventually moved to a comfortable duplex in Fairfax, Virginia. His library, overflowing with books both in Arabic and in English, occupied the ground floor. Over coffee Ziyana told me, "Ali and I didn't have much time together. He was always so busy. He loved being a good Muslim and felt a duty to teach people about Islam. But he was also a scientist, who didn't buy the idea that all wisdom came from the Koran. Some people say Ali had two identities: one in faith, the other in science. I don't believe that. His life was very open. He didn't hide anything. I believe he was a man whose parts, religious and scientific, fit together."

Ziyana volunteered that Ali was committed to *ijtihad*, the reinterpretation of Islamic doctrine, particularly sharia, or Islamic law. The word has the same root as *jihad*, which

"I knew Ali was religious, even spiritual," Jamison said. He recalled that he and Ali attended several academic conferences together, where they talked through the night about science and the philosophy of science. Jamison said Ali loved to discuss ideas, and at no point revealed a strong Islamic influence in his views, much less a religious extremism. "He excused himself several times a day to pray," Jamison said. "But he did not proselytize among his colleagues, or allow religion into his work. He was a total professional."

In the introduction to "Chaos and Complexity in Cancer," his doctoral dissertation, Ali made an observation about the transformation of science in the Christian West that surprised me in its sharp departure from conventional religious dogma. "Following the Christianization of the Hellenic world," he wrote,

medieval Europe understood God to be the ultimate source of life with all its diversity. This combination of an unwavering belief in a Divine ultimate cause, with the traditional emphasis on a purely descriptive approach to biology, led to a type of rigidity of thought ... *It was only ... the drifting away and then final divorce of Western intellectual thought from the Church that led to a sharp break from philosophical and theological*

notions of life. [Italics mine.] Emancipated from philosophy and theology, and coupled with the foundational discoveries of embryology ... cell theory ... and genetics ... biology set on a new direction with the appearance of Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*. The main task of post-Darwinian biology now shifted from cataloguing the diversity of life to understanding the mechanics ... that led to that diversity.

Ali, in conversation, argued vigorously that Muslim scientists, throughout history, were at the same time religious scholars. Ziyana told me he believed improving the well-being of mankind through science was in accord with Salafiya. In one of his lectures Ali raised eyebrows in the audience by asserting that contemporary Salafi thinkers, through doctrinal rigidity, risked making themselves into a "country club" of believers. Until Ali is available to explain them himself, it seems fair to say his doctoral comments proceeded from a conviction that Islamic science would remain inferior to the West's until it freed itself of the intellectual shackles imposed on it by religious orthodoxy.

Whatever his achievements in science, Ali was known to most Muslims as a preacher of the doctrines of Salafi Islam. His mission was *dawa*—that is, propagation of the faith. His reputation was as a teacher of theology, moreover, not as a political advocate. Dozens of his talks are available on the Internet in text and in audio format. They contain little about Arab concerns with the Arab-Israeli wars, the rivalries between the Arab states, the problems faced by Muslims living in the West, or even the war in Iraq. Rather, they reveal a man who reflects deeply on the Islamic vision of Judgment Day, prophecy, the nature of the divine, and *fiqh* (Islamic jurisprudence)—subjects with which he grappled in Medina and in his private reading.

Much as Ali regarded himself as religious, he also considered himself a rational man. He spoke of being influenced by Sheikh Jafar Idris, a Salafi scholar who had come to northern Virginia from Sudan and taught him to use "rational methods" to defend Islam. His rationality, however, did not interfere with his rejection of reform in traditional Islamic ideals and behavior. In these matters, Ali's outlook was profoundly fundamentalist.

Ali never departed from his belief that Islam offered mankind more than Western values did, even in science. "By Allah's grace, we possess something the West does not," he declared in a lecture titled "Muslims and the Study of the Future," given in London in 1996. "We have the true source of knowledge, the Koran and the Sunna, something which is inerrant. And therefore, because of that true source of knowledge, our ability to think and our ability to interpret is more correct than theirs." Similarly, he envisaged Islam as the key to social progress. In a 1993 talk at Purdue University titled "Islam: The Cure for Societal Ills," he declared that among the non-Muslim countries, "the United States is probably the best society known to humanity in terms of its justice ... But [its] problems ... are insurmountable in my opinion because of the lack of the application of the sharia."

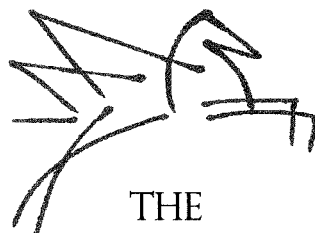
In 1995, upset that President Clinton had named secular Muslim women to represent the United States at the World Conference on Women, in Beijing, Ali persuaded the Islamic Assembly of North America, a Salafi society, to send him as head of a dissenting delegation. The Beijing meeting was designed to promote women's rights worldwide; Ali argued that historically the West was more oppressive than Islam to women, and that sharia offered them more than did American-style feminism or the United Nations' declarations. Ali's delegation held press conferences, passed out tracts, and gave interviews to the international press. Both Ali and Ziyana delivered lectures; hers were circumspect, his were outspoken, particularly in denouncing lesbianism. Press reports indicate that, whatever their impact, Ali and his group created a buzz in Beijing.

Like orthodox thinkers of other faiths, Ali conveyed great certainty in his religious judgments. Not only did he reject the doctrines of Islamic modernism but, as a Sunni, he also showed no sympathy for Sufism and Shiism, alternate forms of Islam. Though personally at ease with Jews and Christians, he expressed great disdain for the belief systems of Judaism and Christianity. Like most Arabs, he perceived Islam and the West as historic adversaries. Still, he was not inflammatory. On the contrary, his words conveyed a sense that these rivalries, being spiritual in nature, would not be resolved in our time, and surely not by bloodshed.

In the late 1990s, with Muslims settling in northern Virginia in growing numbers, Ali began drawing a steady audience. Sheikh Jafar, his mentor, had opened his home to Friday-night prayer services, then founded a storefront mosque that he named Dar al-Arqam, after one of the first Islamic schools founded by the Prophet Muhammad. Ali, sometimes dressed in Islamic robes, lectured there in English, usually presenting lessons on Salafiya. Typically, a hundred or so worshippers heard him. Many were converts, black and white; some were migrants from Islamic lands; most were professionals or technicians. Ali came to know a few of them but was generally too busy with his scientific work and diverse studies to cultivate real friendships with any.

It is clear Ali did not know that a dozen or so of the Dar al-Arqam worshippers met on weekends to play paintball, a widely popular rough-and-tumble game resembling small-unit military exercises. Paintball Web sites make much of the ferocity of the game, often played in organized leagues; they advertise the sale of protective masks, goggles, and helmets, and a range of paintball guns. Players maneuver in teams through fields and woods, and shoot paint-filled pellets at one another until a winner is declared.

But paintball was more than a game for the Dar al-Arqam players. It was an opportunity to entertain the brave visions of jihad, to be waged on behalf of beleaguered Muslims in Bosnia and Chechnya. Some of the players also owned firearms and on weeknights met to watch videos of combat between Muslims and infidels. A few went further, devising plans for military training in Pakistan, at camps founded with U.S. help in the 1980s by an organization called Lashkar-e-Taiba, meaning "army of the pure." LET, whose founding aim



THE
DALLAS INSTITUTE
OF HUMANITIES AND CULTURE

IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE
THE WINNER OF THE 2006

HIETT PRIZE

IN THE HUMANITIES

DR. HILAIRE KALLENDORF
TEXAS A&M UNIVERSITY

The Hiett Prize in the Humanities is a
\$50,000 award presented annually to a
person whose work in the humanities shows
extraordinary promise and has a significant
public or applied component. For more
information about the Hiett Prize, visit:

www.dallasinstitute.org

Nominations must be received by
SEPTEMBER 15, 2006

was to promote anti-Soviet resistance in Afghanistan, later redirected its effort to Pakistan's conflict with India over Kashmir. Ali, who knew nothing of the firearms or the videos, learned of the paintball fantasies only after 9/11, and once expressed some puzzlement to the players over why they did not get more easily into shape by playing soccer.

After the 9/11 attacks on New York and Washington, however, paintball among Muslims in northern Virginia appeared to U.S. authorities to be more than just indulging fantasies. President Bush promised that Muslims would be protected, and violent hate crimes actually turned out to be few. But within days federal authorities initiated anti-terrorist programs that singled out Muslims for detention and deportation. Thousands of Muslims were interrogated by law-enforcement officials, and terrorism charges were brought against some 150 of them. Special security procedures targeted Muslims in airports, and many Islamic charities and businesses were shut down on the grounds that they abetted terrorists. Muslim life was invaded by a sense of dread. Despite the president's promises, evidence was abundant that Muslims were being treated differently from other Americans.

At the Dar al-Arqam mosque on the night of the attacks, Ali publicly criticized the killing of innocent people by the al-Qaeda hijackers but urged Muslims to make contingency plans to protect themselves and their families. Five days later, seven of the paintball players gathered for dinner in the apart-

Versions of what Ali said at the dinner were also reasonably consistent, though differences in detail were crucial. One explanation for the differences lies in the fact that after their indictments, many of the dinner guests negotiated plea-bargaining agreements that required them to testify against Ali. At his trial Ali himself remained silent, though earlier he had spoken voluntarily to the FBI and his statements were presented to the jury. Still, when the prosecution did not like what he was quoted as saying, it simply claimed that Muslims who wage jihad are taught to lie. Under the circumstances, it is remarkable that the dinner guests' versions of the talk Ali delivered that night differed as little as they did.

Ali, it is agreed, began with an exposition of Salafiya, holding that the 9/11 attacks augured the imminence of the end of days. Muslims, he said, had a duty to repent their sins. He then advised his listeners that they and their families might best leave America, following the precedent of the Prophet Muhammad, who, in the *hijra* of 622 A.D., fled with his disciples from Mecca, where they had been persecuted, to the safety of Medina. As his third point, Ali reviewed—rashly, as it turned out—the Islamic doctrine of jihad as holy war, and pointed out that his listeners could serve the faith as mujahideen in Kashmir, Chechnya, or Afghanistan.

The government's charges against Ali turned on the third point, the Afghanistan alternative. On the night of Kwon's party, most Americans assumed that President Bush would soon open a front against Osama bin Laden and the Taliban regime, bin Laden's host. But Bush had not yet announced his

“I am accused and found guilty of nothing more,” Ali said at his sentencing, “than ... practicing a different religion than that of the majority. Socrates was mercifully given a cup of hemlock. I was handed a life sentence.”

ment of Yong Ki Kwon, a twenty-five-year-old Korean-born convert, to discuss how they should proceed. Kwon, who lived near Ali, had sometimes driven him to his lectures. While Kwon was picking up take-out kebabs for the dinner, he and Ali spoke by phone, and Kwon learned that Ali was free that evening. Kwon invited Ali to join his other guests so that he could provide them with Islamic guidance. Kwon's dinner party was to lead to indictments of all of the attendees, and prison for most.

Not surprisingly, the accounts of the dinner party that participants presented to law-enforcement authorities vary in details, but the overall picture that emerges is remarkably consistent. The guests all recalled an atmosphere of great tension. Some expressed apprehension that they or their families would be set upon by mobs and their homes burned. When Ali arrived, he ordered that the phones be disconnected and the blinds drawn. He also elicited everyone's promise that the discussion be kept secret. When two paintball players, one of them unknown to him, arrived late, he stopped talking until after they had left. Later, federal prosecutors cited these events as proof that the dinner was the start of a criminal conspiracy.

plans. When prosecutors argued that Ali had urged the killing of American soldiers in Afghanistan, the defense replied that U.S. troops were neither present nor assigned there at the time he spoke. Had killing been his motive, the defense lawyers said, Ali had only to propose a fifteen-minute drive to the Pentagon, where countless uniformed Americans worked every day. On a key related issue, witnesses split over whether Ali had declared that jihad in Afghanistan was a duty or simply an Islamic option. Though no witness testified that Ali advocated violence, his raising the Afghanistan prospect opened the door to prosecution for conspiring against the United States.

Ali held the stage after dinner that evening for only an hour or so, after which Kwon drove him home. When Kwon returned, the agenda of the dinner guests shifted to the logistics of jihad. By coincidence, one of the guests, a Pakistani national named Muhammad Aatique, had already made arrangements to visit his family in Karachi. Three of the others, Kwon among them, agreed to meet him at one of the LET training camps in Pakistan. Several of the guests then walked to a nearby 7-Eleven store, where they bought a phone card and placed an untraceable call to the LET office in Lahore,

presumably to give notice of these plans. Over the next few days Kwon and two other dinner guests went to the Pakistani embassy to obtain visas for the trip.

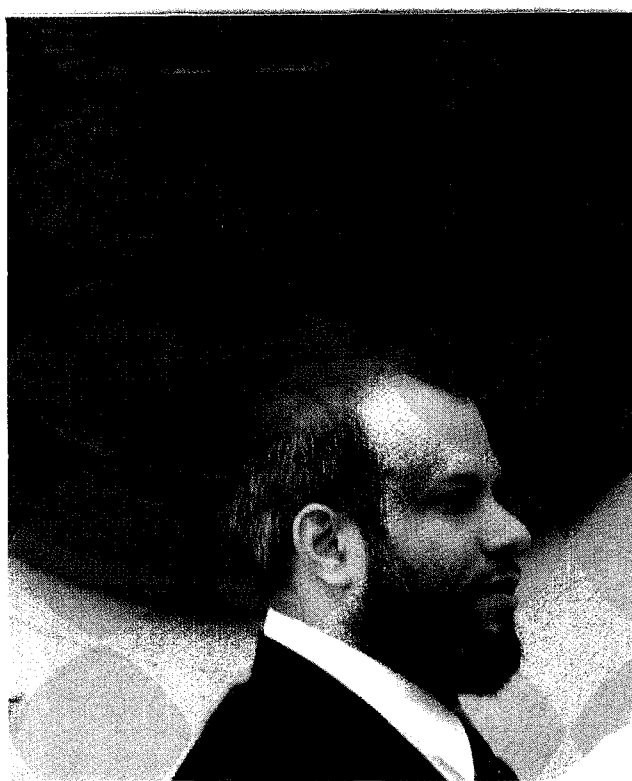
On September 19, Ali had lunch at a local kebab shop with Kwon and his traveling companion, Khwaja Mahmood Hasan, who also had relatives in Pakistan. Both subsequently testified that Ali expressed neither approval nor disapproval of their intentions but urged them to be cautious. Over the following two days, the four paintball players flew to Pakistan. Kwon and Hasan spent several weeks sightseeing, shopping, relaxing on the beach, and visiting with Hasan's family. They all met up finally at the designated LET camp, where they underwent some training in the use of AK-47s, machine guns, and rocket-propelled grenades. Within a few more weeks, however, all apparently had lost their ardor for jihad and returned home. None reached Afghanistan; none fired a shot at an American.

A year and a half later the government charged the eleven paintball players with conspiracy "in furtherance of violent jihad." It is not clear why so much time had elapsed before the prosecution. The government referred to the defendants as the Virginia Jihad Network and said they had been under investigation since 2000, when the paintball games began. It alleged that among the specific crimes the defendants had committed was the journey to Pakistan; the defense countered that the visit was not criminal, since the LET camps were only placed on the U.S. government's terrorist list well after the trip took place.

"Anyone who doubts the importance of breaking up this network," said Paul McNulty, the supervising U.S. attorney on the case, and now the deputy attorney general, "underestimates the challenge America faces in its ongoing war against ... terrorism." Six of the eleven pleaded guilty and negotiated prison terms. Kwon and Hasan, who later testified against Ali, were among them; both received eleven years but were released after less than three. At the trial of the remaining defendants, the prosecution declared that they had followed "not the tenets of Islam but a warped, paranoid view of the world." Three were convicted and drew extended sentences. Two were acquitted. Attorney General John Ashcroft exulted at the convictions, calling them "a stark reminder that terrorist organizations are active in the United States."

By the time Ali himself went to trial, in 2005, his case had dragged on for nearly four years. The FBI had contacted him a week after 9/11, and he met with its agents several times. Later, his house was searched, and many of his books and mementos were taken away. His passport was seized. It was no secret that his phone was routinely tapped.

Among the targets of the taps were conversations Ali had in 2002 with Sheikh Safar al-Hawali, a well-known Saudi scholar, concerning a letter to Congress in opposition to the looming invasion of Iraq. Ali composed the letter; al-Hawali signed it. A decade before, shortly after the first Gulf War, al-Hawali had been jailed by the Saudi authorities for his opposition to the basing of American troops in the kingdom for deployment against Iraq. Though many Saudis shared his position, the FBI took his jailing to mean al-Hawali was an



Al-Timimi in April 2005, a week before his sentencing

extremist linked to bin Laden. Later, the prosecution claimed Ali's guilt by association with al-Hawali.

But it was a weak case, as were other FBI efforts to tie Ali to terrorism. The government had made no effort to indict Ali in the paintball prosecutions, though it referred to him as an undicted conspirator. As such, his presence loomed large: the trial prosecutors called him the "spiritual leader" of the paintball plot. But the Justice Department also offered a plea bargain to Ali, proposing to abandon prosecution of him as head of the putative conspiracy if he accepted a fourteen-year prison term. Insisting he had committed no crime, Ali refused. Only then did the government bring the full indictment, seeking to obtain through a guilty verdict a mandatory life sentence.

The prosecutor of Ali's case was Gordon D. Kromberg, a career lawyer in the U.S. attorney's office in Alexandria. Kromberg had received a commendation the year before from Attorney General Ashcroft for the paintball prosecution. The citation said he had produced "the largest number of terrorist convictions of any single case to date."

Earlier, Kromberg had toured Israel on a United Jewish Communities mission and kept a diary, which was posted on the Internet. In it he cited "the enthusiasm of the Palestinians to use mass murder as a tool against the Israelis for no apparent end other than to destroy Israel." These words were not directed at Ali, whose origins were Iraqi, not Palestinian, but they conveyed, for me, something of Kromberg's attitude, in that they echoed the anti-Arab screed that Ali had heard the rabbi deliver at my son Nick's bar mitzvah thirty years earlier.

The ten-count indictment focused on Kwon's dinner party. It contended that Ali had provided advice and encouragement that induced the conspirators to levy war against the United States, supply services to the Taliban, acquire firearms

to promote violence, and train for military expeditions against foreign states. It alleged further that Ali not only promoted the journey of the paintball players to the Pakistani camps but, in doing so, joined in the preparation of war against a friendly state, India. Going beyond 9/11, it stretched the period of the conspiracy to February 2003, when Ali publicly spoke of the crash of the U.S. space shuttle *Columbia* as a Salafi allegory. He described it as an omen of the imminent end of the West's domination of the Muslim world—because the shuttle's name evoked the year 1492, when the Muslims were expelled from Spain; because the shuttle carried an Israeli in its crew; and because parts of it fell near a city in Texas named Palestine. Objectionable as the talk may have been, however, the prosecution never linked it to the paintball conspiracy. Apparently none of the players even heard Ali deliver it.

Kromberg, in the course of the trial proceedings, stated repeatedly that Ali had urged the paintball players to fight and kill American troops in Afghanistan. Out of religious belief, Kromberg concluded, Ali was “soliciting treason.” Kromberg called Ali a “rock star,” in possession of Islamic wizardry that awed his followers, who knew little or nothing about the faith. “These young men,” Kromberg said in his opening statement, “wanted to live their lives as good Muslims, and what they understood to be living their lives as good Muslims is based on what Ali Timimi told them ... This case is about what Ali Timimi told the young men who respected him, who revered him ... who loved him, and most of all, who listened to him.” He used even stronger language in his closing argument, saying, “These guys couldn’t figure out how to tie their shoelaces without asking Ali Timimi.”

Ali, dressed in a dark suit and a pressed white shirt, followed the trial proceedings carefully. His mother and his wife, wearing a hijab, sat nearby. He was represented by Edward B. MacMahon Jr., a single practitioner who had a small office in northern Virginia, had contributed to George W. Bush’s two presidential campaigns, and belonged to the same golf club as the president’s father. Whatever his political disposition, MacMahon took the job of defending Ali seriously and won the admiration of the legal community for the ardor and intelligence he brought to the case.

MacMahon pointed out that Ali barely knew the paintball players and in the crucial weeks after 9/11 had spent no more than a few hours with them—hardly enough for him to function as ringleader of a seditious plot. He argued during the proceedings that the prosecution’s claims were heavily laden with religious prejudice, particularly citing Kromberg’s effort to discredit Ali’s statements to the FBI on the grounds that Islam authorizes believers to lie. MacMahon declared that, even if Ali presented the pursuit of jihad as an Islamic duty, he was speaking as a teacher, and at no time did his statements meet the legal standard of inciting his listeners to make war on the United States. Ali, MacMahon said, was at the bar not for his acts but for his ideas, which he had a right to hold, as unpalatable as Americans might find them.

After seven days of deliberation, however, the jury accepted the prosecution’s arguments and on April 26, 2005, convicted Ali on all ten counts.

On the eve of his arrest Ali spoke at a northern Virginia mosque, though it was not the familiar Dar al-Arqam, which now was closed. “I can worship Allah just as well in a prison cell as I can outside,” he declared. But Ali was not submissive at his sentencing, and he refused the conventional course of appealing to the judge for mercy.

“My claim to innocence,” he said,

is not because of any inherent misunderstanding on my part as to the nature of the crimes for which I was convicted. Nor is it because my Muslim belief recognizes sharia law rather than secular law, as somebody might argue. It is merely because I am innocent ... To accept these charges, we must believe that a solitary man who would spend his days working full-time at one of *Fortune* magazine’s 100 best companies and then spend his evenings and weekends engaged in cancer research for a doctorate in computational biology, an individual who has never owned or used a gun, never traveled to a military camp, never set foot in a country in which a war was taking place, never raised money for any violent organization, would be—*could* be—the author of so much harm ... Someone who did not observe the proceeding might justifiably ask, “How then was he convicted?” The answer, of course, was “Simply out of fear” ... In the end, Your Honor, I too, like Socrates, am accused and found guilty of nothing more than corrupting the youth and practicing a different religion than that of the majority. Socrates was mercifully given a cup of hemlock. I was handed a life sentence.

Ali has been incarcerated at five different locations, the most recent being the U.S. Penitentiary in Hazelton, West Virginia. Ziyana, his wife, has visited him several times. MacMahon has since moved on, to the defense of Zacarias Moussaoui, the 9/11 accomplice. Ali’s appeal is being handled by Jonathan Turley, a constitutional specialist, but authorities have obstructed not only his visits to the prison but my own.

Last March 22, on Turley’s motion, the 4th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals ordered the trial court, pending final wording, to re-examine the verdict on the grounds of alleged illegal wiretaps of Ali’s calls. The order also instructed the trial judge to consider Turley’s claim that Ali was being held under unduly harsh conditions and was being denied normal attorney-client contacts. Lawyers for dozens of other Muslims convicted on terrorism charges have also cited illegal intercepts in their appeals. MacMahon, referring to possible illegal wiretaps of the paintball players, put it this way: “The case against a lot of these guys just came out of nowhere, because they were really nobodies, and it makes you wonder.”

The court order was among a series of defeats the government has suffered recently in terrorism cases. They include jury acquittals, reversals on appeal, the forced dropping of charges—and even instances of prosecutorial misconduct. Turley, in the event the wiretap strategy fails, will file further motions claiming other irregularities. These appeals all raise a basic question: whether in post-9/11 America the government, in prosecuting Muslims on terrorism charges, denies them equal protection under the law. On that question, the jury is still out. ▀

WE KNOW WHERE WMD ARE.

At Global Security Newswire,
it's our job to report and track all the news related to nuclear,
biological and chemical weapons and deliver it directly to you each
day. So you'll know where the weapons are—and what's being done
around the world to stop them from spreading.

Produced by the National Journal Group since 2001, **Global Security
Newswire** has been called the "best single source for news related
to WMD issues" by former Senator Sam Nunn.

The most important information. Authoritative and free.
You can't afford not to read it.

AVAILABLE NOW AT www.globalsecuritynewswire.org

Global Security Newswire



*Global Security Newswire is produced independently by the
National Journal Group Inc. and is underwritten by the Nuclear Threat Initiative.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MANAGEMENT MYTH

Most of management theory is inane, writes our correspondent, the founder of a consulting firm. If you want to succeed in business, don't get an M.B.A. Study philosophy instead

BY MATTHEW STEWART

Illustrations by Marc Rosenthal

.....

During the seven years that I worked as a management consultant, I spent a lot of time trying to look older than I was. I became pretty good at furrowing my brow and putting on somber expressions. Those who saw through my disguise assumed I made up for my youth with a fabulous education in management. They were wrong about that. I don't have an M.B.A. I have a doctoral degree in philosophy—nineteenth-century German philosophy, to be precise. Before I took a job telling managers of large corporations things that they arguably should have known already, my work experience was limited to part-time gigs tutoring surly undergraduates in the ways of Hegel and Nietzsche and to a handful of summer jobs, mostly in the less appetizing ends of the fast-food industry.

The strange thing about my utter lack of education in management was that it didn't seem to matter. As a principal and founding partner of a consulting firm that eventually grew to 600 employees, I interviewed, hired, and worked alongside hundreds of business-school graduates, and the impression I formed of the M.B.A. experience was that it involved taking two years out of your life and going deeply into debt, all for the sake of learning how to keep a straight face while using phrases like "out-of-the-box thinking," "win-win situation," and "core competencies." When it came to picking teammates, I generally held out higher hopes for those individuals who had used their university years to learn about something other than business administration.

After I left the consulting business, in a reversal of the usual order of things, I decided to check out the management literature. Partly, I wanted to "process" my own experience and find out what I had missed in skipping business school. Partly, I had a lot of time on my hands. As I plowed through tomes on competitive strategy, business process re-engineering, and the like, not once did I catch myself thinking, *Damn! If only I had known this sooner!* Instead, I found myself thinking things I never thought I'd think, like, *I'd rather be reading Heidegger!* It was a disturbing experience. It thickened the mystery around the question that had nagged me from the start of my business career: Why does management education exist?

Matthew Stewart is the author, most recently, of The Courtier and the Heretic: Leibniz, Spinoza, and the Fate of God in the Modern World.

Management theory came to life in 1899 with a simple question: "How many tons of pig iron bars can a worker load onto a rail car in the course of a working day?" The man behind this question was Frederick Winslow Taylor, the author of *The Principles of Scientific Management* and, by most accounts, the founding father of the whole management business.

Taylor was forty-three years old and on contract with the Bethlehem Steel Company when the pig iron question hit him. Staring out over an industrial yard that covered several square miles of the Pennsylvania landscape, he watched as laborers loaded ninety-two-pound bars onto rail cars. There were 80,000 tons' worth of iron bars, which were to be carted off as fast as possible to meet new demand sparked by the Spanish-American War. Taylor narrowed his eyes: there was waste there, he was certain. After hastily reviewing the books at company headquarters, he estimated that the men were currently loading iron at the rate of twelve and a half tons per man per day.

Taylor stormed down to the yard with his assistants ("college men," he called them) and rounded up a group of top-notch lifters ("first-class men"), who in this case happened to be ten "large, powerful Hungarians." He offered to double the workers' wages in exchange for their participation in an experiment. The Hungarians, eager to impress their apparent benefactor, put on a spirited show. Huffing up and down the rail car ramps, they loaded sixteen and a half tons in something under fourteen minutes. Taylor did the math: over a ten-hour day, it worked out to seventy-five tons per day per man. Naturally, he had to allow time for bathroom breaks, lunch, and rest periods, so he adjusted the figure approximately 40 percent downward. Henceforth, each laborer in the yard was assigned to load forty-seven and a half pig tons per day, with bonus pay for reaching the target and penalties for failing.

When the Hungarians realized that they were being asked to quadruple their previous daily workload, they howled and refused to work. So Taylor found a "high-priced man," a lean Pennsylvania Dutchman whose intelligence he compared to that of an ox. Lured by the promise of



a 60 percent increase in wages, from \$1.15 to a whopping \$1.85 a day, Taylor's high-priced man loaded forty-five and three-quarters tons over the course of a grueling day—close enough, in Taylor's mind, to count as the first victory for the methods of modern management.

Taylor went on to tackle the noble science of shoveling and a host of other topics of concern to his industrial clients. He declared that his new and unusual approach to solving business problems amounted to a "complete mental revolution." Eventually, at the urging of his disciples, he called his method "scientific management." Thus was born the idea that management is a science—a body of knowledge collected and nurtured by experts according to neutral, objective, and universal standards.

At the same moment was born the notion that management is a distinct function best handled by a distinct group of people—people characterized by a particular kind of education, way of speaking, and fashion sensibility. Taylor, who favored a manly kind of prose, expressed it best in passages like this:

... the science of handling pig iron is so great and amounts to so much that it is impossible for the man who is best suited to this type of work to understand the principles of this science, or even to work in accordance with these principles, without the aid of a man better educated than he is.

From a metaphysical perspective, one could say that Taylor was a "dualist": there is brain, there is brawn, and the two, he believed, very rarely meet.

Taylor went around the country repeating his pig iron story and other tales from his days in the yard, and these narratives formed something like a set of scriptures for a new and highly motivated cult of management experts. This vanguard ultimately vaulted into the citadel of the Establishment with the creation of business schools. In the spring of 1908, Taylor met with several Harvard professors, and later that year Harvard opened the first graduate school in the country to offer a master's degree in business. It based its first-year curriculum on Taylor's scientific management. From 1909 to 1914, Taylor visited Cambridge every winter to deliver a series of lectures—inspirational discourses marred only by the habit he'd picked up on the shop floor of swearing at inappropriate moments.

Yet even as Taylor's idea of management began to catch on, a number of flaws in his approach were evident. The first thing many observers noted about scientific management was that there was almost no science to it. The most significant variable in Taylor's pig iron calculation was the 40 percent "adjustment" he made in extrapolating from a fourteen-minute sample to a full workday. Why time a bunch of Hungarians down to the second if you're going to daub the results with such a great blob of fudge? When he



was grilled before Congress on the matter, Taylor casually mentioned that in other experiments these “adjustments” ranged from 20 percent to 225 percent. He defended these unsightly “wags” (wild-ass guesses, in M.B.A.-speak) as the product of his “judgment” and “experience”—but, of course, the whole point of scientific management was to eliminate the reliance on such inscrutable variables.

One of the distinguishing features of anything that aspires to the name of science is the reproducibility of experimental results. Yet Taylor never published the data on which his pig iron or other conclusions were based. When Carl Barth, one of his devotees, took over the work at Bethlehem Steel, he found Taylor’s data to be unusable. Another, even more fundamental feature of science—here I invoke the ghost of Karl Popper—is that it must produce falsifiable propositions. Insofar as Taylor limited his concern to prosaic activities such as lifting bars onto rail cars, he did produce propositions that were falsifiable—and, indeed, were often falsified. But whenever he raised his sights to management in general, he seemed capable only of soaring platitudes. At the end of the day his “method” amounted to a set of exhortations: Think harder! Work smarter! Buy a stopwatch!

The trouble with such claims isn’t that they are all wrong. It’s that they are too true. When a congressman asked him if his methods were open to misuse, Taylor replied, No. If management has the right state of mind, his methods will always lead to the correct result. Unfortunately, Taylor was right about that. Taylorism, like much of management theory to

come, is at its core a collection of quasi-religious dicta on the virtue of being good at what you do, ensconced in a protective bubble of parables (otherwise known as case studies).

Curiously, Taylor and his college men often appeared to float free from the kind of accountability that they demanded from everybody else. Others might have been asked, for example: Did Bethlehem’s profits increase as a result of their work? Taylor, however, rarely addressed the question head-on. With good reason. Bethlehem fired him in 1901 and threw out his various systems. Yet this evident vacuum of concrete results did not stop Taylor from repeating his parables as he preached the doctrine of efficiency to countless audiences across the country.

In the management literature these days, Taylorism is presented, if at all, as a chapter of ancient history, a weird episode about an odd man with a stopwatch who appeared on the scene sometime after Columbus discovered the New World. Over the past century Taylor’s successors have developed a powerful battery of statistical methods and analytical approaches to business problems. And yet the world of management remains deeply Taylorist in its foundations.

At its best, management theory is part of the democratic promise of America. It aims to replace the despotism of the old bosses with the rule of scientific law. It offers economic power to all who have the talent and energy to attain it. The managerial revolution must be counted as part of the great widening of economic opportunity that has contributed so

THE Atlantic IDEAS

The Atlantic is pleased to celebrate 150 years of publishing. Throughout our history, *The Atlantic* has tackled the most important issues of the day: Political Leadership, Technology and Innovation, Social Issues, Environmental Stewardship, and Global Leadership, to name a few. The magazine has always sought to inform as well as to entertain, and today our mission remains unchanged: To Lead The Conversation.



To honor this milestone, *The Atlantic* will dedicate each issue in 2006 to the 150th anniversary, reprising the most significant archived editorial content from the past 150 years in the pages of the magazine. Next fall the magazine will take to the road for a live tour—to New York, Boston, San Francisco, Chicago, and Washington, D.C.—convening great thinkers and prominent members of the public to exchange ideas and share in the celebration.

BRITISH AIRWAYS 

DOW



Mercedes-Benz

Living.
Improved daily.™

Special thanks to our Ideas Tour partners.

Visit www.theatlantic.com/IdeasTour for more information.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much to our prosperity. But, insofar as it pretends to a kind of esoteric certitude to which it is not entitled, management theory betrays the ideals on which it was founded.

That Taylorism and its modern variants are often just a way of putting labor in its place need hardly be stated: from the Hungarians' point of view, the pig iron experiment was an infuriatingly obtuse way of demanding more work for less pay. That management theory represents a covert assault on capital, however, is equally true. (The Soviet five-year planning process took its inspiration directly from one of Taylor's more ardent followers, the engineer H. L. Gantt.) Much of management theory today is in fact the consecration of class interest—not of the capitalist class, nor of labor, but of a new social group: the management class.

I can confirm on the basis of personal experience that management consulting continues to worship at the shrine of numerology where Taylor made his first offering of blobs of fudge. In many of my own projects, I found myself compelled to pacify recalcitrant data with entirely confected numbers. But I cede the place of honor to a certain colleague,

The world of management theorists remains exempt from accountability. In my experience, for what it's worth, consultants monitored the progress of former clients about as diligently as they checked up on ex-spouses (of which there were many). Unless there was some hope of renewing the relationship (or dating a sister company), it was *Hasta la vista*, baby. And why should they have cared? Consultants' recommendations have the same semantic properties as campaign promises: it's almost freakish if they are remembered in the following year.

In one episode, when I got involved in winding up the failed subsidiary of a large European bank, I noticed on the expense ledger that a rival consulting firm had racked up \$5 million in fees from the same subsidiary. "They were supposed to save the business," said one client manager, rolling his eyes. "Actually," he corrected himself, "they were supposed to keep the illusion going long enough for the boss to find a new job." Was my competitor held to account for failing to turn around the business and/or violating the rock-solid ethical standards of consulting firms? On the

Just as most people are able to lead fulfilling lives without consulting Deepak Chopra, most managers can probably spare themselves an education in management theory.

a gruff and street-smart Belgian whose hobby was to amass hunting trophies. The huntsman achieved some celebrity for having invented a new mathematical technique dubbed "the Two-Handed Regression." When the data on the correlation between two variables revealed only a shapeless cloud—even though we knew damn well there had to be a correlation—he would simply place a pair of meaty hands on the offending bits of the cloud and reveal the straight line hiding from conventional mathematics.

The thing that makes modern management theory so painful to read isn't usually the dearth of reliable empirical data. It's that maddening papal infallibility. Oh sure, there are a few pearls of insight, and one or two stories about hero-CEOs that can hook you like bad popcorn. But the rest is just inane. Those who looked for the true meaning of "business process re-engineering," the most overtly Taylorist of recent management fads, were ultimately rewarded with such gems of vacuity as "BPR is taking a blank sheet of paper to your business!" and "BPR means re-thinking everything, everything!"

Each new fad calls attention to one virtue or another—first it's efficiency, then quality, next it's customer satisfaction, then supplier satisfaction, then self-satisfaction, and finally, at some point, it's efficiency all over again. If it's reminiscent of the kind of toothless wisdom offered in self-help literature, that's because management theory is mostly a subgenre of self-help. Which isn't to say it's completely useless. But just as most people are able to lead fulfilling lives without consulting Deepak Chopra, most managers can probably spare themselves an education in management theory.

contrary, it was ringing up even higher fees over in another wing of the same organization.

And so was I. In fact, we kind of liked failing businesses: there was usually plenty of money to be made in propping them up before they finally went under. After Enron, true enough, Arthur Andersen sank. But what happened to such stalwarts as McKinsey, which generated millions in fees from Enron and supplied it with its CEO? The Enron story wasn't just about bad deeds or false accounts; it was about confusing sound business practices with faddish management ideas, celebrated with gusto by the leading lights of the management world all the way to the end of the party.

If you believed our chief of recruiting, the consulting firm I helped to found represented a complete revolution from the Taylorist practices of conventional organizations. Our firm wasn't about bureaucratic control and robotic efficiency in the pursuit of profit. It was about love.

We were very much of the moment. In the 1990s, the gurus were unanimous in their conviction that the world was about to bring forth an entirely new mode of human cooperation, which they identified variously as the "information-based organization," the "intellectual holding company," the "learning organization," and the "perpetually creative organization." "R-I-P. Rip, shred, tear, mutilate, destroy that hierarchy," said über-guru Tom Peters, with characteristic understatement. The "end of bureaucracy" is nigh, wrote Gifford Pinchot of "intrapreneuring" fame. According to all the experts, the enemy of the "new" organization was lurking in every episode of *Leave It to Beaver*.

Many good things can be said about the “new” organization of the 1990s. And who would want to take a stand against creativity, freedom, empowerment, and—yes, let’s call it by its name—love? One thing that cannot be said of the “new” organization, however, is that it is new.

In 1983, a Harvard Business School professor, Rosabeth Moss Kanter, beat the would-be revolutionaries of the nineties to the punch when she argued that rigid “segmentalist” corporate bureaucracies were in the process of giving way to new “integrative” organizations, which were “informal” and “change-oriented.” But Kanter was just summarizing a view that had currency at least as early as 1961, when Tom Burns and G. M. Stalker published an influential book criticizing the old, “mechanistic” organization and championing the new, “organic” one. In language that eerily anticipated many a dot-com prospectus, they described how innovative firms benefited from “lateral” versus “vertical” information flows, the use of “ad hoc” centers of coordination, and the continuous redefinition of jobs. The “flat” organization was first explicitly celebrated by James C. Worthy, in his study of Sears in the 1940s, and W. B. Givens coined the term “bottom-up management” in 1949. And then there was Mary Parker Follett, who in the 1920s attacked “departmentalized” thinking, praised change-oriented and informal structures, and—Rosabeth Moss Kanter fans please take note—advocated the “integrative” organization.

If there was a defining moment in this long and strangely forgetful tradition of “humanist” organization theory—a single case that best explains the meaning of the infinitely repeating whole—it was arguably the work of Professor Elton Mayo of the Harvard Business School in the 1920s. Mayo, an Australian, was everything Taylor was not: sophisticated, educated at the finest institutions, a little distant and effete, and perhaps too familiar with Freudian psychoanalysis for his own good.

A researcher named Homer Hibarger had been testing theories about the effect of workplace illumination on worker productivity. His work, not surprisingly, had been sponsored by a maker of electric lightbulbs. While a group of female workers assembled telephone relays and receiver coils, Homer turned the lights up. Productivity went up. Then he turned the lights down. Productivity still went up! Puzzled, Homer tried a new series of interventions. First, he told the “girls” that they would be entitled to two five-minute breaks every day. Productivity went up. Next it was six breaks a day. Productivity went up again. Then he let them leave an hour early every day. Up again. Free lunches and refreshments. Up! Then Homer cut the breaks, reinstated the old workday, and scrapped the free food. But productivity barely dipped at all.

Mayo, who was brought in to make sense of this, was exultant. His theory: the various interventions in workplace routine were as nothing compared with the new interpersonal dynamics generated by the experimental situation itself. “What actually happened,” he wrote, “was that six individuals became a team and the team gave itself wholeheartedly and spontaneously to cooperation . . . They felt themselves to be participating, freely and without afterthought, and were happy in the knowledge that they were working without coercion.” The lessons Mayo drew from the experiment

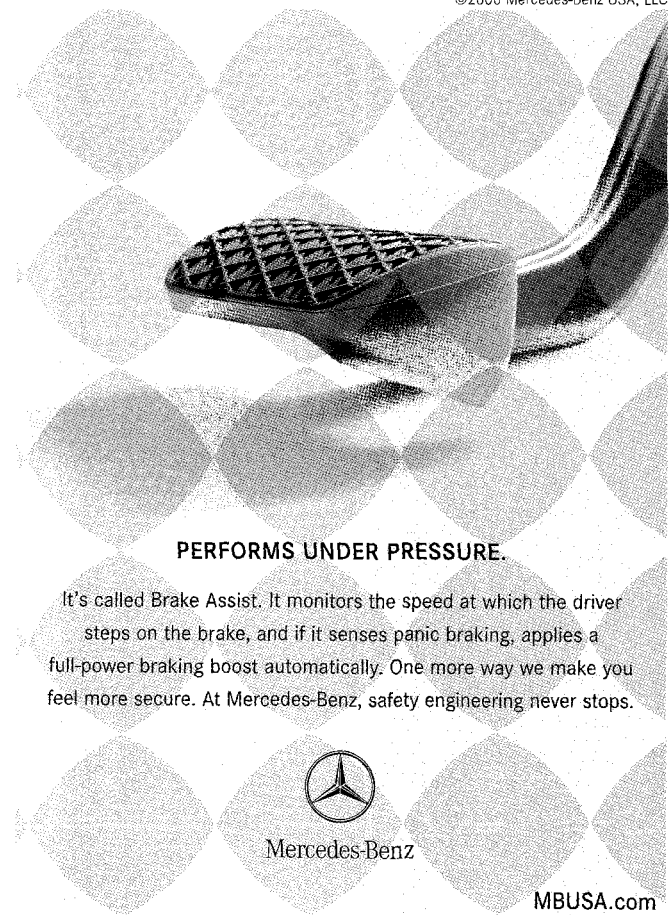
are in fact indistinguishable from those championed by the gurus of the nineties: vertical hierarchies based on concepts of rationality and control are bad; flat organizations based on freedom, teamwork, and fluid job definitions are good.

On further scrutiny, however, it turned out that two workers who were deemed early on to be “uncooperative” had been replaced with friendlier women. Even more disturbing, these exceptionally cooperative individuals earned significantly higher wages for their participation in the experiment. Later, in response to his critics, Mayo insisted that something so crude as financial incentives could not possibly explain the miracles he witnessed. That didn’t make his method any more “scientific.”

Mayo’s work sheds light on the dark side of the “humanist” tradition in management theory. There is something undeniably creepy about a clipboard-bearing man hovering around a group of factory women, flicking the lights on and off and dishing out candy bars. All of that humanity—as anyone in my old firm could have told you—was just a more subtle form of bureaucratic control. It was a way of harnessing the workers’ sense of identity and well-being to the goals of the organization, an effort to get each worker to participate in an ever more refined form of her own enslavement.

So why is Mayo’s message constantly recycled and presented as something radically new and liberating? Why does every new management theorist seem to want to outdo Chairman Mao in calling for perpetual havoc on the old

©2006 Mercedes-Benz USA, LLC



PERFORMS UNDER PRESSURE.

It’s called Brake Assist. It monitors the speed at which the driver steps on the brake, and if it senses panic braking, applies a full-power braking boost automatically. One more way we make you feel more secure. At Mercedes-Benz, safety engineering never stops.


Mercedes-Benz

MBUSA.com

order? Very simply, because all economic organizations involve at least some degree of power, and power always pisses people off. That is the human condition. At the end of the day, it isn't a new world order that the management theorists are after; it's the sensation of the revolutionary moment. They long for that exhilarating instant when they're fighting the good fight and imagining a future utopia. What happens after the revolution—civil war and Stalinism being good bets—could not be of less concern.

Between them, Taylor and Mayo carved up the world of management theory. According to my scientific sampling, you can save yourself from reading about 99 percent of all the management literature once you master this dialectic between rationalists and humanists. The Taylorite rationalist says: Be efficient! The Mayo-ist humanist replies: Hey, these are people we're talking about! And the debate goes on. Ultimately, it's just another installment in the ongoing saga of reason and passion, of the individual and the group.

The tragedy, for those who value their reading time, is that Rousseau and Shakespeare said it all much, much better. In the 5,200 years since the Sumerians first etched

My colleagues usually spoke fondly of their years at business school. Most made great friends there, and quite a few found love. All were certain that their degree was useful in advancing their careers. But what does an M.B.A. do for you that a doctorate in philosophy can't do better?

The first point to note is that management education confers some benefits that have little to do with either management or education. Like an elaborate tattoo on an aboriginal warrior, an M.B.A. is a way of signaling just how deeply and irrevocably committed you are to a career in management. The degree also provides a tidy hoard of what sociologists call "social capital"—or what the rest of us, notwithstanding the invention of the PalmPilot, call a "Rolodex."

For companies, M.B.A. programs can be a way to outsource recruiting. Marvin Bower, McKinsey's managing director from 1950 to 1967, was the first to understand this fact, and he built a legendary company around it. Through careful cultivation of the deans and judicious philanthropy, Bower secured a quasi-monopoly on Baker Scholars (the handful of top students at the Harvard Business School). Bower was not so foolish as to imagine that these scholars were of interest

Rousseau and Shakespeare are every bit as relevant to the dilemmas faced by managers in their quest for productivity as any of the management literature.

their pictograms on clay tablets, come to think of it, human beings have produced an astonishing wealth of creative expression on the topics of reason, passion, and living with other people. In books, poems, plays, music, works of art, and plain old graffiti, they have explored what it means to struggle against adversity, to apply their extraordinary faculty of reason to the world, and to confront the naked truth about what motivates their fellow human animals. These works are every bit as relevant to the dilemmas faced by managers in their quest to make the world a more productive place as any of the management literature.

In the case of my old firm, incidentally, the endgame was civil war. Those who talked loudest about the ideals of the "new" organization, as it turned out, had the least love in their hearts. By a strange twist of fate, I owe the longevity of my own consulting career to this circumstance. When I first announced my intention to withdraw from the firm in order to pursue my vocation as an unpublishable philosopher at large, my partners let me know that they would gladly regard my investment in the firm as a selfless contribution to their financial well-being. By the time I managed to extricate myself from their loving embrace, nearly three years later, the partnership had for other reasons descended into the kind of Hobbesian war of all against all from which only the lawyers emerge smiling. The firm was temporarily rescued by a dot-com company, but within a year both the savior and the saved collapsed in a richly deserved bankruptcy. Of course, your experience in a "new" organization may be different.

on account of the education they received. Rather, they were valuable because they were among the smartest, most ambitious, and best-connected individuals of their generation. Harvard had done him the favor of scouring the landscape, attracting and screening vast numbers of applicants, further testing those who matriculated, and then serving up the best and the brightest for Bower's delectation.

Of course, management education does involve the transfer of weighty bodies of technical knowledge that have accumulated since Taylor first put the management-industrial complex in motion—accounting, statistical analysis, decision modeling, and so forth—and these can prove quite useful to students, depending on their career trajectories. But the "value-add" here is far more limited than Mom or Dad tend to think. In most managerial jobs, almost everything you need to know to succeed must be learned on the job; for the rest, you should consider whether it might have been acquired with less time and at less expense.

The best business schools will tell you that management education is mainly about building skills—one of the most important of which is the ability to think (or what the M.B.A.s call "problem solving"). But do they manage to teach such skills?

I once sat through a presentation in which a consultant, a Harvard M.B.A., showed a client, the manager of a large financial institution in a developing country, how the client company's "competitive advantage" could be analyzed in terms of "the five forces." He even used a graphic borrowed directly from guru-of-the-moment Michael Porter's best-

selling work on “competitive strategy.” Not for the first time, I was embarrassed to call myself a consultant. As it happens, the client, too, had a Harvard M.B.A. “No,” he said, shaking his head with feigned chagrin. “There are only three forces in this case. And two of them are in the Finance Ministry.”

What they don’t seem to teach you in business school is that “the five forces” and “the seven Cs” and every other generic framework for problem solving are heuristics: they can lead you to solutions, but they cannot make you think. Case studies may provide an effective way to think business problems through, but the point is rather lost if students come away imagining that you can go home once you’ve put all of your eggs into a two-by-two growth-share matrix.

Next to analysis, communication skills must count among the most important for future masters of the universe. To their credit, business schools do stress these skills, and force their students to engage in make-believe presentations to one another. On the whole, however, management education has been less than a boon for those who value free and meaningful speech. M.B.A.s have taken obfuscatory jargon—otherwise known as bullshit—to a level that would have made even the Scholastics blanch. As students of philosophy know, Descartes dismantled the edifice of medieval thought by writing clearly and showing that knowledge, by its nature, is intelligible, not obscure.

Beyond building skills, business training must be about values. As I write this, I know that my M.B.A. friends are squirming in their seats. They’ve all been forced to sit through an “ethics” course, in which they learned to toss around yet more fancy phrases like “the categorical imperative” and discuss borderline criminal behavior, such as what’s a legitimate hotel bill and what’s just plain stealing from the expense account, how to tell the difference between a pat on the shoulder and sexual harassment, and so on. But, as anyone who has studied Aristotle will know, “values” aren’t something you bump into from time to time during the course of a business career. All of business is about values, all of the time. Notwithstanding the ostentatious use of stopwatches, Taylor’s pig iron case was not a *description* of some aspect of physical reality—how many tons *can* a worker lift? It was a *prescription*—how many tons *should* a worker lift? The real issue at stake in Mayo’s telephone factory was not *factual*—how can we best establish a sense of teamwork? It was *moral*—how much of a worker’s sense of identity and well-being does a business have a right to harness for its purposes?

The recognition that management theory is a sadly neglected subdiscipline of philosophy began with an experience of *déjà vu*. As I plowed through my shelfload of bad management books, I beheld a discipline that consists mainly of unverifiable propositions and cryptic anecdotes, is rarely if ever held accountable, and produces an inordinate number of catastrophically bad writers. It was all too familiar. There are, however, at least two crucial differences between philosophers and their wayward cousins. The first and most important is that philosophers are much better at knowing what they don’t know. The second is money. In a sense, management theory is what happens to philosophers when you pay them too much.

The idea that philosophy is an inherently academic pursuit is a recent and diabolical invention. Epicurus, Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Hume, Nietzsche, and most of the other great philosophers of history were not professors of philosophy. If any were to come to life and witness what has happened to their discipline, I think they’d run for the hills. Still, you go to war with the philosophers you have, as they say, not the ones in the hills. And since I’m counting on them to seize the commanding heights of the global economy, let me indulge in some management advice for today’s academic philosophers:

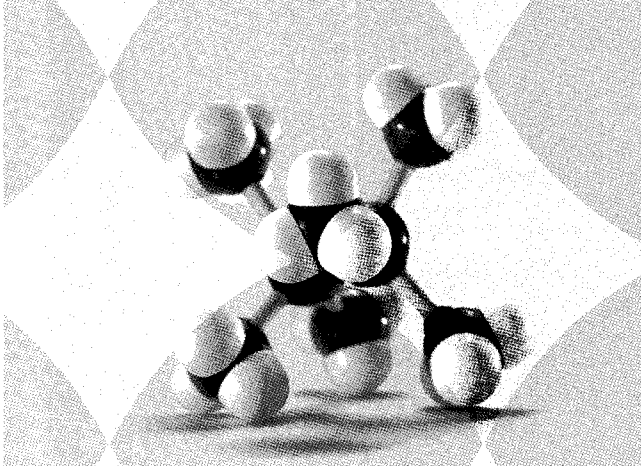
- **Expand the domain of your analysis!** Why so many studies of Wittgenstein and none of Taylor, the man who invented the social class that now rules the world?

- **Hire people with greater diversity of experience!** And no, that does not mean taking someone from the University of Hawaii. You are building a network—a team of like-minded individuals who together can change the world.

- **Remember the three Cs: Communication, Communication, Communication!** Philosophers (other than those who have succumbed to the Heideggerian virus) start with a substantial competitive advantage over the PowerPoint crowd. But that’s no reason to slack off. Remember Plato: it’s all about dialogue!

With this simple three-point program (or was it four?) philosophers will soon reclaim their rightful place as the educators of management. Of course, I will be charging for implementation. ▀

©2006 Mercedes-Benz USA, LLC



ANTI-AGING FORMULA FROM MERCEDES-BENZ.

At Mercedes-Benz, even the paint is a feat of engineering. We integrated ceramic nano-particles into the molecular structure of the paint’s clearcoat. The result is a higher-gloss paint finish that is more resistant to scratches. At Mercedes-Benz, beauty is engineered to last.



Mercedes-Benz

MBUSA.com

Who's making a fortune?
Who's frittering one away?
Who's on the front page?
Who's on the front lines?
Who designed those jeans?
Who designed those genes?
Who's reaching out?
Who's selling out?
Who lives in that big house?
Who lives in *the* big house?
Who's changing the world?

When the question is about
Harvard, the answer is in 02138.

Introducing 02138:
The World of Harvard.
Coming 2006.

02138

TO FIND OUT MORE, VISIT WWW.02138MAG.COM

A RUSSIAN SOLDIER'S STORY

Two years in the life of Kiril Bobrov—a parable of the once proud, now-rotting Russian army

BY GREGORY KATZ

.....

At three in the morning it was whisper quiet on most of the Kamenka military base, in northwestern Russia, but in the boiler room a handful of men were awake and looking for action. Two drunken soldiers named Ruha and Max, ringleaders of a group from the Caucasus that regularly tormented younger conscripts, sent some of their buddies to rouse Kiril Bobrov, a twenty-year-old private asleep in the crowded barracks. Their goal was to strip him of 400 rubles (about \$14) that his mother had sent him. Everyone knew about the money, but no one knew where it was. Kiril wanted to spend it on cigarettes and sweets; Ruha and Max wanted it for cigarettes and vodka. Kiril had told them he had already spent the money, but they didn't believe him. The other soldiers jerked Kiril awake, took him to the boiler room, and began to beat him. They demanded that he turn over the money. He refused. Ruha, his face contorted with anger, lifted a wooden chair and smashed it down on Kiril's neck. The force of the blow broke the chair.

No one knew what Ruha would do next. But the violence had peaked; it quickly subsided. The men slapped Kiril a few times and sent him back to his bunk, warning him not to tell any of the officers in the morning, or worse would follow. Kiril lay in silence, too fearful to sleep. Three hours later he reported for duty, pretending nothing had happened, though his neck felt as if it were on fire and his head hurt like hell.

When Kiril Bobrov entered the army, just after he turned nineteen, he was ready to serve. Many Russian teenagers are desperate to avoid the draft, but Kiril yearned for an escape from his drab existence—long hours spent looking after his elderly grandmother, afternoons and evenings spent shopping and cooking for her. It was a thankless task that fell to Kiril because his mother spent most of her time at work, waiting tables in a restaurant popular with tourists in the Black Sea town of Tuapse, where they lived.

When Kiril thought of joining the Russian army, he dreamed of excitement, of shooting real guns, of making friends, of being part of something he believed in—even though the army was bogged down in a terrible, endless war in Chechnya. He saw little downside to joining the army. His life was stalled anyway. He wasn't going anywhere with his education. He had never excelled in school, his progress hindered by what seemed to be a learning disability that was never diagnosed or treated. He was not comfortable reading or writing. He had tried but failed to learn welding at a trade school. His only marketable skill was preparing food, a skill he had furthered with a year in cooking school, and something he thought he might be able to pursue in army kitchens. Having cooked for his grandmother since he was ten, he had developed a knack for using herbs and spices to add zest to usually bland Russian food, and he was adept with the local fish, crabs, and mussels.

Gregory Katz, a foreign correspondent based in London, is the Houston Chronicle's bureau chief for Europe and the Middle East.

So Kiril stepped forward willingly. In this he was bucking a trend. The draft has become wildly unpopular throughout Russia, in part because of harsh, cruel conditions in the ill-equipped and underfunded army, where conscripts are paid the equivalent of about \$3 a month, and in part because of the war in Chechnya, which has sapped the military of the prestige it enjoyed in the Soviet era. Many Russian men who served as military officers when the Soviet Union flourished are today unwilling to let their teenage sons set foot on a military base. Studies show that only about 11 percent of the young men who reach draft age each year actually enter the military. Those who do are generally from society's lower ranks. Education deferrals are routinely available to teens from affluent families. Others avoid the draft by paying hefty bribes to recruitment officers in exchange for being classified as unfit. Some add a drop of blood to their urine samples, in the hope of being thought ill. Some even swallow magnesium crystals, which are said to cause painful stomach ulcers that can lead to medical disqualification.

A tall, ungainly boy with floppy ears and hooded brown eyes, Kiril was influenced by a childhood spent near a military base but without a man in his life: his father had left the family when he was seven. For years Kiril had looked out his bedroom window onto the base and watched the soldiers train. He watched them go through their drills, admiring their precision. He watched them play sports and lift weights and joke around in their off-hours.

"From my windows I could see that the atmosphere was really friendly," Kiril says today in his soft, shy voice. "The soldiers were really friendly. They were not bullying each other, and they were laughing. It was like a family." He thought they would be his family too.

Kiril was assigned to a nearby military base, in Yeysk, for basic training. Yeysk is a port city known for its fighter-pilot training center. A sign at the entrance to the base pronounces it "a blacksmith shop where cadres are forged for the Russian air force." Kiril knew he would never be a pilot (that role is reserved for air force officers with much more training and education than he had), but he wanted to learn how to handle anti-aircraft artillery.

Conditions in the barracks were spartan but ordered. There were no showers, but the soldiers could wash once a week in Russian-style saunas known as *banyas*. They were given clean clothes and underwear once a week as well. Kiril found every day much the same. Up at 6:30, with five minutes to use the toilet, brush his teeth, wash his face, and get dressed. Pull on the scratchy uniform, the *portyanki* (rectangular pieces of cloth used instead of socks), and the heavy leather boots that didn't quite fit. Ignore the blisters on his feet. A clean white strap had to be put in place just inside the collar; no one knew why, but those with a dirty strap were punished. Then it was time to report, salute the sergeant, join the formation, and start to run. Usually it was two miles; sometimes, if the temperature was below zero and the wind was fierce, it was a bit less. Then push-ups—it sometimes seemed to Kiril that his entire life was now spent

doing push-ups—and more exercises. The meals were bland, providing a reprieve from exertion but little more. After dinner the soldiers could relax a bit, and watch TV or videos of old Russian war movies. Kiril could listen to Metallica, Limp Bizkit, and Linkin Park, his favorite metal bands, until lights-out, at 10:30. It was a hard regimen to get used to, but the soldiers adjusted. They joked that they would survive basic training because even Russian generals were smart enough not to kill off their cannon fodder ahead of time.

Kiril liked the predictability of military life. He loved learning how to fire a machine gun and anti-aircraft batteries, how to shoot down incoming rockets and missiles. He found out that he was good with weapons—he could destroy a target at 200 yards—and he was happy on the firing range. It was the first time he had been good at anything other than cooking. He was homesick, but so was everyone else. He fit in; he even seemed to thrive. Photos from that time show him standing tall, obviously proud of his uniform. He felt himself becoming stronger. Developing stamina, courage.

Kiril attended weekly "political information" meetings directed by officers—a remnant of the Soviet era. In Soviet times the propaganda sessions had been devoted to the threat posed by NATO and the United States. Now they consisted primarily of lectures about the reasons for the prolonged fighting in Chechnya. The officers were trying to counter the impression, held by many in Russia, that the war was a misbegotten adventure that had more to do with controlling oil and other vital resources than with Russia's national security. Most of the conscripts believed them, Kiril says; he did. And he wanted to go to Chechnya, though for "real shooting" rather than out of feelings of patriotism. He felt that serving in Chechnya would establish for all time that he could be bold.

But Chechnya was not in Kiril's future. When boot camp ended, he was assigned to Kamenka, about a hundred miles northwest of Saint Petersburg. The train ride there, a thirty-hour trip in May 2002, marked his first time out of the region where he was born.

The Kamenka base is set deep in the forest near a small village of wooden peasant cottages. The village has no restaurant, no bar, no café, no movie theater—not even a name. Along the road leading to the base, a Soviet-era T-80 tank sits on a pedestal; a plaque commemorates the tank's role in Russian history. The base sprawls over hundreds of acres and is surrounded by a high yellow wall and barbed wire.

New arrivals are at the bottom of a well-defined hierarchy. Just above them are so-called "old soldiers" or "grandfathers"—second-year conscripts serving out their final months. Most are no longer willing to make their beds or shine their boots or find illicit booze; they get the new arrivals to do these things for them. Once the officers leave the barracks for the night, the old soldiers take charge.

That is when trouble starts. An old soldier may wake up a new one and demand cigarettes or vodka or rubles. If the younger soldier comes up empty, he may be beaten. Haz-

ing has been a problem in armies throughout the world for millennia, but in post-Soviet Russia it has become a crisis. Some units of abused recruits have mutinied or marched off base en masse. Some soldiers have shot and killed their tormentors. Thousands of conscripts have run for their lives. The incidence of suicide among draftees has increased, and officials cite bullying as the chief cause. President Vladimir Putin has called for an end to the hazing, and dozens of officers have been disciplined for allowing it (and in some cases for abusing or even killing their men themselves). But the beatings, known as *dedovshchina* (“rule of the grandfathers”), persist. The young soldiers live in collective terror, not of combat but of their comrades.

Kiril’s misery began on the day he arrived, when he made a seemingly minor mistake in military protocol. He addressed an old soldier who had attained the rank of sergeant with the formal term “Comrade Sergeant,” which had been mandated at the Yeysk base. But soldiers at Kamenka had been told to use a more familiar approach—to call their sergeants by name. The sergeant, angry at Kiril’s mistake, pummeled him, hitting him everywhere except on the face (so that no bruises would show). Kiril eventually smoothed things over with the sergeant, but he was beaten for weeks by various old soldiers whose demands he failed to meet. His idea of the military as a family evaporated.

“That first night I realized this was hell,” Kiril says, his eyes going blank as he describes Kamenka.

I was not simply hit once; I was beaten up. First the sergeant—he hit me in the stomach several times, and in the head, and after I fell he kicked me in the stomach. He didn’t aim, he just kicked and kicked and was swearing at me. Starting the very next day, the old soldiers would give us thirty minutes to get cigarettes with filters (which is impossible on the military base), or say, “Get me this much money in an hour, and if you don’t bring it to me in an hour you will be beaten to a pulp.” Which always happened, because we had no money ... The base is not in a city, it’s in the woods, so you can’t go and ask for things. You can’t ask the trees for money and cigarettes. The old soldiers and even the officers would get drunk, and to entertain themselves they would wake you up in the night. I remember all the stools were broken through beating and hitting. They would make us do push-ups and just beat us for entertainment.

The worst offenders in Kiril’s unit were Ruha and Max, who generally operated out of the boiler room—it was always comfortably warm, and officers rarely went there. Ruha and Max never abused conscripts from their own part of the country. But everyone else was fair game. One officer on the base could keep Ruha under control, but when this officer was off duty, nothing could make Ruha stop. The young soldiers tried to stay out of his way, but there was no escape when his friends came for them in their bunks at night.

Most draftees have to deal with *dedovshchina* at one time or another during their hitches. Usually the old soldiers test the new arrivals, leaving those who are physically and

psychologically tough alone after a beating or two. They focus on the weak, the timid, the fat, the mentally troubled, the effeminate. There is also a strong regional bias: the ethnic divisions that bedevil Russian society are reflected inside the barracks, with second-year soldiers from a given region often establishing a safe zone for arrivals from their own ethnic group and attacking newcomers from another. The beatings are worse during the long nights of winter, when the soldiers’ drinking escalates.

Officers who served during the Soviet era believe that the spread of *dedovshchina* is related to a precipitous drop in both the wages and the respect given today’s officer corps. Wages today are a fraction of what they were, and officers have to pay for food, uniforms, and almost all the other things they used to get free. Many have to work second jobs to get by. On the whole they are too busy and disillusioned to spend time with their soldiers, who are left to their own devices at night rather than being supervised by junior officers, as they once were. Thus the old soldiers have free rein.

The best tactic for a new conscript is to challenge the old soldiers the first time they attack. It’s easiest for those who arrive at the base with a group of friends willing to protect one another, and for those who fight back the first time. It helps if they show a violent streak of their own. Kiril lacked the sharp tongue and tough fists that could have given him some status in the barracks. He seemed an easy target, so he became a perpetual target. As the beatings increased, Kiril felt his body breaking down. He lived with fear around the clock; he could not go to sleep without wondering if he would be woken up and abused. His neck, his spine, and his skull were in constant pain. His sense of failure returned, along with self-loathing.

He soon developed a severe infection on his legs. They were covered with hundreds of hard pimples. Some would burst each day, spreading pus; his pants started sticking to his skin. He itched all day long. The wounds did not heal. Marching became excruciating. He grew weaker and more depressed, and finally went to the hospital in July, two months after having arrived at Kamenka. The doctors could do little for his ailment, which they attributed to nerves and stress.

Before going into the hospital Kiril had received official written notice of the 400 rubles his mother had sent. That was a lot of money—for a conscript, the equivalent of several months’ pay. He asked friends to hide the document while he was hospitalized, to keep the old soldiers from finding out. After his discharge from the hospital he went to the base post office and picked up the money. He gave it to his friends for safekeeping. That night Kiril was summoned to the boiler room by Ruha and his henchmen. The next day he spent the money on cigarettes, cookies, and candies. The old soldiers found his purchases, seized them, and again hauled Kiril into the boiler room for a beating.

Kiril broke. The next day, acting on impulse, he tried to escape. He wanted to make his way back to the base in Yeysk, which he had enjoyed so much. He believed he could return to the target range there, where he had proved his prowess. He walked off the Kamenka base through a park that was not fenced in, but he was caught within minutes.

Two months later Kiril tried again to escape; again he was caught and forced to return to Kamenka. On his third attempt, the following spring, he succeeded, along with another private who had also suffered under Ruha. Eventually Kiril reached Saint Petersburg, where he contacted an advocacy group called the Soldiers' Mothers Organization. Legal advisers from the group told him to go to a hospital and have his injuries documented, so that it would be clear he was no longer healthy enough for military service.

The hospital report for Kiril Bobrov makes disturbing reading. Doctors found that he suffered from numerous wounds, traumas, and concussions. They listed several serious injuries, including a spinal fracture in his neck. A mental disorder was also diagnosed. The report concluded that he was no longer fit to serve in the Russian army.

But Kiril's problems with the army are far from over. His decision to run away from Kamenka created a bureaucratic hurdle that may take him years to overcome—perhaps his entire working life. In Russia former

soldiers must generally show discharge papers when applying for a job.

So, accompanied by his mother, Kiril returned to the Kamenka base, hoping to persuade the authorities there to give him the discharge papers that would clear his name and allow him to pursue a career as a cook. He brought with him the hospital report, which lessened the risk that he would be arrested or forced back into the barracks to serve more time. It was roughly two years after he'd first arrived.

Kiril and his mother were denied entrance to the base. They spent hours at the front gate while officials inside considered his request. The two paced back and forth, their hands jammed into their pockets for warmth; they told little stories and maintained some hope during the long afternoon. A light snow fell for a few minutes, soon giving way to cold rain. Their mood fell as dinnertime came and went. Eventually a soldier came out, returned the hospital report, and sent them off, without any discharge papers. They trudged to a bus stop, made their way to a train station, and returned to Saint Petersburg in silence. ▀

SAMSON IN LOVE

*"Out of the eater came forth meat,
and out of the strong came forth sweetness."*
Judges 14:14

This is the first time he has killed a lion.
Inside the ribs a swarm of bees lies
nested there, and honey comes.
He reaches down inside the ribs
to where a sweetness runs,
and he thinks of the woman he has seen today.

The bare form of her face today
came in stronger than this lion.
Now he takes one rib, and a foam of bees runs
around his wrist—a smell so strong he lies
down. Still in his mind her eyes black open, small ribs
rounding her heart. She comes and comes.

When he tears back the head, what comes
brings him toward prayer today,
and every day, remembering the ribs
licked clean. The flower of flesh from lion,
and woman, too—what love lies
near the place where one stream runs?

The lion's flesh half gone, marrow runs
to ash. He claps the old blood down and comes
into Cities of Spring. A whole dry world lies
beneath his wish to touch today
with his bare hands both woman and lion—
to take apart the ribs.

Smoke swells up into her ribs.
She loves the way he runs.
The breath of bees humming in the lion;
yet around his wrist the woman's breath comes
down hard and makes him stir today
inside his bones. He lies

to her about his hair. He lies
about the swarm of bees and the ribs
his hand scooped honey from today.
When she touches him with her bare hands, he runs,
so she closes up her palm, and sweetness comes
into the oldest honeycomb—inside her chest of lion.

She waits, so still she lies, too raw for mending runs—
with raging bees inside her ribs, the honey comes.
He does not know, today, if he has killed or loved this lion.

—ELIZABETH COX

Elizabeth Cox is the author of several works of fiction, including the novels Familiar Ground (1984), Night Talk (1998), and The Slow Moon, to be published this summer. She teaches at Wofford College.

THERE'S NOT ENOUGH ART IN OUR SCHOOLS.

NO WONDER PEOPLE THINK
LOUIS ARMSTRONG
WAS THE FIRST MAN TO
WALK ON THE MOON.

It's a long way from the Apollo Theatre to the Apollo program. And while his playing may have been "as lofty as a moon flight," as *Time* magazine once suggested, that would be as close as Louis Daniel Armstrong would ever get to taking "one small step for man."

But as the jazz musician of the



Instead of a giant leap, Louis Armstrong delivered one giant free-form crazy jazz groove for mankind.

20th century, giant leaps were simply a matter of course for Satchmo. For no one has ever embodied the art form the way he did. It was he who helped make virtuoso solos a part of the vocabulary. It was he who was honored with the title "American goodwill ambassador" by the State Department. It was he who was the last jazz musician to hit #1 on the Billboard pop chart.



Armstrong left his footprints on the jazz world, wearing lace-up oxfords.

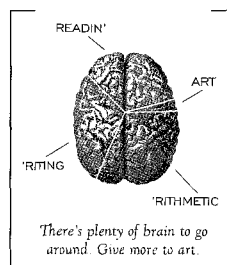
Not bad for a kid whose first experience with

the trumpet was as a guest in a correctional home for wayward boys. If only today's schools were as enlightened and informed as that reformatory was. Alas, the arts are dismissed as extravagant in today's schools. This, despite all the studies that show parents believe music and dance and art and drama make

their children much better students and better people.

If you feel like your kids aren't getting their fair share, make some noise. To find out how, or for more information about the benefits of arts education, please visit us on the web at

AmericansForTheArts.org. Just like the great Louis Armstrong, all you need is a little brass.



ART. ASK FOR MORE.



For more information about the importance of arts education, contact www.AmericansForTheArts.org.

Photo used with permission, Louis Armstrong Educational Foundation.



DORIS DUKE
CHARITABLE FOUNDATION



Why do we so often fail to know what will make us happy in the future?

You won't know for sure until you read this "absolutely fantastic book."

—Steven D. Levitt, author of *FREAKONOMICS*



Stumbling on **HAPPINESS** by **DANIEL GILBERT**

"In *Stumbling on Happiness*, Gilbert shares his brilliant insights into our quirks of mind and steers us toward happiness in the most delightful, engaging ways. If you stumble on this book, you're guaranteed many doses of joy."—Daniel Goleman, author of *Emotional Intelligence*

"Gilbert writes like a cross between MALCOLM GLADWELL and DAVID SEDARIS."

—Seth Godin, author of *All Marketers Are Liars*

Photograph by Geoff Spears

PUBLISHED BY KNOPF  www.stumblingonhappiness.com

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CRITICS

Books, Manners, Mores

JUNE 2006 | THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

THIS MONTH:

AMONG THE DEAD CITIES

by A. C. Grayling
reviewed by Benjamin Schwarz
PAGE 95

YOU'LL NEVER NANNY IN THIS TOWN AGAIN

by Suzanne Hansen
reviewed by Caitlin Flanagan
PAGE 102

TWILIGHT OF THE SUPERHEROES

by Deborah Eisenberg
reviewed by Mona Simpson
PAGE 109

THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

by Alan Furst
reviewed by B. R. Myers
PAGE 110

THE MAN OF MY DREAMS

by Curtis Sittenfeld
reviewed by Elizabeth Judd
PAGE 112

TERRORIST

by John Updike
reviewed by Christopher Hitchens
PAGE 114

A CLOSE READ:

THE SECRET RIVER

by Kate Grenville
by Christina Schwarz
PAGE 116

COVER TO COVER:

A guide to additional releases
by Benjamin Healy
and Benjamin Schwarz
PAGE 118

EDITOR'S CHOICE

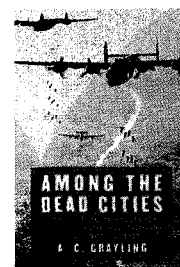
Fire From the Sky

What not to read this month

BY BENJAMIN SCHWARZ

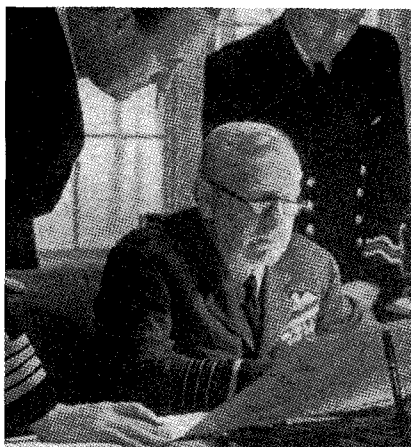
This book will vex and outrage many readers (as it did when it was first published in Britain earlier this year), for many wrong reasons and for a few right ones. Its author is one of those U.K. academics who has achieved something like celebrity: he writes regularly for the fancy British newspapers and magazines, and his books are best sellers. Most of the current crop of “teledons” are historians, but Grayling is a philosopher, and he believes that his field “should take an active, useful role in society,” which makes him something of a busybody, as he applies philosophical and ethical precepts to the muck of the Real World. He does so here by examining perhaps the most fraught and controversial episode in his country’s modern history: the Allies’ so-called area-bombing campaign—the indiscriminate assaults on enemy cities—during the Second World War. Grayling concludes that these efforts were “moral crimes,” that airmen should have refused to fly those raids, and that the most deadly British air assault—on Hamburg, in July 1943, in which some 46,000 civilians were incinerated, suffocated, and blown apart—and also the U.S. atomic attacks on Japan were “moral atrocities” of the same order as the 9/11 attacks. (An author’s fame and timing, and a nifty title, count for nearly everything in book publishing. This work has already been showered with attention in Britain; but Stephen Garrett’s clearly written, albeit prosaically titled *Ethics and Airpower in World War II*, which came out in 1993, very closely anticipated Grayling’s approach, arguments, and conclusions—even down to the same endless discursions on the Hague Conference of 1907—but it failed to make a ripple.) Grayling is no radical—indeed, he’s at the center of the British establishment (he’s even a fellow of the World Economic Forum)—so his views, which are widely held in academe, deserve scrutiny.

Alas, this is an unusually complicated and disputed subject, and it’s impossible to explicate it properly in a short review. (With the exception of a few troublesome errors and omissions, Grayling’s own well-written, smooth sixty-five-page overview chapter on the history of the bomber war is dependable, but far better are the two relevant chapters in R. A. C. Parker’s general history of the war, *Struggle for*



AMONG THE
DEAD CITIES

by A.C. Grayling
Walker & Company



Clockwise from top left: Allied bomber above its target; Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris; area-bombing aftermath in Hanover, Germany

Survival, a model of compression and cool judgment; the most analytically sophisticated overview, meanwhile, is the germane chapter in Richard Overy's exceptionally intelligent, briskly written *Why the Allies Won*.)

Grayling has anticipated the obvious objections to his indictment. He fully acknowledges that the Allies' war crimes—by modern standards, the area-bombing attacks were almost certainly war crimes—pale in comparison to the crimes against humanity committed by the Nazi regime (though his response to those who would defend area bombing by invoking Nazi crimes is, essentially, that two wrongs don't make a right). He concedes that if area bombing had significantly helped in the Allied defeat of Germany (in the case of Japan he seems less sure; he focuses overwhelmingly on the British bombing of Germany, so I'll concentrate on that here), it would prove morally justified. He further allows that

had the Allies believed area bombing to be effective, and had those efforts been made when national survival was seriously threatened, his indictment would be vitiated, but he holds that in fact neither condition applies.

There's a lot of truth in Grayling's arguments. Lofty and self-congratulatory cant surrounds so much discussion and evocation of "the Good War," and Americans, much more so than the British, need to confront the terrible deeds committed by the Allies. As Edgar L. Jones, a veteran and this magazine's correspondent in the last years of the Pacific War, wrote here in 1946:

We consider ourselves to be more noble and decent than other peoples, and consequently in a better position to decide what is right and wrong in the world. What kind of war do civilians suppose we fought, anyway? ... As victors we are privileged to try our defeated opponents for their crimes

against humanity; but we should be realistic enough to appreciate that if we were on trial for breaking international laws, we should be found guilty on a dozen counts. We fought a dishonorable war, because morality had a low priority in battle. The tougher the fighting, the less room for decency ...

The bomber war can be explained and even justified, but it was hardly decent. It killed some 600,000 German civilians (in Berlin alone it created 50,000 orphans, "some of them one-eyed or one-legged veterans of seven or so," noted an observer just after the war). These people weren't killed incidentally. Rather, they were the very targets of area bombing, which sought to undermine public morale by massacring or threatening to massacre huge numbers of civilians. Although Grayling too crudely dismisses the impact of area bombing on the German capacity to resist and on Japanese morale, there's no question that the bomber war had a far less conclusive influence on the Allies' victory than its advocates at the time asserted it would. And those same advocates—most notably Arthur Harris, chief of Britain's Bomber Command—were almost willfully blind to the evidence that, by the final months of the war (the very period when the bombing offensive became most intense and deadly), undermined their position. It's further true that Machiavelli's (to me, perfectly legitimate) argument that "when the entire safety of our country is at stake, no consideration of what is just or unjust, merciful or cruel ... must intervene" isn't airtight in this case. Area bombing in Europe was overwhelmingly an RAF endeavor (in Europe, unlike in Japan, the United States concentrated on the "precision bombing" of economic targets, though Americans did conduct area bombing, including the bombings of Hamburg and Dresden the mornings after the British had created the notorious firestorms), but Britain lacked the ability to launch an intense area-bombing campaign when it was fighting alone and facing annihilation—that is, when the most desperate and ruthless measures were most justifiable. Area bombing became operationally viable only after both the Soviets

“Powerful,”¹ “enthralling,”² “fascinating”³

AMERICA AT THE CROSSROADS

Democracy, Power, and the Neoconservative Legacy

Francis Fukuyama

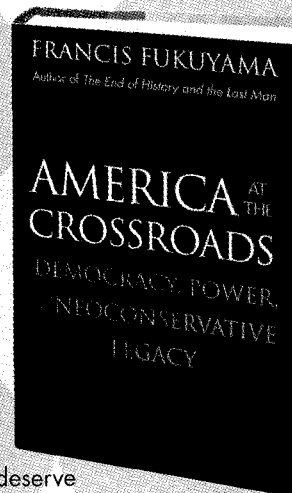
“A powerful indictment of the Bush administration’s war in Iraq. . . . [A] tough-minded and edifying book.”—Michiko Kakutani, *New York Times*

“[Fukuyama’s] is an original and independent mind. . . .

[and] his views on American policies and their implications deserve thoughtful attention.”—Louis Menand, *New Yorker*

“Fukuyama is always worth reading, and his new book contains ideas that I hope the neo-conservatives of America will adopt.”—Paul Berman, *New York Times Book Review* (front-cover review)

As seen and heard on CNN, MSNBC, Fox News, NPR, and “The Charlie Rose Show”



MANLINESS

Harvey C. Mansfield

“A work of thought as well as a provocation, *Manliness* deserves to be widely read, argued over, and pondered.”

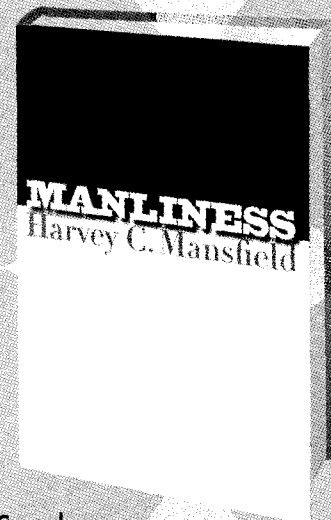
—David Bromwich

“Enthralling. . . .

[Mansfield’s] assertion of what manliness is is thrillingly argued and never less than fascinating.”—James

Bowman, *New York Sun*^{2,3}

As seen and heard on C-SPAN, Fox News, WNYC, and ABC News’s *Good Morning America*, and *This Week with George Stephanopoulos*



Winner of the 2006 Bancroft Prize in American History

DWELLING PLACE

A Plantation Epic

Erskine Clarke

“One of the finest studies of American slavery ever written.”—Steven Hahn, *New Republic*

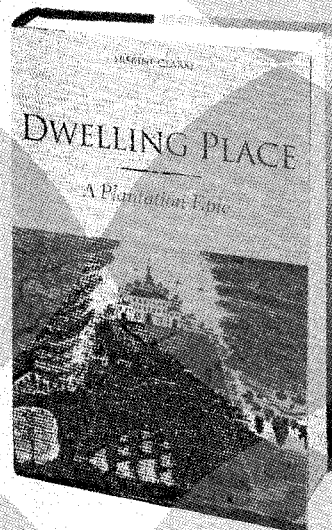
“This true story of the residents on plantations in coastal Georgia’s Liberty County from 1805 to 1869 reads like a novel. . . .

[An] antebellum page-turner.”

—Nazenet Habtezigchi, *Essence*

“Epic in its scope and mastery. . . . One of the best books ever on what it meant in day-to-day terms to be slaves and slave masters in the antebellum South.”

—Mark Noll



JUNE 1941

Hitler and Stalin

John Lukacs

From the renowned best-selling author of *Five Days in London*, this is **“a fascinating and masterfully researched book.”**

—Henry Kissinger³

“Showcases the worldliness, strategic wisdom and superb eye for the personal detail that has made [Lukacs] one of our most experienced, readable and sophisticated historians of the WW2 era.”

—Simon Sebag Montefiore

“Superb. . . . When the Fuhrer unleashed Blitzkrieg on the USSR on 21 June 1941, he said that Operation Barbarossa would make the world hold its breath; you will hold yours as Lukacs’ narrative unrolls.”—Andrew Roberts

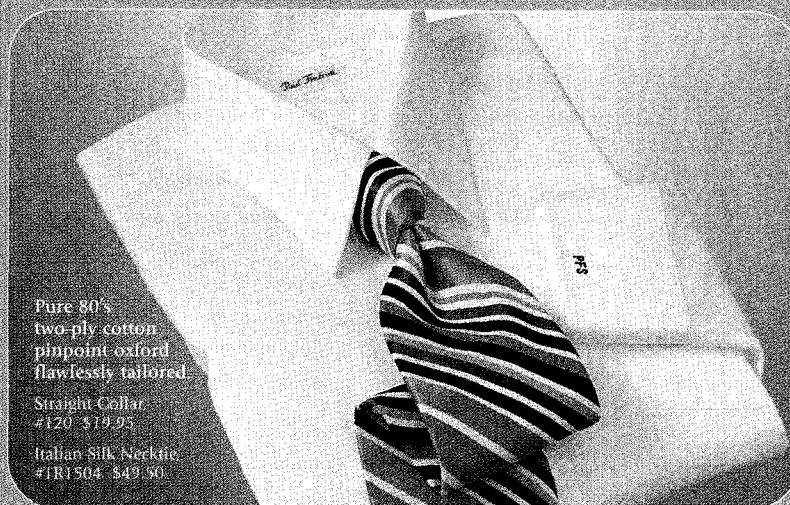


YALE University Press
Available wherever books are sold • yalebooks.com

Crisp, comfortable white *100% Cotton Pinpoint Oxford* dress shirt at a

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE... \$19.95

Regularly \$39.50 - \$49.50



Pure 80's
two-ply cotton
pinpoint oxford
flawlessly tailored.

Straight Collar

#120 \$19.95

Italian Silk Necktie

#TR1504 \$49.50

Order today!

Call 1-800-247-1417

or visit PaulFredrick.com/exclusive

PAUL FREDRICK
STYLING

Your Collar Style: Six Collar Choices

Your Cuff: Button or French Cuff

Your Fit: Regular, Big & Tall or Trim

Your Size: 14^{1/2}" x 32" to 19" x 37"

Specify promotional code **E6MSA2**.

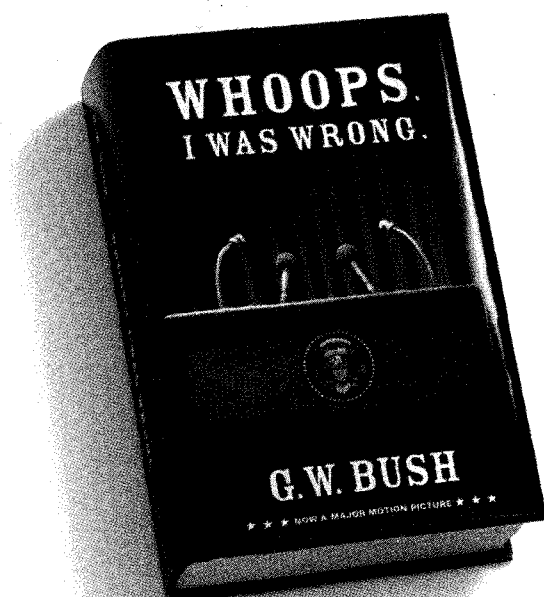
Shipping charges extra. Limit four shirts
per customer. Cannot be combined with
other offers. Expires 6/30/06.

and Americans entered the war, and in fact the firebombing of Hamburg, which in essence marked the opening of the most terrible chapter in the bomber war and which is the cynosure of Grayling's book, took place just as the Red Army broke the Wehrmacht's back at Kursk, the battle that marked the decisive turning point in Germany's military fortunes (a point Grayling fails to make). And finally, while the bomber war exacted a terrible price among civilians, it was also obscenely wasteful of Allied life, given the extent to which it failed to meet the ambitious strategic goals its advocates set for it. Bomber Command alone lost 55,573 aircrew, a group largely made up of officers and Britain's most able and technologically proficient men. This was an even greater slaughter of the nation's elite than the British had endured in the First World War.

But many of Grayling's arguments are simplistic. Area bombing's strategic impact was far greater than he, relying on crude indices, allows. And his assertion, crucial to his overall argument, that Germany's air-defense endeavors—which diverted, as he acknowledges, vital artillery and scarce manpower away from other fronts—would have been equally costly to the Reich's war effort if the Allies had abjured area bombing and instead exclusively conducted precision bombing, is wrong. As Albert Speer wrote in his prison diaries:

The real importance of the air war consisted in the fact that it opened a Second Front long before the invasion of Europe. That front was in the skies over Germany. The fleets of bombers might appear at any time over any large German city or important factory ... Every square metre of our territory became a front line. Defence against air attacks required the production of thousands of anti-aircraft guns, the stockpiling of tremendous quantities of ammunition all over the country and holding in readiness hundreds of thousands of soldiers ...

Had the Allies curtailed their bombing targets, thereby in essence shrinking the front Speer describes, the burden on German air-defense efforts—and thus the costs in manpower and resources—would have been commensurately lightened.



If you can't find it here, it doesn't exist. abebooks.com.

80 million new, used, rare, and out-of-print books.

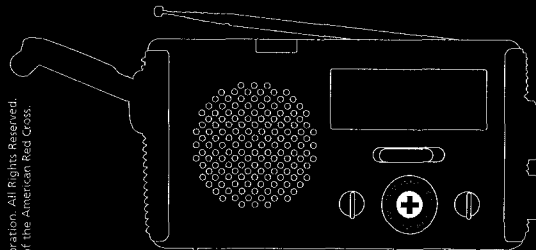
Moreover, Grayling is a philosopher pursuing absolute arguments, yet he's treading on the muddy ground of history, which is defined not by certitudes but by paradox and ambiguity, contingency and uncertainty, and, above all, by human passions. He comes to judge, not to explain, which means that he fails to understand the past on its own terms and that, critically, he overlooks context. (In this regard, it's instructive to compare Grayling's book with Robin Neillands's far more detailed 2001 work, *The Bomber War*, which presents the most thorough defense of area bombing. Unlike Grayling, Neillands, a historian, often contradicts himself, and his logic sometimes leaps. But his marshaling of fact and evidence allows the reader to transcend the present and to see the situation as the participants did at the time.)

When the British initiated area bombing, German forces had already bombed civilians in Warsaw; in Rotterdam; in London, Coventry, Liverpool, and other British cities (London suffered the first firestorm of the conflict, and German aerial assaults killed 60,000 Britons during the war); and in Stalingrad (in its assault, before the siege of the city, the Luftwaffe killed about as many civilians as the RAF would the following year in its operation against Hamburg, again, the most lethal attack of the bombing campaign; throughout the war, some half-million Russian civilians were killed by German air raids). This doesn't exonerate the Allies, but it indicates that area bombing was part of what the critic and combat veteran Paul Fussell (in his underrated *Wartime*, which is among the most cynical and astute books ever written about the conflict) identifies as a general "coarsening of technique," in which finesse and accuracy yielded to a grisly slog, the only goal of which was to finish the job regardless of cost to the opposing side. This wholesale brutalization isn't a matter of reason or right (the somewhat abstract concerns of Grayling) but of fact and potentialities, as Harris's second-in-command acknowledged in his assessment of the horrific assault on Dresden:

It is not so much this or the other means of making war that is immoral or inhumane. What is immoral is war

TOGETHER WE PREPARE

FR400 Emergency Radio \$60*
AM/FM/NOAA/TV-VHF/CELL PHONE CHARGER/
WATER-RESISTANT RADIO
Crank it up or plug it in - no batteries required.



Officially Licensed Product
of the American Red Cross

Etón will contribute \$.70 of
the sales price to support
the American Red Cross.

etón®

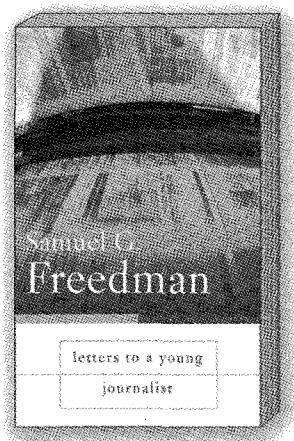
www.etoncorp.com

© Copyright 2006 Etón Corporation. All Rights Reserved.
Officially Licensed Product of the American Red Cross.

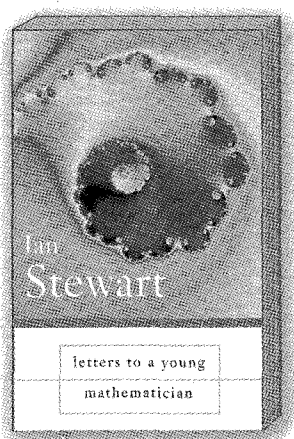
* Price does not include Shipping/Handling
and applicable taxes. To order please call us
toll free at: 1-800-793-6542 ext. AM0406

RE INVENTING™

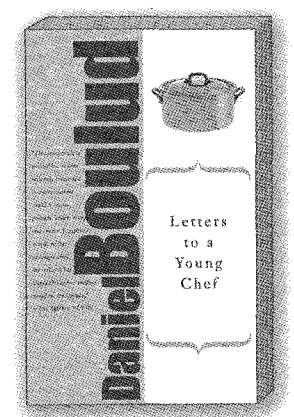
THE ART OF MENTORING



the JOURNALIST



the MATHEMATICIAN



and the CHEF

WWW.BASICBOOKS.COM

itself. Once full-scale war has broken out it can never be humanized or civilized ... So long as we resort to war to settle differences between nations, so long will we have to endure the horrors, the barbarities and excesses that war brings with it.

Further ignoring context, Grayling underestimates Britain's and America's urgently felt need to convince the Soviets that the West was making a serious contribution to the conflict, lest Stalin seek a separate peace with Hitler (from the German invasion of the U.S.S.R. until the Nazi defeat, the Red Army bore the overwhelming brunt of the war against Germany). Rightly or not, area bombing plainly helped assuage Stalin. Even more important, Grayling confuses what we know now with what was known then. By his lights, the war was clearly won by the summer of 1944, so the relentless pounding of Germany's cities after that point amounted to useless slaughter. To be sure, victory seemed merely a matter of time, but time was a far more crucial issue than Grayling allows. The unexpected is inevitable in war, and the more time that elapsed before victory meant not only that more Allied soldiers, sailors, and airmen would be killed and that subject peoples would continue to go unliberated ("When wars are long over," John Terraine dryly notes in *The Right of the Line*, the definitive general history of the RAF's war in the European theater, "people tend to forget how compelling was the desire to finish them"); it also invited the greater possibility of a catastrophic reversal. Again, the coalition with the Soviets was always tenuous, and the Allies couldn't be certain of the progress Germany had made in its atomic and other weapons programs (recall that at the time of the now-notorious firebombing of Dresden, in February 1945, Germany was still launching its supersonic V-2 rockets on England, indiscriminate attacks that killed 2,724 and came close to breaking British morale). Grayling is surely correct that in hindsight area bombing failed to deliver the decisive results its advocates claimed for it, and even that Bomber Command's adherence to area bombing in the last months of the

conflict was a very poor policy based on erroneous judgment and hope. But at the time the impact of area bombing on Germany wasn't fully clear. In indicting Bomber Command for profligate slaughter, for instance, Grayling notes that quite soon after the devastating attack on Hamburg, German industry there had recovered. But Germans' immediate fears of the consequences of the assault precisely echoed Bomber Command's hopes: German military and political leaders thought the war was lost; the Luftwaffe chief of staff saw the defeat at Stalingrad as "trifling" compared with the Hamburg attack (he killed himself two weeks after the raid); and Speer told Hitler that another six such attacks on other cities would bring armaments production "to a total halt." Again, in hindsight area bombing wasn't as effective as its advocates wished, but—given the Germans' reaction (and they were certainly in a better position to make a thorough judgment)—Bomber Command's assumptions hardly seem criminally irresponsible.

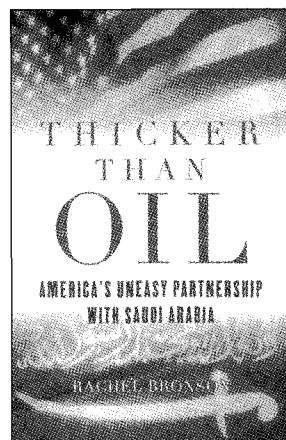
This book is bound to win a lot of notice, since it addresses some topical issues and because it resonates with the recent flood of books and debate coming from Germany, in which area bombing is presented as the great, unacknowledged war crime. But what's good in it isn't new—area bombing has been subject to rigorous scholarly scrutiny for decades now (the most thorough, and ultimately damning, critique probably remains Max Hastings's nuanced *Bomber Command*), and the moral questions involved have been thoroughly explored. And what's new in it—a rigid philosophical and legalistic approach to the complexities of history and, most egregious, a fanciful, irresponsible, and fallacious effort to link the area-bombing campaign to the notional, so-called Morgenthau Plan for postwar Germany—isn't good. The book, then, is a lost opportunity: it addresses a troubling episode that has yet to be assimilated by the public mind, but it does so in a manner that proves that war is too important a business to be left to the philosophers. ▀

Benjamin Schwarz is the literary editor and the national editor of The Atlantic.



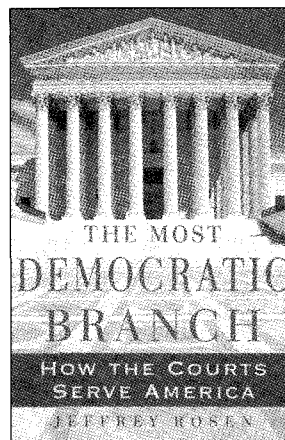
"A riveting but historically credible account of three of the most important early followers of Jesus, shedding important new light on the very foundations of early Christianity."

—James D. Tabor,
author of *The Jesus Dynasty*



"The most solid book to date on the vital relationship between the U.S. and Saudi Arabia, with important new historical material and a hard-headed look at our tough policy choices for the future."

—Leslie H. Gelb,
President Emeritus,
The Council on Foreign Relations



"Filled with important insights—and real wisdom.... For those seeking a path out of the judicial polarization of the past decade, you need look no farther: Rosen shows the way."

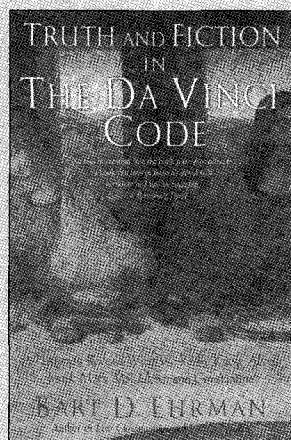
—William J. Stuntz,
Harvard Law School



"The most important book about the politics of the Internet since Lawrence Lessig's *Code*.... Informative, engaging and provocative."

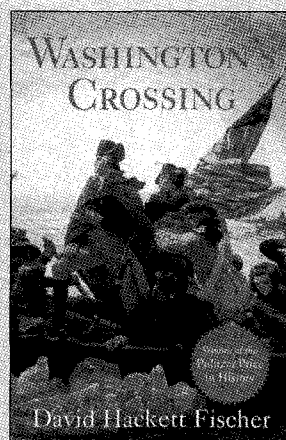
—Daniel W. Drezner,
University of Chicago

NEW in PAPERBACK



"A very readable treatment of some very difficult themes, such as the reasons for the exclusion of some of the early gospels from the canon and the enormous influence of recent archeological discoveries. Readers at every level will appreciate this book."

—Publishers Weekly



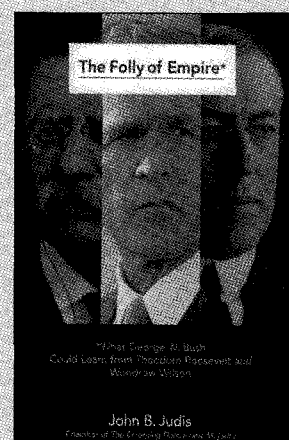
"A highly realistic and wonderfully readable narrative.... Fischer's ability to combine the panoramic with the palpable is unparalleled in giving us a glimpse of what warfare back then was really like."

—The New York Times
Book Review



"One of the most significant works of cultural history in the past twenty-five years."

—Benjamin Schwarz,
Atlantic Monthly



"A valuable appraisal of the Bush presidency, bringing to bear the weight of U.S. history to make a convincing case."

—The New York Times

At bookstores everywhere www.oup.com/us

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

BOOKS

How to Treat the Help?

The age-old problem of the rich has become the brand-new problem of the middle class

BY CAITLIN FLANAGAN

Twenty-five years ago I got fired. I had been employed as a thrice-a-week afternoon babysitter for the two-year-old daughter of a prosperous young matron, who used the free time to run errands or nap. I never met the little girl's father, but I talked to him regularly. At least once a week, usually more often than that, the phone would ring thirty minutes after my arrival, and he would give me a message for his wife: he was working late in the city and wouldn't be home for dinner. I would duly report these facts—often as an afterthought, while the wife was fishing in her purse for my pay—and she would take the news stoically, heaving a brave little sigh and nodding.

One day I showed up for work, gave the little girl a hug—we were fond of each other—and then settled the two of us down in the playroom. I made her a castle out of large cardboard blocks, and once she was happily playing inside it, I opened my French textbook and started to read. At no point did it cross my mind that by doing this I was in dereliction of duty. I was raised with my mother close by, but not hovering. Ditto my Saturday-night babysitters, whom I adored and who often did their homework as they sat beside me on the couch in the TV room. Anyway, while the little girl and I were enjoying the peaceful afternoon, the playroom door suddenly swung open—it was clearly a sting operation—and my boss glared at the scene as though she'd caught me in flagrante with the gardener while her child played with matches. I was sent home, and two hours later I was fired over the telephone. ("You were supposed to be playing with her, not studying," she told

me—perfectly reasonable, but I hadn't known that's what she wanted.)

So there I was: an eighteen-year-old college freshman who felt humiliated and angry, cut to the quick by a woman I had admired. When she'd been out running her errands, I would put the girl on my hip and wander through the large rooms of the house and imagine what it would be like to be married, to have a home and a baby of my own. I hadn't taken the job because I needed money. At that time, I received a generous allowance from my parents, which arrived in my campus mailbox each month in the form of a check, cut and signed by their accountant. I had taken the job for the same reason I started babysitting at age eleven, for fifty cents an hour: because I liked children, and I liked being a contributing member of a household. And now I'd been shamed and fired. There was only one recourse: telling all my friends about the husband's phone calls ("Maybe he's having an affair!" someone said, which hadn't occurred to me, but which quickly became the top line) and throwing in a few other facts of my

former employers' domestic lives, which I had either imbibed or discovered. (What babysitter in the world hasn't idly pulled open a bedside drawer or peeked into a medicine cabinet?) Two weeks later, the woman's name and phone number reappeared in the binder of babysitting jobs that was kept in the student employment office, and I drew a red line through it with a Flair pen. Over it I wrote, "Bad Family."

In reviewing these facts, I would have to put myself in the category of "behaved badly" and my boss in the category of "had it coming." If she had wanted different behavior from me, she could easily have gotten it, and if she'd wanted me out of the house, she could have finessed it without my being any the wiser. I'm old enough now—much older than she was when she fired me—to realize that the husband's telephone calls, and the sting operation, and the outraged sacking, were not unrelated events. Through no fault of my own, and through the essential nature of the job, I had landed myself squarely in the middle of an unhappy domestic episode, and that fact had done me no favors when the time came to evaluate



YOU'LL NEVER
NANNY IN THIS
TOWN AGAIN
by Suzanne Hansen
Crown Publishers

You spend 1/3 of your life in bed. Isn't it worth investing in the perfect mattress?



Why is it that we spend more time researching a car we're going to drive a few hours a week than we do a bed where we spend a third of our lives? Especially when the amount and quality of our sleep directly impacts our mood, level of concentration and our physical and mental health.

Tempur-Pedic's Weightless Sleep™ Technology delivers unparalleled comfort.

Each Tempur-Pedic Swedish Mattress™ contains billions of viscoelastic cells that gently settle to support every contour of your body. The mattress molds itself to your body shape, taking pressure off of your neck, back, shoulders and hips. You'll feel like you're sleeping on a cloud because every part of your body receives complete and relaxing support. Recent research even indicates that Tempur-Pedic beds reduce nighttime tossing and turning by more than 70%.



Make the right investment for better sleep and health.

You deserve a mattress that's going to help you sleep soundly and wake up refreshed every morning.

Call
1-888-238-3091
for a free Tempur-Pedic
Demonstration Kit today!



Changing the way the world sleeps!™

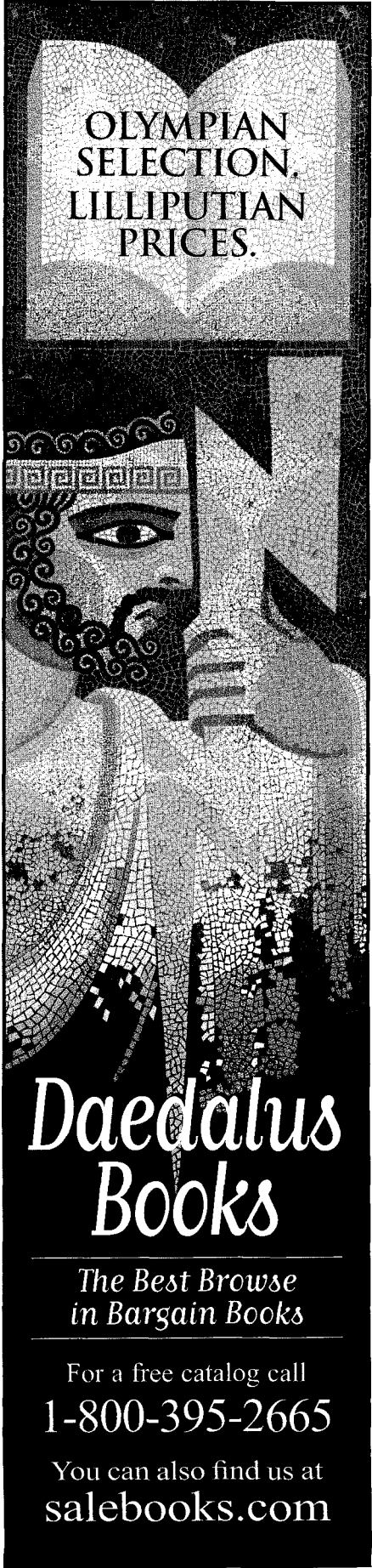


THE ONLY MATTRESS
RECOGNIZED BY NASA
AND CERTIFIED BY THE
SPACE FOUNDATION



© Copyright 2006 by Tempur-Pedic Direct Response, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Furniture components not included.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



OLYMPIAN
SELECTION,
LILLIPUTIAN
PRICES.

Daedalus Books

The Best Browse
in Bargain Books

For a free catalog call
1-800-395-2665

You can also find us at
salebooks.com

my work. But I'm also old enough to realize that in the particular imbalance of power that marks the mother/babysitter relationship, an ugly falling-out usually leaves the employee with no artillery but her knowledge of the other woman's private life. Hence "Bad Family," and hence also *You'll Never Nanny in This Town Again*, the confessional of a woman named Suzanne Hansen, who once spent an unhappy year caring for the three children of then-formidable Hollywood super-agent Michael Ovitz, co-founder of Creative Artists Agency, and his wife, Judy.

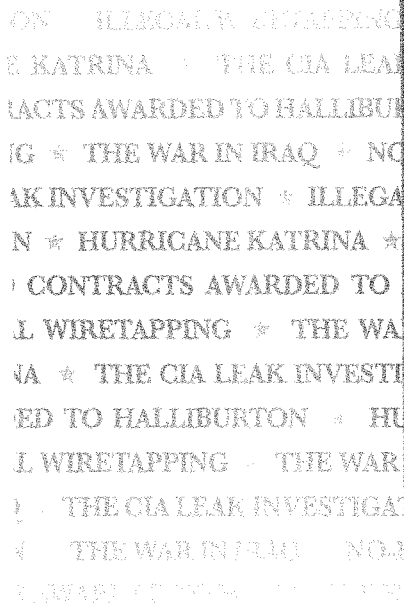
Hansen was a competent child-care provider, an unrepentant snoop, and a star-fucker extraordinaire, and she has produced a trash book of fearsome quality. The story takes place in the late eighties, when Ovitz was at the height of his powers and when Hansen, an eighteen-year-old who had recently graduated from a nanny training program in Oregon, eagerly moved to Los Angeles, "land of milk, honey, sunshine, and money." She interviewed with a nanny agency and was quickly dispatched to the Ovitzes' Brentwood manor house. She was hired at once, moving into a room next to the nursery and carrying out her duties with an efficiency that left plenty of time for a first-rate surveillance operation. She eavesdropped on the Ovitzes' telephone conversations, looked through their mail and searched for financial papers, and conjectured about the nature of their sexual relationship. In her reflective hours, she holed up in her room, recording her findings in a diary. In short, a legendarily ruthless player got stuck with the world's most repellent nanny, and now here she is—almost twenty years older, a mother herself—telling every secret thing.

Her portrait of the private Ovitz is consistent with what one has read about the public man: he was tireless, fastidious to the point of priggery, and obsessed by notions of loyalty and betrayal. His dedication to his clients extended even to the way his household was run: the front and side doors were never to be locked (the book is several times enlivened by the arrival, through one of these doors, of a movie star), and there was no telephone

answering machine or service—every call was answered personally. Once, in his eagerness to return a call to Robert Redford, he dived into Hansen's bed so that he could snatch the closest extension. When he rang off, he seemed suddenly to come to his senses, jumping up, fussily straightening the coverlet, and thanking Hansen, who was perched at the foot of the bed. The book's single best moment occurs when the Ovitzes lunge upon a recently delivered anniversary gift from the Eisners, ripping the box open in a frenzy of greed and glee and then rocking back in horror at its contents: a stuffed Minnie and Mickey.

Judy is a more difficult character to assess, because—like every nanny in history—Hansen was obsessed with her mistress, and the reader needs to tease the facts about her from the miasma of anger, hurt feelings, and imagined slights in which they are suspended. The arrangement seems to have consisted of Judy's doing the lion's share of caring for her two school-age children (one of whom took an immediate—and apparently prescient—dislike to Hansen), with Hansen being responsible for the youngest, an infant. She was also charged with caring for the older two during the afternoons and evenings when Judy had social engagements. Judy was an at-home mom of a certain stripe: not single-mindedly devoted to her children's care, but far more involved with their daily lives than many women of her wealth and social position. Hansen is censorious of every moment Judy spends away from her kids, but it seems to me that if you disapprove of mothers relying on hired help, you shouldn't take a job as a live-in nanny for a prominent society woman.

The emotional heart of the book is meant to be the cruelty and derision Hansen suffered at the Ovitzes' hands, but on the evidence she presents, they hardly seem like monsters, either as parents or employers. Like most Hollywood titans, Ovitz was extremely proud of his children and—given the extent of his professional commitments—spent a considerable amount of time with them. (It may not be every little boy's dream to have a dad who tells his secretary that he will "ALWAYS" take your call, but

[illegible]

WARD TO HALLIBURTON * HU
* THE WAR IN IRAQ * NO-B
K INVESTIGATION * ILLEGAL WIR
N * ILLEGAL WIRETAPPING * TI
D CONTRACTS AWARDED TO HALL
IRETAPPING * THE WAR IN IRAQ
THE CIA LEAK INVESTIGATION
TO HALLIBURTON * HURRICAN
AR IN IRAQ * NO-BID CONTRACT
TIGATION * THE WAR IN IRAQ
ILLEGAL WIRETAPPING * THE WA
KATRINA * THE CIA LEAK INVEST
* THE WAR IN IRAQ * NO-BID CO
THE * HURRICANE KATRINA * NO

- AVAILABLE WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD
THOMAS DUNNE BOOKS  **ST. MARTIN'S PRESS**

if you're Michael Ovitz's kid, that's as sure a sign of love as any.) He was generous with Hansen, picking up the tab when she took a friend to Spago, giving her courtside Lakers seats, and paying for her to have a manicure from the beautician his wife frequented. When Hansen's sister wanted to move to Los Angeles, he gave her a job in the CAA accounting office.

The association ended badly, however. Soon after Hansen had pocketed the huge check she was given for Christmas (the Ovitzes rewarded their personal staff the way Michael rewarded his agents: with lavish end-of-year bonuses, based on performance), she threw in the towel and quit. Michael tried to cajole her into staying longer, but she could not be moved, and in his last turn on the stage he is seen stomping down the staircase of his mansion, shouting to nobody, "This has really fucked up my week!" His threat that Hansen would never get another nanny job was empty. Actors are talent, but good nannies are stars. The best of them often come without references, because of the tendency for such jobs to end badly. Hansen was soon back in the saddle, first with Debra Winger, and then with Danny DeVito and Rhea Perlman.

There's nothing like a rigid class system—with well-defined attire, duties, forms of address—to keep the potentially explosive territory of servanthood in check.

Hansen's book falls squarely into an established, if minor, literary genre: the nanny confessional. In early 1950, Marion Crawford, who had been governess to Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret for sixteen years, was commissioned by *Ladies' Home Journal* to write a series of articles about her employers. Later that year, the essays were released as a book, *The Little Princesses*, and it became an immediate sensation, an international best seller that has been reprinted and rediscovered several times since then. And for good reason: it's terrific. Novelistic and carefully plotted, it has pitch-perfect attention to the kind of details—of dress and of food and

of housekeeping on the grandest level imaginable—that have evermore commanded the feminine imagination. The writing is wonderful, clear and unsentimental, and the book's descriptions of nursery life are often profound. "It is impossible," wrote Crawford, "to convey to anyone who has not known it the comfort and security those old-fashioned nurseries had." The nursery is "a world in miniature, a state within a state."

The essays were ghostwritten, and although the real author's identity remains a mystery, he or she was clearly influenced by *Rebecca*, which had been published a dozen years earlier to enduring success. Both narrators were granted privileged glimpses into the lives of the well-to-do, and they shared the sensitivities of the outsider, cataloguing every china teacup and silver fork, running their fingers over thick damask and silk, taking it all in. They were supernumeraries, literary handmaidens to the main characters, with whom they had become obsessed.

The success of *The Little Princesses* was sufficient to give publishers the impetus for producing another book of its kind. There was no shortage of former nannies willing to spill the beans for a price; the problem was locating a set of

preference for English governesses. She was delighted to hire on with the handsome young senator and his wellborn wife. The three of them were made for one another. She treated them with the elaborate formality that the Kennedys pretended to abjure but secretly adored. (For example, she insisted on calling him "Senator Kennedy," out of the belief "that if a person has a title, one ought to use it.") They, in turn, treated her with the unerring decency and kindness that the privileged classes often reserve for their servants (and less frequently for one another). Jackie—who had been raised in a house full of servants, among them formally trained nannies—made it clear that she understood the most important point of pride to a nanny: that she is there to care for the children and no one else. "The seven and a half years I was with her," Shaw reported admiringly, "she never asked me to as much as pick up a pin for her. Even in the White House, she never once asked me to do anything that was not strictly within my province."

The differences between the worlds described in *The Little Princesses* and *White House Nannie* and that in *You'll Never Nanny in This Town Again* are legion. Marion Crawford and Maud Shaw were employed by families who existed within social spheres—English royalty and the so-called American aristocracy, respectively—in which servant culture has a long history and in which employer and employee share a code of how they should behave toward one another. Expectations regarding attire, duties, forms of address—all were made manifestly clear. There's nothing like a rigid class system to keep the potentially explosive territory of servanthood in check. But Suzanne Hansen was thrown into an entirely different culture: that of the Hollywood elite. It is a tiny community but a wildly heterogeneous one, composed of vulgarians and charmers, hucksters and geniuses, the near illiterate and the astonishingly erudite. It is a group of people almost bereft of shared values, save one: liberal politics of a kind entirely at odds with the notion of even having servants, let alone uniformed and regimented ones. Giving Hansen no notion of what she

was to wear to work, and no clothing allowance, the Ovitizes unwittingly put her in many distinctly uncomfortable situations, the kind that uniformed servants of old never encountered. What was she supposed to wear on a first-class flight, for instance, or at an expensive resort, or to a star-studded Malibu party to which the children had been invited?

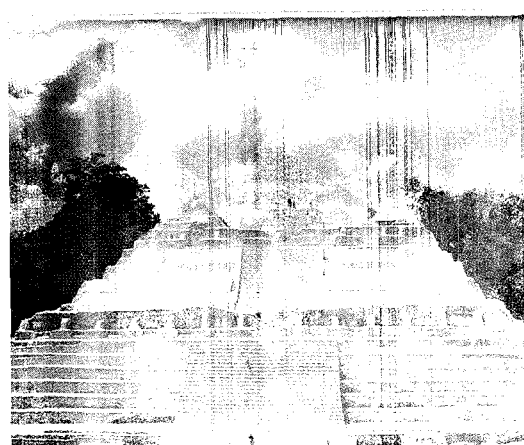
The Ovitizes' mistakes were two-fold: Hansen was too young and inexperienced for the responsibilities they gave her; and they were unwilling or unable to acknowledge that, as employers of someone working intimately in their household, they had obligations far beyond those of the traditional employer. According to Hansen, she was on duty twenty-four hours a day, required not only to care for the children in their waking hours but also to get up with the baby in the night. People of the Ovitizes' station should have known that this is not the done thing; a second nanny should have been hired for nights, or Judy should have taken them on herself. Wrung out and peevisish, Hansen started behaving badly. At one point she became so frustrated with the boy who disliked her that she got into a minor food fight with him. Grandpa Ovit caught her in the act and put her on a time-out—a reasonable enough solution for the old codger, but Hansen was so humiliated that she stomped out to the pool like an angry teenager (which of course is exactly what she was). When a wealthy woman hires an eighteen-year-old girl as a live-in nanny, she has bought herself some help, but she has also—if she is a decent person—given herself the responsibility of taking a motherly interest in the young person. Leaving the girl to stew in her unhappiness was a grave mistake—one that led to several ugly incidents with the children and, ultimately, to the publication of this revenge book.

I grew up in Berkeley in the 1960s and 1970s, and every housewife I knew had a once-a-week "cleaning lady," the title itself an oxymoron that revealed perfectly the ambivalence the employers had about hiring help. The cleaning ladies were black; most wore uniforms, and all were the tolerant beneficiaries of an exaggerated white liberal guilt that lent itself to

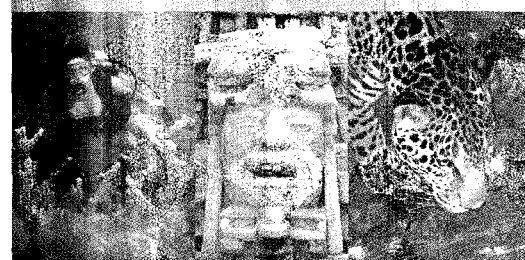
diatribes about the importance of integrating the schools, but not to relaxed standards concerning the proper way to wax and buff a hardwood floor.

Beyond that, my experience with hired help came from books and the movies, until I spent several years of my early adult life under the sway of a woman who had always had servants and who had been raised in a house full of them in the Deep South. She taught me how to treat the weekly cleaning person who came to my New Orleans shotgun house once a week: I was always to pay her, even if I was out of town and didn't need her services ("Just because you don't need her doesn't mean she doesn't need her check"); I was to be unconcerned and gracious about broken dishes or chipped candlesticks ("Whoever does the cleaning is going to do the breaking"); and I was to understand that it was the way of domestic workers to fall short of money, and the obligation of householders to get them out of scrapes. I came to appreciate that the various trials of the employee's life were very much my business, that ours was inherently an association of unequals, and that decency demanded that I keep that uppermost in my mind and behave accordingly.

Then, eight years ago—no longer in New Orleans—I received the exciting and terrifying news that I was pregnant with twins. It was highly recommended by everyone I knew—including the nurse at the pediatrician's office—that I get some "help" for the first year of their lives, at least. At the time, I was living in a cramped duplex apartment beside a construction site, here in Los Angeles, lacking many of the accoutrements—dishwasher, dining room, off-street parking—that normally signify middle-class life. Until fairly recently in America, this would not have been considered an ideal time to begin employing servants. But the vast and apparently untrammelled arrival of immigrants to this country—combined with our yawning need for child care and the stubborn human tendency toward laziness—has allowed a massive new servant culture to spring up in less than two decades. It is a culture in which people with no experience of having staff in their homes are becoming the employers of small retinues of servants—the nanny,



Go ahead...
choose your
Belize adventure.



Belize... a great place to observe wildlife. Explore thousands of miles of rivers, marshes and lagoons. Visit Maya villages and ancient temple sites. Seek out the elusive Jaguar, if you can. Snorkel on the longest barrier reef in the Western Hemisphere. All in a relaxing, peaceful country where the people are as warm and friendly as the climate. Experience the diversity of Belize, your English-speaking neighbor on the Caribbean coast of Central America, only 2 hours from the U.S.

Your
Caribbean
Gateway
to Central
America.



Call 1-800-624-0686 or visit our
website: www.travelbelize.org

BELIZE

*Mother Nature's
best kept
secret*

the once-a-week housecleaner, the cheap “mow, blow, and go” gardener with his truckload of day workers. It is also a culture in which the servants oftentimes have no previous experience of a life in service (many were factory or agricultural workers in their native countries; many are educated). They are, moreover, cowed not only by their employer’s power over them but also by the fact that they are quite often in this country illegally and thus loath to make waves. It is a system that lends itself to extraordinary acts of generosity: I have known women who have immediately taken a deep interest in the lives and families of their nannies, finding jobs for husbands, straightening out bewildering immigration problems, sending children to their own pediatricians—and paying the bill—when a troubling symptom turns up. And, too, it is a system rife with the possibility of exploi-

asked for that, too. Confusion and guilt ruled the day. With little forethought, I had entered, with my nanny, the brand-new population of servants, masters, and mistresses, and discovered that the age-old problem of the rich—how to treat the help?—had become the brand-new problem of middle-class types like me. (The problem itself falls into two parts: legal and emotional. Both are fraught with complexity, ambiguity, contradictions—not least that many employers are so conflicted about having a servant that they try not to think about the fact too much, a dodge that helps no one.) What was my right relationship to my domestic staff? As much as I had admired my former mentor, the servant culture of the Deep South—even at its most decent—was hardly the moral template I wanted to shape my behavior around. More was required of me, and I knew it.

People with no experience of having staff in their homes are becoming the employers of small retinues of servants—the nanny, the housecleaner, the “mow, blow, and go” gardener with his truckload of day workers.

tation and virtual human bondage: all over this city there are upper-middle-class households in which a back bedroom is occupied by a female illegal immigrant who is terrified of being deported, who is paid almost nothing, and who is on duty twenty-four hours a day.

So there I was with my twins and my efficiency kitchen and my full-time nanny, and immediately the relationship entered territory I had never known before. I spent more time talking with her—a woman who had up to then been a stranger, a woman whom I was paying to spend time with me—than I did with my husband or any of my friends. Many of our most casual conversations caused me to feel extreme guilt. Among all the poor women I’d known, she was the first in whose miseries I was directly implicated. Certainly she would have had fewer difficulties if I doubled her wages—and fewer still if I quadrupled them. But I was paying her exactly what she’d asked for, and had happily thrown in the money for a bus pass when she

As Cheryl Mendelson notes in *Home Comforts*, her superb compendium of household management, “Few laws protect domestic employees on the job, but those few deserve our scrupulous observance.” Mendelson points out that most domestic workers take on jobs with “no health benefits, no pension plans, no vacation pay, no job security, no hope of advancement, and no redress for grievances and injustices except to leave a job they may desperately need.” The first way to do right by these people, to make their service less indentured, is to pay their Social Security set-asides—a legal requirement, although you’d hardly know it judging from the number of people who dodge it. It is not, of course, a benefit without cost to the employee. She will have to declare her income, and—above a certain level—she’ll be taxed on it. Fair enough: like anyone else, nannies use public services—schools and parks and police protection—and these things aren’t paid for by the king. They’re paid for by all of us.

Far thornier is the fact that this is a commercial transaction from which parents desperately, if selectively, want emotional results. In hiring a nanny, they’re asking—if you’ll forgive the pun—a relative stranger to love (and tolerate, and indulge, and tend to) their children as the children’s own mother or father would, for money. In short, they’re trying to purchase what ultimately can’t be bought. Furthermore, this love train is expected to travel only select routes. For instance, how many parents—while asking an employee to love them and their children like family—can promise the employee that they will be there for her in her old age, just as they would be for actual family members? Or—less dramatic, but perhaps more pressing—how many parents ask the employee to eat dinner with the family? Having the help dine apart from the family is the natural inclination of many householders, and it was certainly not a harsh requirement a century ago, when well-staffed houses had several servants, who kept company and ate dinner together in the kitchen. But if a nanny works long hours, and if there is no one to eat dinner with—if she is left alone in the kitchen with her plate night after night—she will not grow ever fonder of you, or the situation you have put her in. You can’t expect a mother’s love from a woman you occasionally treat like a scullery maid. Indeed, she will spend a lot of time thinking about how unwelcome and awkward she feels, and—while you are blithely going about your life, never expecting to be broadsided by a nanny crisis—she will begin quietly and purposefully looking for another job. One Monday morning, when you’re half out the door to work, waiting for her to arrive, the phone will ring, and she will tell you that her mother is sick in El Salvador or that her brother has been in an accident in Guatemala and that she is leaving the country for a while—an indeterminate amount of time—and that she will call you when she returns. But she won’t return; at least not to your home. What a lot she’ll have to talk about. ■

Caitlin Flanagan has contributed to The Atlantic’s books section since 2000. A portion of this essay is drawn from her new book, To Hell With All That: Loving and Loathing Our Inner Housewife.

BOOKS

New York State of Mind

In praise of Deborah Eisenberg's nonchalant sophistication

BY MONA SIMPSON



Unlike the book-every-other-year writers whose minds we seem to know in each elaborate fold and crease, and to whom we can almost feel we have a subscription, there are those—like Deborah Eisenberg, whose short stories used to appear from time to time in *The New Yorker*—who publish only rarely and whose books we wait for. Eisenberg's fourth book of new work, *Twilight of the Superheroes*, seems to have been the longest in the making (nine years have passed since the publication of *All Around Atlantis*). The six stories here feel especially new, perhaps because they didn't appear in large-circulation magazines (what's up over there at *The New Yorker*?). They are her most ambitious and beautiful works to date. Can it be true that with talent, effort, the ability to keep at it, and a quite short haircut one eventually becomes great? It has worked for Deborah Eisenberg.

Eisenberg isn't always the most accessible writer. Her stories are often less than linear in structure, and she's said she has no idea what the word "epiphany" means ("There's something about the idea of it that I simply reject"). And she has a knack for the ungracious character—the one who gets kicked under the table, argued with, and often sighed over. She's able to present such people in all their irascibility and mess, and then somehow—like those psychologists who prove that pessimists have a more accurate view of reality than their optimistic and normal counterparts—by the end, reveal the cranks' greater humanity and even make the "better" characters seem cardboard in comparison.

Whereas Alice Munro can, by rubbing together words in a sentence, bring to life rural schoolteachers and librarians as they lived in the last century, Deborah Eisenberg is consummately urban, as

nonchalantly and inadvertently sophisticated as Proust. And as the last best hope for people who couldn't manage—much less flourish—anywhere else, New York City glows in these stories. Although romantic (the Statue of Liberty is actually invoked earnestly, by one of the young characters), Eisenberg's New York is resolutely not Henry James's or George Plimpton's city. It is a haven for the deracinated, who grew up elsewhere and found their way there, to make an imitation of home. The city's glamour has always figured as a palpable presence in Eisenberg's stories. This from her first collection, *Transactions in a Foreign Currency*:

At the sight of the cloakroom, with its rows of expensive, empty coats that called up a world in which generous, broad-shouldered men, and women in marvelous dresses (much like the one I myself happened to be wearing), inclined toward each other on banquettes, I was pierced by a feeling so keen and unalloyed it might have been called—I don't know what it might have been called. It felt like—well, grief ... actually.

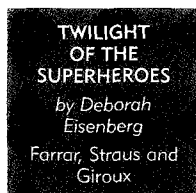
Of course, this new collection, published in 2006, must in some way gesture toward 9/11. The title story offers the most delicate, tangential, accurate, and mysterious treatment of the event that I've read so far.

Eisenberg's stories include glimpses of some of the precious few happy marriages in contemporary fiction, though the couple in the title story is seen happily only in recollection—the husband is now grieving for the loss of his wife. We see her nephew remembering his first impression of them.

Nathaniel was eight or nine when his aunt and uncle had come out to the Midwest to visit the family, lusty and clever and comfortable and humorous and affectionate with one another, in their soft, stylish clothing. They'd brought books with them to read. When they talked to each other—and they habitually did—not only did they take turns, but also, what *one* said followed on what the *other* said. What world could they have come from?

That world, of course, was New York City. ▀

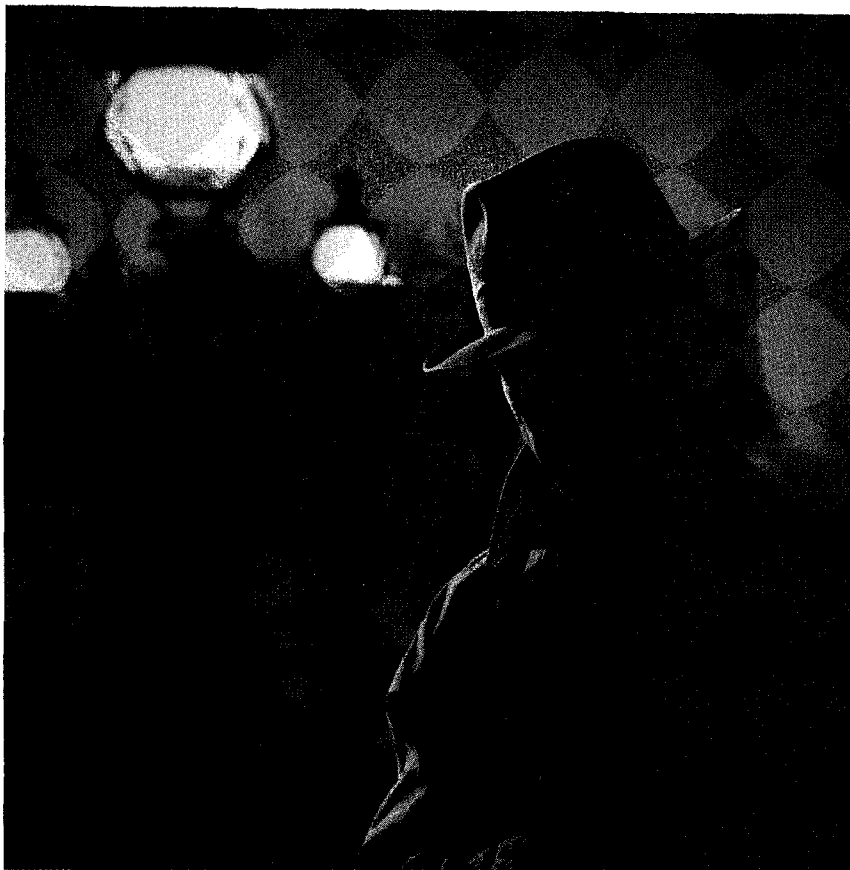
Mona Simpson is the author of four novels, including Anywhere But Here and Off Keck Road.



improvable quality

Artisan Roasted Coffees

www.batdorf.com
800-955-5282



BOOKS

A Man of Action

His narration may be chunky and his sex scenes almost comical, but Alan Furst's turns of plot can leave a reader breathless

BY B. R. MYERS

Readers who have never heard of Alan Furst may be surprised to learn that historical spy fiction is still being written at all. After enjoying one final smash with Ken Follett's *Eye of the Needle* (1978), the genre was gradually displaced from best-seller lists by the hi-tech thrillers of Tom Clancy et al. One by one the swastikas disappeared from airport book racks, and by the late 1980s, Follett had taken to writing about cathedrals instead. It was then, of all times, that Furst wrote *Night Soldiers* (1988), a spy novel about the Nazi-Soviet conflict. Departing from the standard screw-tightening plot, he sent his Bulgarian hero back and forth across Europe on a series of almost self-contained adventures. Reviewers were quick to compare Furst to John le Carré, but the two have little in common. Le Carré treats his readers like experienced fellow agents; we spend the first part of *The Spy Who*

Came In From the Cold (1963) scrambling to figure out what on earth he's talking about. Furst's work seems too "on the nose" by comparison. In *Night Soldiers*, for example, someone throws gasoline and a torch inside a café and nails the door shut, whereupon the occupants hurl themselves against it—and the narrator hastens to inform us that "the intention was to burn them to death." Even the least ambiguous gestures are explained in italics. "[He] pointed with an index finger, and shook it firmly twice ... Meaning *Naughty boy, see what happens when you curse your betters?*" Foreign words come with a helpful translation. "*Todavía?*" Still? "*Siempre!*" Always! I would have wrongly guessed that "*todavía*" means something like "the whole road," but that's beside the point; these asides play havoc on a reader's wish

fulfillment. A certain enigmatic quality, even the occasional feeling of being out of one's depth, is necessary if a spy novel is not to feel like a boys' adventure.

This is not to say that Furst's prose is a smooth and easy read. The punctuation is exasperating: "She was, she said, Levantine, of Greek origin, and, hair, eyes, and spirit, dark in every way ... 'I did have a few, suitors, for a time ...'" (*Dark Voyage*, 2004) Awkward formulations routinely pull the reader up short:

In 1908 ... the Turks withdrew, leaving alas, only a minor cultural legacy: bastinado, the whipping of bare feet; pederasty, the notion of sheep-herding mountain youths agitated even the pashas' burned-out lusts; and the bribery of all high persons as a matter of natural law. The first two faded quickly from life in Vidin, though the latter, of course, remained. The local wise men would have been astonished to discover people who did not know that greed far exceeded sadism and lechery in the succession of human vice. (*Night Soldiers*)

One could perhaps argue that there were plenty of young shepherds where the pashas came from, and that sadism and lechery have never been outlasted by greed or anything else. More to the point, "agitated" is the wrong tense, "bribery" should be "venality," and "exceeded ... in the succession of" is gibberish. On the very next page is the formulation "Some had the straight black hair of the Asian steppe, others the blue eyes of the Russo-Slav," by which time one starts to wonder how the bare feet of the North American copy editor might look after a little old-time Turkish justice. Furst's erotic passages are especially clumsy. Some aim for "continental" bawdiness, others for Bogartesque melancholy, but either way, the Europeans tend to come off as visitors from another planet: "She chose him openly. Studied him, considered the genetics, the dialectics, the inevitability of history, then let her blue-veined breasts tumble out of her shirt before his widening eyes." "Wound around each other like vines, they climbed the stairs together." "Maybe the name she told him was a lie and maybe he did the same thing, but

THE FOREIGN
CORRESPONDENT
by Alan Furst
Random House

PETER HINCE/GETTY

THE SCANDAL OF EMPIRE

INDIA AND THE CREATION OF IMPERIAL BRITAIN

NICHOLAS B. DILKS

"By assiduously drawing out necessary connections between European 'corruption' and imperial sovereignty in eighteenth-century British India, this lucid and masterful interpretive essay serves as a timely reminder that modern empires, caught in ideological contradictions of their own making, are fundamentally unpleasant, oppressive, and immoral formations."

—Dipesh Chakrabarty,
author of
Provincializing Europe

Belknap Press / new in cloth



The Scandal of EMPIRE

INDIA AND THE CREATION
OF IMPERIAL BRITAIN

NICHOLAS B. DILKS

THE NEW ARGONAUTS

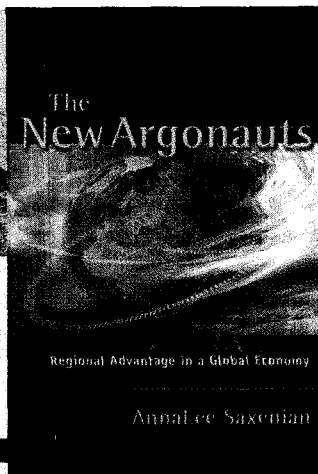
REGIONAL ADVANTAGE IN A GLOBAL ECONOMY

ANNALEE SAXENIAN

"Saxenian has long been the leading observer of Silicon Valley's 'entrepreneurial ecosystem.' She now... employs her unique blend of economic, sociological,

and business expertise to bring to life the New Argonauts—world-class engineers and entrepreneurs from newly emerging economies who are creating new centers of high-tech excellence around the globe, while also transforming Silicon Valley."

—Jeffrey D. Sachs,
Director, Earth Institute
at Columbia University
new in cloth



The New Argonauts

Regional Advantage in a Global Economy

AnnaLee Saxenian

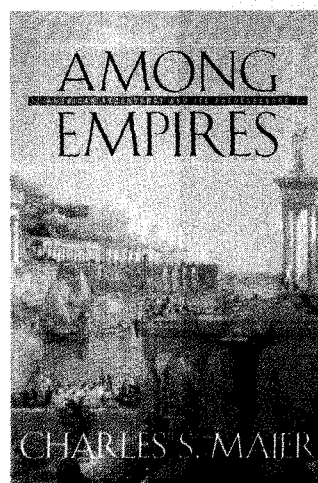
AMONG EMPIRES

AMERICAN
ASCENDANCY AND
ITS PREDECESSORS
CHARLES S. MAIER

"Maier's brilliant study of the nature of imperial power throughout history offers a glimpse not only at the character of empire but also at how the current American political regime measures up to past empires...Maier's subtle study brooks no rivals in its assessment of American empire."

—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

new in cloth



AMONG EMPIRES

CHARLES S. MAIER

RULERS AND VICTIMS

THE RUSSIANS IN THE SOVIET UNION

GEOFFREY HOSKING

"[Geoffrey Hosking]

provides a learned

introduction to under-

standing the complex

character of Putin's

Russia, where the pass-

ing of the Soviet Union

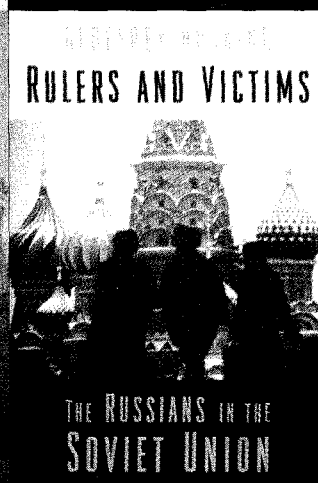
is mourned, but its resurrection not desired."

—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

"An outstanding contribution and a pleasure to read."

—Robert Service, author of *Stalin*

Belknap Press / new in cloth



RULERS AND VICTIMS

THE RUSSIANS IN THE
SOVIET UNION

GEOFFREY HOSKING

"[Geoffrey Hosking]

provides a learned

introduction to under-

standing the complex

character of Putin's

Russia, where the pass-

ing of the Soviet Union

is mourned, but its resurrection not desired."

—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

"An outstanding contribution and a pleasure to read."

—Robert Service, author of *Stalin*

Belknap Press / new in cloth

RULERS AND VICTIMS

THE RUSSIANS IN
THE SOVIET UNION

GEOFFREY
HOSKING

"[Geoffrey Hosking]
provides a learned
introduction to under-
standing the complex
character of Putin's
Russia, where the pass-
ing of the Soviet Union

WWW.HUP.HARVARD.EDU HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

NEW FICTION

Finds and flops

BY ELIZABETH JUDD

Sittenfeld, whose best seller *Prep* was an audaciously conventional story of adolescent angst, has produced another striking coming-of-age tale featuring a misfit with an unsettlingly intense personality. This novel spans fourteen years, during which Hannah Gavener nurses a smoldering resentment toward her mercurial father, struggles with chubbiness (her mother makes "overly enthusiastic comments about, for instance, celery"), and pursues her birthright, a boyfriend with whom she can share an "exclusionary glow." In this sustained exercise in psychic discomfort, Sittenfeld dissects fleeting sentiments that don't stand up to scrutiny. Thus at college, the morbidly lonely Hannah refuses casual invitations because improv or a cappella groups are "kind of stupid," and later regrets her prickliness.

Sittenfeld's latest novel lacks *Prep*'s zip and verve. Without the claustrophobic microcosm of boarding school—the cliques, insider customs, and subterranean class issues—the far baggier *Man of My Dreams* drifts episodically along, propelled only by Hannah's sullen musings. Fortunately, the meandering is often redeemed by Sittenfeld's ability to evoke surprising details and fresh perspectives. Recalling an Alaskan kayak trip where she predictably alienated everyone, Hannah encapsulates her own plight by considering a lost pair of eyeglasses: "It is dark and calm down there; fish slip past; her glasses rest untouched, the clear plastic lenses and titanium frames. In the stillness without her, the glasses see and see."

Like Hannah's self-sabotaging efforts to connect, the novel almost willfully crashes and burns in its final pages. (The last chapter is ghastly: Hannah's twenty-four-page letter to a former therapist, assessing her personal growth.) But this misstep doesn't seriously mar Sittenfeld's considerable achievement. Without inviting much sympathy, Hannah wins our admiration by mulishly insisting on her right to see, no matter how disquieting the sight.

Elizabeth Judd is a writer in Washington, D.C.

the
man
of my
dreams



THE MAN OF MY DREAMS

by Curtis
Sittenfeld

Random House

three in the morning found them ... hugging like long lost lovers, riding each other's bottoms through the night."

Furst tends to do better in scenes of flight and pursuit. *The Polish Officer* (1995), his most exciting novel by far, has a page where a girl is trying to get on a moving train. ("Somebody yelled, 'Save her, save her,' like a chant, and others took up the cry.") Upon finishing it, readers may find that they have been holding their breath. Still, it was not until *Kingdom of Shadows* (2000), the tale of a Hungarian advertising-executive-turned-spy, that Furst became as well known at home as he had always been in Britain. In interviews, he has suggested that 9/11 may have made Americans keener to read stories about ordinary men answering a call to defend their country. Perhaps, but stories about ordinary Europeans? (In none of his books is the central character an American.) My guess is that Furst's popularity derives more from the growing fascination with World War II, a fascination that may have something to do with an aversion to globalization. His characters are constantly moving across militarized borders, showcasing the colorful checkboard of distinct polities that Europe used to be. Arriving in Belgium from Greece, the hero of *Dark Star* (1991) sojourns in Ostend, Antwerp, and Paris before traveling to Czechoslovakia. And those are just the first twenty pages.

It's hard to celebrate national diversity, though, without neglecting the diversity of the individual, and anyone who turns to these novels in search of psychological depth will be disappointed. The Parisian hero of two of Furst's novels graduated, we are told, from "the most exclusive college in the Sorbonne ... France's Harvard, Yale and Princeton all rolled into one." Yet here is his mind at work:

Albertine, tonight. His big, ugly treasure of a farm girl. Something good to eat. Vegetables, cow food—but garlic, salt, a drop of oil, and the cunning way she chopped it all up. Jesus! Was it possible that he'd reached that ghastly moment in life when the belly was more important than the prick? No! Never that! Why, he'd take that Albertine and spread her ... (*The World at Night*, 1996)

Like an engine that knocks when you take your foot off the pedal, Furst's prose cannot slow down without lapsing into this sort of waggishness and bad taste. Our age is such that he is considered a master wordsmith anyway. *The New York Times Book Review* recently called him "one of the few espionage writers who knows how to write sex scenes," but that's nothing; anyone who studies the blurb page before moving on to one of these novels of Nazi-roiled Europe is in effect getting two tales of a world gone mad. *The Providence Journal* assured readers that Furst "can't write a bad sentence." The *San Francisco Chronicle* spoke of a "style both gracious and unobtrusive." A *New York Times* reviewer wrote that some passages in Furst's fiction "could be passed off as the work of both a meticulous narrative craftsman at the top of his game and a symbolist poet." The rest of the review makes clear that he did not mean to imply spuriousness. Another *New York Times* reviewer expressed her appreciation of "Mr. Furst's famously succinct eroticism." She also singled out as "poetry" a sentence in which he describes someone as "reading a slim, filthy novel in beautifully marbled covers." Just how much contemporary literature does one have to read—and how little of the other kind—to be so easily impressed?

When it comes to discussing the arts, all opinions are completely subjective and thus equally valid, or so the orthodoxy goes. But surely there are limits. To assert that reading one of Furst's novels is like hearing "Kafka, Dostoevsky and le Carré ... talk to each other" (*Kirkus Reviews*) is just plain wrong, as wrong as any literary judgment can be. As for the claim in *Men's Journal* that "Flaubert would have liked" *The World at Night*, it is no less preposterous for being hypothetical; I'd have an easier time arguing that he would have liked *Men's Journal*.

All this nonsense bespeaks a certain consistency, if nothing else. Gone, it seems, are the days when literary critics had a lax standard for the prose of the artsy writer and a rigorous one for that of the "genre" storyteller. They now appear ready to praise a certain kind

of bad writing wherever they come across it. What they will *not* tolerate is the slickly lucid, Barbara Cartland kind. A writer must slow the eye and furrow the brow. Whether he does so through clumsiness or deliberate incoherence, through a “playful” flouting of punctuation rules or a simple ignorance of them, is evidently no longer important. A fierce hostility to cliché was once a glimmer of good sense in the postmodern aesthetic, but here is a novelist who describes a woman as “afraid of neither man nor beast, rich as Croesus, cold as ice”—and the critics couldn’t be happier. The only thing holding firm in the chaos of values is that great constant of American taste, the equation of the stodgy with the serious.

Furst’s latest novel, *The Foreign Correspondent* (2006), tells the story of Carlo Weisz, an Italian who works for an anti-fascist press in France while dodging Mussolini’s spies. Even fans may groan to see pre-war Paris again, where all of Furst’s heroes seem to land

at some point, but the struggle against Mussolini is a fresh and fascinating topic. With the dictator’s image now undergoing something of a rehabilitation in Europe, it would have been nice to see more space devoted to the anti-Semitic legislation that forced so many Jews to flee Italy. Still, Furst’s research findings are especially interesting this time. Who would have thought that the Italian resistance produced over 500 journals and newspapers in Paris alone, or that OVRA, the acronym for Mussolini’s secret service, was meant to remind the dictator’s subjects of the word for a giant octopus?

Unfortunately, the narration is lackluster; the same shallow stream of consciousness flows through a succession of European characters, with no variation in the all-too-American tone. (“Sit on this,” Carlo curses silently. “And spin.”) As usual, the sentences have been cast with a view to maximum comma use. “He ... stood there, hands in pockets, until, five minutes later, she appeared, had been watching,

apparently, from some vantage point.” The plotting is solid, though, and the sheer accumulation of incident ultimately engenders an affectionate familiarity with Carlo even if the pallid characterization does not.

Olivia Manning does a much better job of evoking the tension of a continent on the brink of war, not least because she experienced it firsthand. But for all its stylistic brilliance, her 1960s *Balkan Trilogy* has none of the turns that keep the reader of *The Foreign Correspondent* wondering how it will end. In an interview in 2002, Furst said that he had difficulty understanding why none of his best-selling novels had yet been filmed. With no apparent preciousness about what might be lost in a transfer to the screen, he added, “These really are movies.” In a sense, this is true. He has the ability to invent plots that work all on their own, which is, as Somerset Maugham once pointed out, a very rare gift indeed. **A**

B. R. Myers is a contributing editor of The Atlantic and the author of A Reader's Manifesto.

The fastest way to learn a language. Guaranteed.

Just Released:
Tagalog Level 1
Farsi Level 2

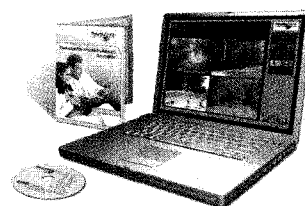
Award-winning software successfully used by U.S. State Department diplomats, Fortune 500® executives and millions of people worldwide.

Finally, a different approach that has millions of people talking. Using the award-winning Dynamic Immersion™ method, our interactive software teaches without translation, memorization or grammar drills. Combining thousands of real-life images and the voices of native speakers in a step-by-step immersion process, our programs successfully replicate the experience of learning your first language. Guaranteed to teach faster and easier than any other language product or your money back. No questions asked.

Rosetta Stone is available for learning:
Arabic • Chinese • Danish • Dutch • English • Farsi • French • German • Greek • Hebrew • Hindi • Indonesian
Italian • Japanese • Korean • Latin • Pashto • Polish • Portuguese • Russian • Spanish • Swahili • Swedish
Tagalog • Thai • Turkish • Vietnamese • Welsh

“...your program is the absolute best, bar none. I am shocked at how quickly I learn.”
Michael Murphy – Texas, USA

“Stupendous...the juxtaposition of text, sound and picture was masterful. The quality of both sound and graphics was first rate.”
The Boston Globe



FREE DEMO CD-ROM

Call today for your FREE Demo CD-ROM
1-800-399-6191

Or go online and try our FREE Online Demo
RosettaStone.com/ams066d
Use promotional code ams066d when ordering.

RosettaStone®
Language Learning Success

BOOKS

No Way

John Updike's latest novel reveals his tin ear for critical times

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In 1978, just as I was beginning to become intrigued by the nascent menace of Islamist fanaticism, I read John Updike's novel *The Coup*. Set in the fictional African state of Kush, a Chad-like vastness dominated by a demagogue named Hakim Ellelloû, it took its author far from the Pennsylvania suburbs and car lots, and indeed offered, through the hoarse voice of Ellelloû, a highly dystopian view of them. "What does the capitalist infidel make, you may ask, of the priceless black blood of Kush?" Ellelloû asks, and then answers his own question:

He extracts from it, of course, a fuel that propels him and his overweight, quarrelsome family—so full of sugar and starch their faces fester—back and forth on purposeless errands and ungratefully received visits. Rather than live as we do in the same village with our kin and our labor, the Americans have flung themselves wide across the land, which they have buried under tar and stone. They consume our blood also in their factories and skyscrapers, which are ablaze with light throughout the night ... I have visited this country of devils and can report that they make from your sacred blood slippery green bags in which they place their garbage and even the leaves that fall from their trees! They make of petroleum toys that break in their children's hands, and hair curlers in which their obese brides fatuously think to beautify themselves while they parade in supermarkets buying food wrapped in transparent petroleum and grown from fertilizers based upon your blood! Of your blood they make deodorants to mask their God-given body scents and wax for the matches to ignite their death-dealing cigarettes and more wax to shine their shoes while the people of Kush tread upon the burning sands barefoot!

I marked this passage at the time, thinking that I might one day want to refer to it. The two elements that it con-

tains—apart from the actual commingling of oil and blood—are of some interest. The first is a sort of ventriloquisation of Muslim rage, with care taken to give this an element of "social gospel" as well as Koranic puritanism. The second is an intellectual and aesthetic disgust—somewhat reminiscent of the more literary passages of John Kenneth Calbraith's *Affluent Society*—with the grossness and banality of much of American life.

This was quite prescient, and it anticipated some of the rhetorical tropes of Muslim self-pity with which we have since become so familiar. Only Monica Ali, in *Brick Lane*, has caught the same tone of pseudo-socialist populism, and in her novel the crucial speech is delivered after the aggression of September 11, 2001. On that day Updike happened to be looking at Manhattan from just across the river, in Brooklyn Heights, and later described what

he saw in a "Talk of the Town" essay in *The New Yorker*, in which he wrote, inter alia:

Determined men who have transposed their own lives to a martyr's afterlife can still inflict an amount of destruction that defies belief. War is conducted with a fury that requires abstraction—that turns a plane of peaceful passengers, children included, into a missile the faceless enemy deserves. The other side has the abstractions; we have only the mundane duties of survivors.

Perhaps feeling that this was somewhat inert, not to say pathetic, Updike then inserted a rather unconvincing note of stoicism, urging his readers to "fly again" on planes, since (guess what?) "risk is a price of freedom," and issuing what was by comparison a bugle call: "Walking around Brooklyn Heights that afternoon, as ash drifted in the air



TERRORIST
by John Updike
Knopf

and cars were few and open-air lunches continued as usual on Montague Street, renewed the impression that, with all its failings, this is a country worth fighting for." Understatement could do no more: Was it the ash or the absence of cars—or maybe those tempting alfresco snacks—that (America's manifold failings notwithstanding) straightened the Updike spine?

Taking time to let his manly reflections mature and ripen in the cask, Updike has now given us *Terrorist*, another vantage point from which to view Manhattan from across the water. His "terrorist" is a boy named Ahmad living in today's New Prospect, New Jersey, for whom the immolation of 3,000 of his fellow citizens is by no means enough. For him, only a huge detonation inside the Lincoln Tunnel will do. Let's grant Updike credit for casting his main character against type: Ahmad is not only the nicest person in the book but is as engaging a young man as you could meet in a day's march. Tenderly, almost lovingly, Updike feels and feels, like a family doctor, until he can detect the flickering pulse of principle that animates the would-be martyr.

Once again, obesity and consumerism and urban sprawl are the *radix malorum*. At the seaside:

Devils. The guts of the men sag hugely and the monstrous buttocks of the women seesaw painfully as they tread the boardwalk in swollen sneakers. A few steps from death, these American elders defy decorum and dress as toddlers.

Whereas in the schools:

"They think they're doing pretty good, with some flashy-trashy new outfit they've bought at half-price, or the latest hyper-violent new computer game, or some hot new CD everyone has to have, or some ridiculous new religion when you've drugged your brain back into the Stone Age. It makes you wonder if people deserve to live seriously—if the massacre masterminds in Rwanda and Sudan and Iraq didn't have the right idea."

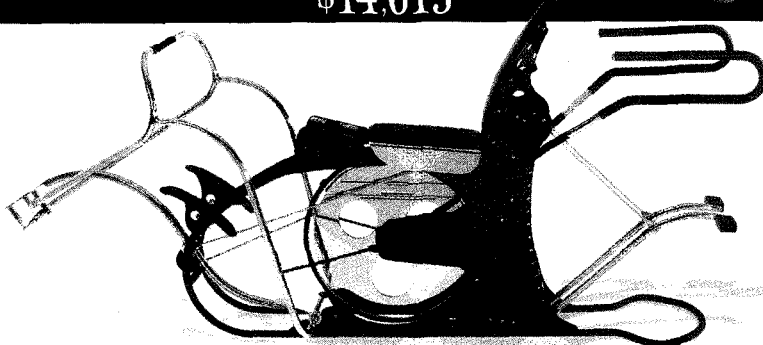
The speaker in this latter instance is Jack Levy, a burned-out little Jewish man with a wife named Beth ("a whale

EXERCISE IN EXACTLY 4 MINUTES PER DAY

Winner of the 1991 Popular Science Award for the
"Best of What's New" in Leisure Products



\$14.615



ROM • MANUFACTURED IN CALIFORNIA SINCE 1990

TIME IS IT. Over 92% of people who own exercise equipment and 88% of people who own health club memberships do not exercise. A 4 minute complete workout is no longer hard to believe for all the people who since 1990 have bought our excellent Range of Motion machine (ROM). Over 97% of people who rent our ROM for 30 days wind up purchasing it based upon the health benefits experienced during that tryout, and the ROM performance score at the end of each 4 minute workout that tells the story of health and fitness improvement. At under 20 cents per use, the 4 minute ROM exercise is the least expensive full body complete exercise a person can do. How do we know that it is under 20 cents per use? Over 90% of ROM machines go to private homes, but we have a few that are in commercial use for over 12 years and they have endured over 80,000 uses each, without need of repair or overhaul. The ROM 4 minute workout is for people from 10 to over 100 years old and highly trained athletes as well. The ROM adapts its resistance every second during the workout to

exactly match the user's ability to perform work. It balances blood sugar, and repairs bad backs and shoulders. Too good to be true? Get our free video and see for yourself. The best proof for us is that 97% of rentals become sales. Please visit our website at: www.FastExercise.com.

The typical ROM purchaser goes through several stages:

1. Total disbelief that the ROM can do all this in only 4 minutes.
2. Rhetorical (and sometimes hostile) questioning and ridicule.
3. Reading the ROM literature and reluctantly understanding it.
4. Taking a leap of faith and renting a ROM for 30 days.
5. Being highly impressed by the results and purchasing a ROM.
6. Becoming a ROM enthusiast and trying to persuade friends.
7. Being ignored and ridiculed by the friends who think you've lost your mind.
8. After a year of using the ROM your friends admiring your good shape.
9. You telling them (again) that you only exercise those 4 minutes per day.
10. Those friends reluctantly renting the ROM for a 30 day trial. Then the above cycle repeats from point 5 on down.

The more we tell people about the ROM the less they believe it.

From 4 minutes on the ROM you get the same results as from 20 to 45 minutes aerobic exercise (jogging, running, etc.) for cardio and respiratory benefits, plus 45 minutes weight training for muscle tone and strength, plus 20 minutes stretching exercise for limberness/flexibility.

"ROM is the best time management tool ever."

Anthony Robbins

Motivational speaker Anthony Robbins calls the ROM a fantastic time management tool. He saves over an hour in exercise daily.

Order a **FREE** DVD or video from www.FastExercise.com or call (818) 787-6460

Factory Showroom: **ROMFAB**, 8137 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91605

Fax: (818) 301-0319 • Email: sales@FastExercise.com

RENT A ROM FOR 30 DAYS. RENTAL APPLIES TO PURCHASE.

A CLOSE READ

What makes good writing good

BY CHRISTINA SCHWARZ



"The riverbank seemed to undergo a change of air. The old man's face closed down into its creases of shadow. His hand reached around and got the curved wooden club from the string round his waist. The younger man took a step forward, the spear up in his hand, poised on the balls of his feet, his face grim. From the trees Thornhill heard the scrape of wood on wood and knew it to be the sound of spears being fitted by invisible hands along spear-throwers. He heard Sal give a squashed cry as she heard it too, and a wail from Johnny cut short with her hand over his mouth."

—from **The Secret River**, by Kate Grenville (Canongate)

This paragraph, with the word *poised* at its center, depicts anticipation perfectly. Every sentence pulses with an active verb—*seemed, closed, reached* and *got, took, and heard*—while at the same time the specificity of detail forces the scene into slow motion. The club doesn't suddenly appear in the old man's hand, but is systematically retrieved in a sentence that indirectly—with the words *around, curved, and round*—suggests the menace of circling. Although the description of the young man is as taut as the man himself—a series of discrete observations crisply separated by commas—it is also thorough. Grenville allows time to examine him up and down, from hand to feet to

face. The spear fitting, too, is drawn out: first comes the sound, then the interpretation. The suspense builds as it shifts from the metaphorical in the initial two sentences to the real, and continues to crescendo as Grenville moves from the old man, whose threat may be mainly gestural, to the young man, whose spear could certainly kill Thornhill, to the invisible hands that could easily wipe out all of Thornhill's family, to the poignant representatives of that family—his wife and infant son—whose very cries are "squashed" and muffled, so as not to upset the exquisite balance of this moment and cause the spears to fly.

Christina Schwarz is the author of the novels *Drowning Ruth* and *All Is Vanity*.

of a woman giving off too much heat through her blubber"). He has ended up as the guidance counselor at uninspired New Prospect Central High, while his missus piles on the fat in front of the TV. Fortunately, though, she has a sister who works for the secretary of homeland security and who, though she rightly regards her corpulent New Jersey sibling as a moron, keeps calling her up to tell her *absolutely everything* about the nation's anti-terrorist secrets. This, too, is fortunate, because although he doesn't yet know it (the irony!), Jack Levy has a "massacre mastermind" in his own school, right under his nose. (I have just flipped through the book again to be quite certain that I did not make any of this up.)

Young Ahmad, who has an absent Muslim father and a ditsy and whorish Irish mother (who probably has red hair and freckles and green eyes; I honestly couldn't be bothered to go back

and double-check *that*), is quite a study. With such a start in life, who wouldn't start hanging around the mosque and dreaming of a high-octane ticket to Paradise? Rejecting Jack Levy's rather diffident offers of help with further education and a career, the bright lad puts all his energies into qualifying to drive a truck. The sort of truck that can carry hazardous materials. In immediate post-9/11 New Jersey, this innocent ploy by a green young Islamist sets off no alarm bells at all.

Ordinary life still manages to go on, as it must. At the high school's commencement festivities, Jack finds himself in the procession just behind a West Indian teacher (who really does address him as "mon"), who says:

"Jack, tell me. There is something I am embarrassed to ask anyone. Who is this J. Lo? My students keep mentioning him."

"A her. Singer. Actress," Jack calls ahead. "Hispanic. Very well turned out. Great ass, apparently ..."

Yes, that's right: Updike has given us a black high-school teacher who, in the early years of this very century, thinks that J. Lo is a guy. And who is embarrassed to ask more about the subject. And who therefore raises his voice, at commencement, and seeks enlightenment from a sixty-three-year-old Jewish washout. Could anything be more hip and up-to-the-minute? When this Updike feels for a pulse—know what I'm saying?—he really, really, like, *feels*. Some pages later we find Jack exclaiming, "No way," and the daring idiomatic usage is explained by his "having picked up this much slang from his students." The expression was universal long before any of these students was born.

Indeed, Updike continues to offer us, as we have come to expect of him, his grueling homework. The sinuous imam of the local mosque (Shaikh Rashid) does not try to impress the half-educated and credulous Ahmad with the duty to fight the enemies of the Prophet. Far from it. He prepares him for stone-faced single-mindedness with some intricate Koranic hermeneutics, designed to shake his faith. And guess which example is adduced? The theory of the German Orientalist Christoph Luxenberg, who has argued that the "virgins" promised to martyrs in Paradise are actually a mistranslation for "white raisins." Bet you never heard that! My feeling—call it a guess or an intuition—is that this is not how madrassas train their suicide bombers. My other feeling is that Updike could have placed this rather secondhand show of his recent learning in some other part of the novel.

But where would that be? Almost immediately after Ahmad's graduation, he is in the throes of a conspiracy that is too ingenious for words. While delivering furniture one day, he drops off an ottoman (get it?) that, when cut open in a sinister Muslim home tenanted only by men, proves to be stuffed with "quantities of green American currency." The young inductee to terrorism cannot make out the denominations of these non-blue and non-brown notes, but "to

judge by the reverence with which the men are counting and arranging the bills on the tile-top table, the denominations are high." No bill is higher than a hundred, which doesn't buy you much high explosive these days, but one imagines—if one absolutely must—that a whole ottoman can also hold a goodly number of ones and fives. This novel and risky and cumbersome way of delivering cash only whets Ahmad's appetite for the more intoxicating suras of the Koran. Before we can catch our breath, he is at the wheel of his jam-packed juggernaut of annihilation (and still registering strip malls and other urban deformities), and is pressing ahead with his desperate plan. Never mind that the plot has been exposed by a cunning last-minute call from the frumpy Washington bureaucrat sister to the impossibly bulbous homebound New Jersey sister. And never mind that this exposure has *not* led the forces of Homeland Security to close the Lincoln Tunnel. No, stopping Ahmad comes down to the crushed, demoralized Jack Levy, who manages, with exquisite timing, to flag down Ahmad's truck and climb aboard and talk him out of it at the very last available cinematic second.

After I had sent *Terrorist* windmilling across the room in a spasm of boredom and annoyance, I retrieved it to check my notes in its margins. In *Roger's Version*, I remembered, Updike had described blacks and Jews as the only "magical" people in America. In this sloppy latest effort he becomes more inclusive. Here's Jack rhapsodizing about Ahmad's slut-tish mama, with whom he has a torrid moment in which this constant reader could not suspend disbelief:

The Irish in her, he thinks. That's what he loves, that's what he can't do without. The moxie, the defiant spark of craziness people get if they're sat on long enough—the Irish have it, the blacks and Jews have it, but it's died in him.

This is a fair-enough attempt to push all the clichés about Irish-Americans into one brief statement, and I can only think that it's put in as some kind of oblique tribute to the New York Fire Department on 9/11. Not for them the fate of the flabby, torpid average Amer-

icans, thoughtlessly reaping by their very herdlike existence the whirlwind of jihadist revenge.

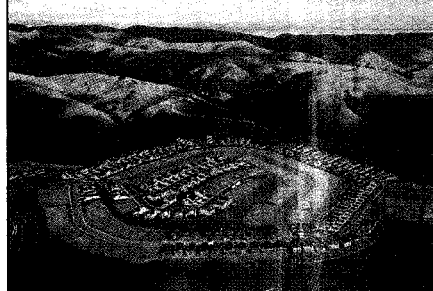
When writing *In the Beauty of the Lilies*, which also opened its action in New Jersey, Updike gave us considerable insight into the Reverend Clarence Wilmot as he endured a full-dress crisis of Calvinist conscience. There was knowledge to be won from the portrayal, and some dry humor, and some imaginative sympathy. A good deal of work on the Presbyterian texts had been performed and was lightly but learnedly deployed. With *The Coup*, also, Updike had been somewhat in advance of the tremors that he was sensing. But he is now some considerable distance behind the story, giving the impression of someone who has been keeping up with the "Inside Radical Islam" features in something like *Newsweek*. It could be, I suppose, that he might write better about "exotic religions" if he kept his characters overseas, in their "exotic settings," and tried to make sense of them there. He includes one more religious set piece in *Terrorist*, of a charismatic black preacher jiving away at his congregation. Irrelevant to the "plot," this is justified by the black girl in whom Ahmad is briefly interested. As if to confirm his loathing for American sexual degeneracy, she has a boyfriend-pimp named Tylenol Jones—the sort of name that Tom Wolfe might come up with on a bad day.

The novel's conclusion is much the same as that of Updike's *New Yorker* essay. He looks at the quotidian crowd in Manhattan, "scuttling, hurrying, intent in the milky morning sun upon some plan or scheme or hope they are hugging to themselves, their reason for living another day, each impaled live upon the pin of consciousness, fixed upon self-advancement and self-preservation. That and only that." Insects, in fact. Ahmad resents them for taking away his God, and, really, one is hard put not to empathize with the poor boy. Given some admittedly stiff competition, Updike has produced one of the worst pieces of writing from any grown-up source since the events he has so unwisely tried to draw upon. ▀

Christopher Hitchens is a contributing editor of The Atlantic and a columnist for Vanity Fair.

Anthony Flint

THIS LAND



The Battle over Sprawl and the Future of America

"This important book is spot-on in its analysis of America's deepening land use problems and refreshingly upbeat in its account of win-win solutions arising around the country."

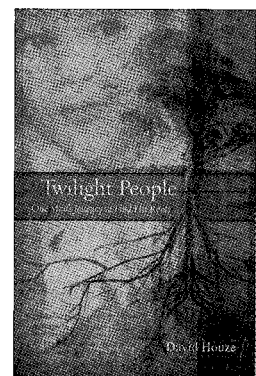
—E. O. Wilson

The Johns Hopkins University Press
1-800-537-5487 • www.press.jhu.edu

"Houze is a persistent and brave explorer."

Twilight People investigates the darkest heart of racism in America and South Africa."

—Neil Henry, author of *Pearl's Secret*



Twilight People

One Man's Journey To Find His Roots

BY DAVID HOUZE

\$24.95 at bookstores or order
(800) 822-6657 • www.ucpress.edu



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

Cover to Cover

A guide to additional releases

BY BENJAMIN HEALY AND BENJAMIN SCHWARZ

CURRENT AFFAIRS



The Mighty and the Almighty

by Madeleine Albright with Bill Woodward (HarperCollins)

The former secretary of state muses on the intersection of religion and foreign policy.

The Sack of Rome

by Alexander Stille (Penguin Press)
Silvio Berlusconi, the author argues, is part Bill Gates, part Rupert Murdoch, part George Steinbrenner—and almost entirely awful.

Temptations of the West

by Pankaj Mishra (FSG)
A travelogue covering Bollywood, Afghanistan, Nepal, and points in between.

The Caged Virgin

by Ayaan Hirsi Ali (Free Press)
An outspoken Dutch-Somali politician makes the case for women's rights and democracy within Islam.

U.S. HISTORY



The Civil War as a Theological Crisis

by Mark A. Noll (North Carolina)
Both the Union and the Confederacy thought God was on their side. Something had to give.

When the Astors Owned New York

by Justin Kaplan (Viking)
How family rivalry, the *Titanic*, and the Jazz Age brought the Astors low.

The American Home Front

by Alistair Cooke (Atlantic Monthly)
A previously unpublished account of the late BBC correspondent's travels in America after the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

Blind Oracles

by Bruce Kuklick (Princeton)
A look at the often obtuse—and occasionally catastrophic—contributions of intellectuals to foreign policy from World War II to Vietnam.

THE BYSTANDER

by Nick Bryant (Basic)
John F. Kennedy was a dynamic, inspirational leader, albeit one with a shallow and cynical record on civil rights.

TIGER FORCE

by Michael Sallah and Mitch Weiss (Little, Brown)
The story of a rogue detachment of U.S. soldiers who massacred civilians during the Vietnam War, based on a Pulitzer Prize-winning newspaper investigation.

WORLD HISTORY



Moral Capital

by Christopher Leslie Brown (North Carolina)
Slavery was an accepted feature of the British Empire until—in the late 1780s—it suddenly wasn't.

Empires of the Atlantic World

by J. H. Elliott (Yale)
A comparative study of Britain's and Spain's colonial holdings, covering the period between the late fifteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The Wake of Wellington

by Peter W. Sinnema (Ohio)
The Duke of Wellington's funeral lured a million and a half visitors to London and sparked a cultural outpouring that captured the very essence of Englishness, circa 1852.

Agincourt

by Juliet Barker (Little, Brown)
English soldiers—outnumbered nearly six to one—won at Agincourt in 1415, slaying in the process “almost the whole nobility among the soldiery of France.” A balanced look at St. Crispin's Day.

BIOGRAPHY



Realistic Visionary

by Peter R. Henriques (Virginia)
A biography of George Washington focusing on his religious convictions, romantic entanglements, and views on slavery.

RICHARD HOFSTADTER

by David S. Brown (Chicago)
A biography of the influential historian who, the author reveals, had a paranoid style all his own.

THE SHORT LIFE AND LONG TIMES OF MRS. BEETON

by Kathryn Hughes (Knopf)
Isabella Beeton died at age twenty-eight, but not before writing the book that would define Victorian housewifery.

ART CZAR

by Alice Goldfarb Marquis (MFA)
A life of Clement Greenberg, the most influential American art critic of the twentieth century.

SOCIETY AND CULTURE



Postmortem

by Stefan Timmermans (Chicago)
A sociologist examines the world of medical examiners, a life-and-death realm where little is black and white.

Doing Nothing

by Tom Lutz (FSG)
A cultural history of idleness, surveying contributions to the field from Samuel Johnson, Oscar Wilde, Maynard G. Krebs, and others.

This Land

by Anthony Flint (Johns Hopkins)
A look at the long odds faced by the “smart growth” movement as suburban sprawl goes unchecked and its negative consequences become increasingly clear.

When Sex Goes to School

by Kristin Luker (Norton)
A sociologist examines the fate of sex education in America, from the early twentieth century to the present.

The Central Liberal Truth

by Lawrence E. Harrison (Oxford)
An attempt to isolate the cultural values and practices most responsible for successful civilization. Literacy, education, and transparency loom large.

The Bourgeois Virtues

by Deirdre N. McCloskey (Chicago)
The first of four volumes that aim to defend the integrity of capitalism and the innate goodness of the middle class.

RELIGION

Basilica

by R. A. Scotti (Viking)

The construction of St. Peter's in Rome required the combined efforts of Michelangelo, Raphael, and more than twenty popes, not to mention countless others.

Double Crossed

by Kenneth Briggs (Doubleday)

There are nearly 100,000 fewer nuns in the United States than there were forty years ago, and those that remain are systematically ill-served by the Catholic Church, argues a former religion editor of *The New York Times*.

The Devil Is a Gentleman

by J. C. Hallman (Random House)

A neo-Jamesian look at contemporary religious experience in all its variety, from Scientologists to Druids to Christian pro wrestlers.

Seminary Boy

by John Cornwell (Doubleday)

The author of *Hitler's Pope* recalls an adolescence spent training for the priesthood in 1950s England.

Peter, Paul, and Mary Magdalene

by Bart D. Ehrman (Oxford)

A historical study of three of Jesus' most famous followers finds almost no evidence that Mary Magdalene was a prostitute, that Paul worked miracles, or that Peter was crucified upside down.

BUSINESS and ECONOMICS

The New Argonauts

by AnnaLee Saxenian (Harvard)

How Silicon Valley entrepreneurs from China, Taiwan, India, and Israel have boosted their home countries' economies.

Treasure Hunt

by Michael J. Silverstein with John Butman (Portfolio)

A leading management consultant examines how our competing tastes for luxury and thrift are hollowing out the vast middle of the global market.

More Than You Know

by Michael J. Mauboussin (Columbia)

A top investment strategist's multidisciplinary guide to the world of finance.



Reluctant Capitalists

by Laura J. Miller (Chicago)

The sociology of bookselling—and the culture-versus-commerce, indie-versus-megastore battle lines that define it.

SCIENCE

Nature Revealed:

Selected Writings, 1949–2006

by Edward O. Wilson (Johns Hopkins)

A lifelong study of ants informs ecology, sociobiology, and biogeography in this collection of essays from the Harvard entomologist.

After Dolly

by Ian Wilmut and Roger Highfield (Norton)

The man behind Dolly the sheep discusses cloning's human potential, concluding that "as much damage can be done by failing to exploit the beneficial applications of a technology as by promoting the applications of that technology which are risky or harmful."

ESSAYS

Reporting

by David Remnick (Knopf)

Al Gore, Mike Tyson, and Natan Sharansky stand shoulder to shoulder in this collection from the editor of *The New Yorker*.

The Din in the Head

by Cynthia Ozick (Houghton Mifflin)

Assessments of Saul Bellow, Susan Sontag, Sylvia Plath, Isaac Babel, and others, as well as a fictional interview with Henry James.

Crime Beat

by Michael Connelly (Little, Brown)

A collection of newspaper articles from the mystery novelist's former career as a police reporter.

NOVELS and SHORT STORIES

The Unfinished Novel and Other Stories

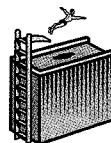
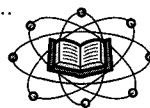
by Valerie Martin (Vintage)

Writers, painters, and actors confront the challenges of their work and of loving one another.

Theft

by Peter Carey (Knopf)

A has-been artist is living quietly with his brother in rural Australia until a



mysterious woman appears on the scene, in this novel from the two-time Booker Prize winner.

Triangle

by Katharine Weber (FSG)

The memories of the last living survivor of the 1911 Triangle Shirtwaist fire are probed by her granddaughter, a composer, and a historian.

The Possibility of an Island

by Michel Houellebecq (Knopf)

A comedian falls in with a techno-cult, leaving his successive clones to reap the dystopian rewards, in this novel from the author of *The Elementary Particles*.

Telegraph Days

by Larry McMurtry (Simon & Schuster)

A young woman and her sheriff brother make their way through the twilight of the Old West.

Blue Water

by A. Manette Ansay (William Morrow)

After the death of their son, a man and woman take to sea in a sailboat, attempting to come to terms with their loss.

MYSTERY and SUSPENSE

The Poe Shadow

by Matthew Pearl (Random House)

A literary thriller from the author of *The Dante Club* probes the mysterious circumstances of Edgar Allan Poe's death.

Two Little Girls in Blue

by Mary Higgins Clark (Simon & Schuster)

Telepathic twins are kidnapped in this, the author's twenty-fifth thriller.

Promise Me

by Harlan Coben (Dutton)

Entertainment agent Myron Bolitar finds himself mired in mystery after the disappearance of a teenage girl.

The Shape Shifter

by Tony Hillerman (HarperCollins)

The discovery of a long-lost rug drags Joe Leaphorn out of retirement and into a once-closed investigation.

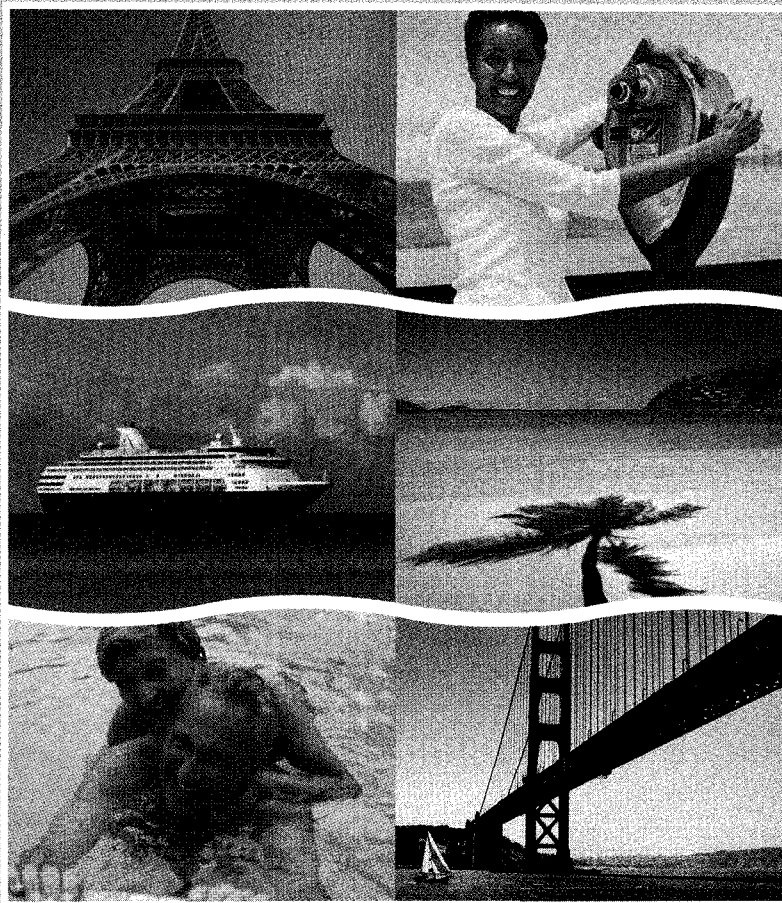
Eye Contact

by Cammie McGovern (Viking)

An autistic boy is the only witness to a murder.



Want to visit here?



©2006 Travelocity.com LP. All rights reserved. Travelocity and the Stars Design are trademarks of Travelocity.com LP. CST#2058372-80

Then visit here www.aarp.org/passport47

Book travel using the new AARP Passport *powered by Travelocity®* and get your adventure started faster, easier and with the peace of mind delivered by one of the many trusted AARP Passport travel providers. With exclusive getaways and unique benefits, you can search thousands of destinations, flights, hotels and more — all at one Web site.

Plus, don't forget to check the box to receive your free online travel newsletters that will keep you up to date on all the hottest deals.

Experience how travel planning was meant to be.

Trusted Travel | 1.888.291.1757 | www.aarp.org/passport47
Not an AARP member yet? Visit us online to join today.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PURSUITTS & RETREATS

JUNE 2006 | THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



Iya Valley, Japan

TRAVELS

How Not to Travel in Japan

Our correspondent flouts the Three Laws of Tourism there—and has a spectacular trip

BY CHARLES C. MANN

During the last twenty years I have been an occasional visitor to Japan—often enough not to be thrown completely when things are strange, intermittent enough to need lots of advice from old Japan hands. By now I have heard enough of the advice to distill it into what might be called the Three Laws of Tourism in Japan.

Law No. 1: Do Not Rent a Car. The Japanese drive on the left side of the road. Most streets literally do not have

names. Highway signs are less frequent than they are in the United States, are written in kanji (characters), and are often laid out differently (if a sign tells drivers to turn left in half a mile, there frequently won't be another one at the turn itself). You will get lost, is the Japan hands' advice. Terribly, terribly lost.

Law No. 2: Do Not Travel During Golden Week. Golden Week is a conglomeration of four major national holidays in a weeklong span, from April

29 to May 5. It's like Memorial Day, the Fourth of July, and Labor Day all rolled into one traffic-snarled mess. You will be crowded, is the advice. Terribly, terribly crowded.

Law No. 3: Do Not Go Into Rural Japan. Compared with U.S. cities, Japanese cities bend over backward to help foreigners. The countryside is another matter. It is as free of English speakers as, say, the Ozarks are of Japanese speakers. You will get lost, is the advice. Terribly, terribly lost.

Not long ago we found ourselves driving a rented car during Golden Week across Shikoku, the smallest and most rural of Japan's four main islands. This gave us an opportunity to test the Three Laws. Law No. 1 turned out to be definitely not true. Law No. 3 turned out to be slightly true. Law No. 2 is

THE TRAVEL ADVISORY

What to see and do in Okayama and Shikoku

Any visitor to Okayama should spend some time in **Korakuen**, a seveneenth-century garden that the Japanese, with their fondness for ranking, have classified as one of the top three gardens in the nation. Just across the Asahi River is the spectacular if empty Okayama Castle.

Korakuen Garden

1-5 Korakuen, Okayama-shi,
Okayama
011 8186 272 1148

Foreign visitors can stay in the wonderful **International Villas**, five budget guesthouses in traditional villages in Okayama Prefecture. Hoops must be jumped through, as is often the case in Japan: one must join the villas' association (it's not expensive). Reservations, here as elsewhere in Japan, should be made well in advance.

Okayama International Villa Group

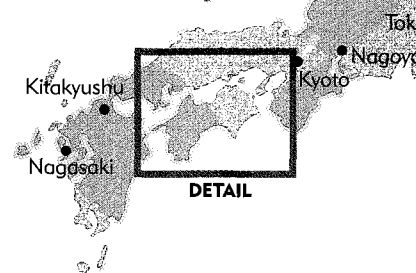
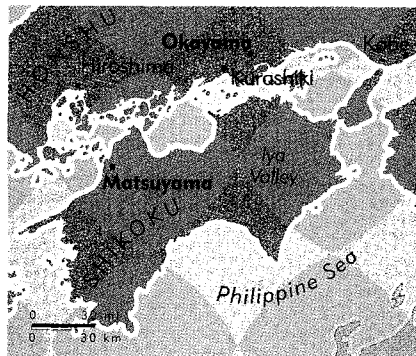
2-2-1 Hokancho, Okayama
011 8186 256 2535
www.harenet.ne.jp/villa/

Probably the most celebrated place in Matsuyama, on Shikoku's northwest coast, is **Dogo Onsen**, a collection of public baths somewhat reminiscent of the bathhouse complex for spirits in Hayao Miyazaki's Oscar-winning anime film, *Spirited Away*. Warning: a Japanese onsen is a terrific experience, but the cost can mount quickly.

Dogo Onsen Honkan

(the main facility)
5-6 Yunomachi Dogo, Matsuyama
011 8189 921 5141

Korakuen Garden



One of the most beautiful—and remote—places to stay on Shikoku is **Chiiori**, in the Iya Valley. The staff can usually pick you up at the nearest train station. To keep away unwanted visitors, Chiiori does not publish its address.

Chiiori

011 8188 388 5360
www.chiiori.org

Minshuku—Japanese-style bed-and-breakfasts—are among the best ways to experience Japan. Like B&Bs, they are all over the place. One way to track them down is through **Minshuku Network Japan**, a nationwide referral service.

Minshuku Network Japan

011 8133 683 3396
www.minshuku.jp/english/list.html

Benesse House, on the island of Naoshima, off Shikoku, is one of the loveliest small museums in Japan. Splendid accommodations are available on the grounds and nearby. Families might especially enjoy staying in the pao, or Mongolian yurts, by the beach.

Benesse House

Gotanji, Naoshima, Kagawa
011 8187 892 2030
www.naoshima-is.co.jp/english/first.html

definitely true. But we had a terrific time nonetheless.

The trip was not entirely our fault. My family and I were already in Japan, living for some months in a rented apartment in Tokyo, when we were visited by friends from California. Our friends very much desired to see the countryside and did not want to spend all their time in trains. A mix-up in communications occurred, and we found ourselves locked into Golden Week. We could have jettisoned the whole thing, but didn't. Instead we started planning our journey.

Renting cars in Japan is "not recommended for novices," in the terse phrase of *Gateway to Japan*, which I would describe as the best guidebook to the country that I have encountered if it hadn't been written by my sister-in-law, June, and her ex-boyfriend. (The book actually is very good, though all the prices and some of the hotel and restaurant recommendations are outdated because June has been too busy with other things to produce a recent version.) As *Gateway* notes, car-rental prices are high, tolls are astonishingly costly, and in any big city, mass transit makes driving unnecessary. But these reasons are not why the experts advise tourists not to rent cars. The real problem is Japanese cartography.

Japanese maps tend to come in two varieties: small, schematic, and bewildering; and large, fantastically detailed, and bewildering. The first kind is found on promotional material, such as the information given to hotel guests. Consisting of Kandinsky-esque sprays of arrows and geometric shapes, these maps confound even the Japanese—witness the confused, map-clutching people constantly outside the *kobans*, or police kiosks, in every urban neighborhood. We were faxed this kind of map by a car-rental agency in Okayama, a midsize city between Kyoto and Hiroshima, where we decided to begin our trip. Although the agency was only 200 yards from the train station, we spent half an hour trying to find it.

The second kind of map is relied on by all Japanese drivers. With good reason:

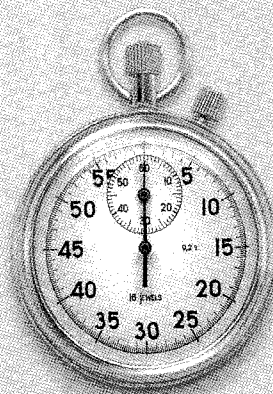
KENNETH HAMM/PHOTO JAPAN

Japan's road network, which dodges mountain ridges and sharp valleys and traces the nation's fractally complex coastline, is hopelessly convoluted. The most readily available dual-language road map with the requisite detail is the *Shobunsha Japan Road Atlas*, obtainable at Web sites like Omnimap.com and Maps2anywhere.com (shop around, because prices vary wildly). It is the size of a small telephone book, but we carried it gratefully.

Golden Week traditionally begins, each April 29, with Greenery Day, a celebration of the environment. On this day millions of Japanese get into their cars and sit in traffic jams for hours, belching exhaust into the air. Last year the government decided to make a change. It decreed that starting next year, April 29 will be Showa Day, in honor of the man known inside Japan as the Emperor Showa and outside Japan as Hirohito. (Greenery Day will move to May 4.)

We set out, along with everyone else, on Greenery Day. Our first stop was Kurashiki, a canal-lined coastal town just outside Okayama, whose historic rice-merchant quarter has been converted into elegant museums, cafés, and shops selling local Bizen pottery. During Golden Week the town holds a night festival in the quarter. With the canals lighted by lanterns at water level, a single gondola-like boat moved slowly down the channel, carrying a kimono-clad woman who played the *erhu*, the two-string Chinese violin. The sobbing, ultra-Romantic plaint of the strings, the lights flickering over the musician's white kimono and the restored black and white walls of the buildings, the delicious scent of *yakisoba* and octopus balls in the air—it was extraordinary. Looking forward to teasing my sister-in-law, I loudly mocked *Gateway*'s warning to "avoid visiting" Kurashiki during "national holidays"—until we went to our hotel.

Japan has three basic types of accommodation: Western-style hotels, *ryokan*, and *minshuku*. Outside the big cities, where they are haunted by business-people, the first type tends to be dreary and cramped—we have stayed in one with so little space that two people couldn't walk around the room at the same time. *Ryokan* are the posh Japanese inns one reads about in travel brochures.



TWO SECONDS CAN BE A LIFETIME.

Time is precious before and after an accident. That's why we created our PRE-SAFE[®] and Tele Aid[†] systems. The PRE-SAFE system can detect potential accidents moments before they occur, and adjusts interior settings for better safety performance.

If an air bag or emergency tensioning device deploys, Tele Aid instantly notifies an Emergency Response Specialist. At Mercedes-Benz, safety engineering never stops.



Mercedes-Benz

MBUSA.com

*Only available on S-Class models. †Tele Aid equipment is standard on many models and optional on others. Subscription required. Operates only where cellular service and GPS are available.

©2005 Mercedes-Benz USA, LLC



IT'S NOT AN ORNAMENT. IT'S A BELIEF.

Simply put, it's the best or nothing. It's an unending commitment to pushing ourselves, and the automobile industry, constantly forward. And a philosophy that has never once wavered in over a century. At Mercedes-Benz, we've always been, and always will be, first in automobiles.

MBUSA.com

Please always wear your seat belt.

Sleeping accommodations feature futons and *kakebuton* (sheet-encased comforters) on tatami-mat floors. Breakfast and dinner consist of a large number of small, ornate dishes. Many have hot baths—*ofuro*—that overlook tiny, obsessively perfect gardens. *Minshuku* are more or less the same thing, but much cheaper—the closest Japanese equivalent to bed-and-breakfasts.

During Golden Week *ryokan* jack up their prices high enough to melt credit cards, and *minshuku* jack up their prices to usual *ryokan* levels. Practically speaking, though, the *ryokan* price hike made no difference to us—we couldn't find any unbooked *ryokan*. Alas, the only accommodation we could find was a *minshuku* in the foothill town of Bitchu-Takahashi, more than an hour by car from Kurashiki.

Within moments of our arrival we realized why the place still had openings when we were planning our trip, two months before Golden Week (the very last minute by Japanese standards). Located above the intersection of two busy truck routes into the mountains, the *minshuku* vibrated through the night like a gigantic Magic Fingers bed. Until that night I had believed that Japanese guesthouses were universally clean and welcoming. The hotelier here, however, trained as an opera singer, was profoundly disappointed by his current

paper-thin futons. Waking up with back spasms, our friends saw the kanji on the wall. They announced that they were done with travel during Golden Week and decamped for Kyoto, where they had other friends.

My wife and I were too stubborn to quit. Besides, we wanted to see Chiiori. Co-owned by the expatriate writer and critic Alex Kerr, Chiiori (the House of the Flute) is a nearly 300-year-old thatch-roofed farmhouse in a tiny hamlet in the Iya Valley, one of the least-developed places in technophilic Japan. The house is intended to exemplify a traditional balance between mankind and nature, a balance Kerr believes Japan has lost. It is heated entirely by a smoky *irori* hearth, a square hole cut into the floor in the middle of the room. People sleep communally, ten or more at a time, around the *irori*.

The staff had suggested we not go there by car, because we would get lost. We ignored their advice, and got lost. Part of the reason was that even our detailed road atlas didn't have enough detail. But another part was that in the Japanese countryside, nobody seems to know where anything is—the flip side of the wonderful national propensity for staying in the same place for generations. (Once we went to a children's-book museum—the Japanese have a penchant for small, idiosyncratic muse-

this way I discovered that the path was on the edge of a six-foot drop. Fortunately, I landed in a big thorn bush.

In the morning we were glad we had made the journey. Chiiori overlooks a steep valley that was mysterious with morning fog. When the mist cleared, the big sleeping room had a view of mountains as black and spiny as those in ink drawings. That evening we went to a country *onsen* (a public bath in a mineral hot spring), blissfully uncrowded even during Golden Week, from which we could see the stars. (The steaming water felt good on my cuts and bruises, too.)

But my favorite part of Shikoku wasn't actually on Shikoku itself but on Naoshima, a little island in the strait between Shikoku and the mainland. Access is via a short ferry ride. The ferry docks at a former fishing village, from which visitors can take a bus to Benesse House, one of the best of Japan's innumerable private art museums.

Tadao Ando, arguably Japan's most prominent architect, designed the museum, using the polished concrete that is his signature. The collection is small, wholly contemporary, and carefully selected, as if the guiding principle were "Choose only two works from each artist, and make them both count." Visitors can stay in an attached hotel or, as we did, in big *pao* (Mongolian-style yurts) by the beach. The museum extends into the village, where four old houses have been transformed into art installations, of which our favorite was Tatsuo Miyajima's "Sea of Time," from 1998. In an elegant move, Miyajima built a large reflecting pool *inside* the house and created a reflected "starscape" by placing small, softly blinking neon numbers beneath the surface.

Watching the numbers wink on and off, I imagined the installation as emblematic of Japan's fascinating simultaneous embrace of tradition and high technology. In a few hours we would be driving back to Okayama, and then returning to Tokyo. When we left, after a walk on the beach, we promised ourselves we would come back to Shikoku—but not during Golden Week. ▀

Charles C. Mann is an Atlantic correspondent and the author of 1491: New Revelations of the Americas Before Columbus.

Japanese maps tend to come in two varieties: small, schematic, and bewildering; and large, fantastically detailed, and bewildering.

occupation. We guests were not spared his moods. Nor were we spared the three-inch poisonous centipede that crawled out of the shower drain.

Matters scarcely improved in the small city of Matsuyama, which sits at one end of the staggeringly long—and staggeringly expensive—toll bridge across the Inland Sea. Because the *minshuku* we would be staying in had faxed us a map, we spent only about two hours finding our accommodations after we hit the city. Our hosts were much nicer than in Bitchu-Takahashi, but the rooms were even worse, with

ums—near the common tourist destination of Kanazawa. When we finished our visit, we asked half a dozen people, all locals, how to get to the highway to Kanazawa, a road we knew was within a mile. None could tell us. "Nobody goes there," one said.)

When we finally found Chiiori, darkness had long since fallen. The Chiiori Web site describes the accommodations as "primitive." One definition of the word might be "reachable only by a long, narrow path with no lights." Wrangling our wheeled suitcase over a stone, I inadvertently stepped off the path. In

FOOD

Sweet Tea

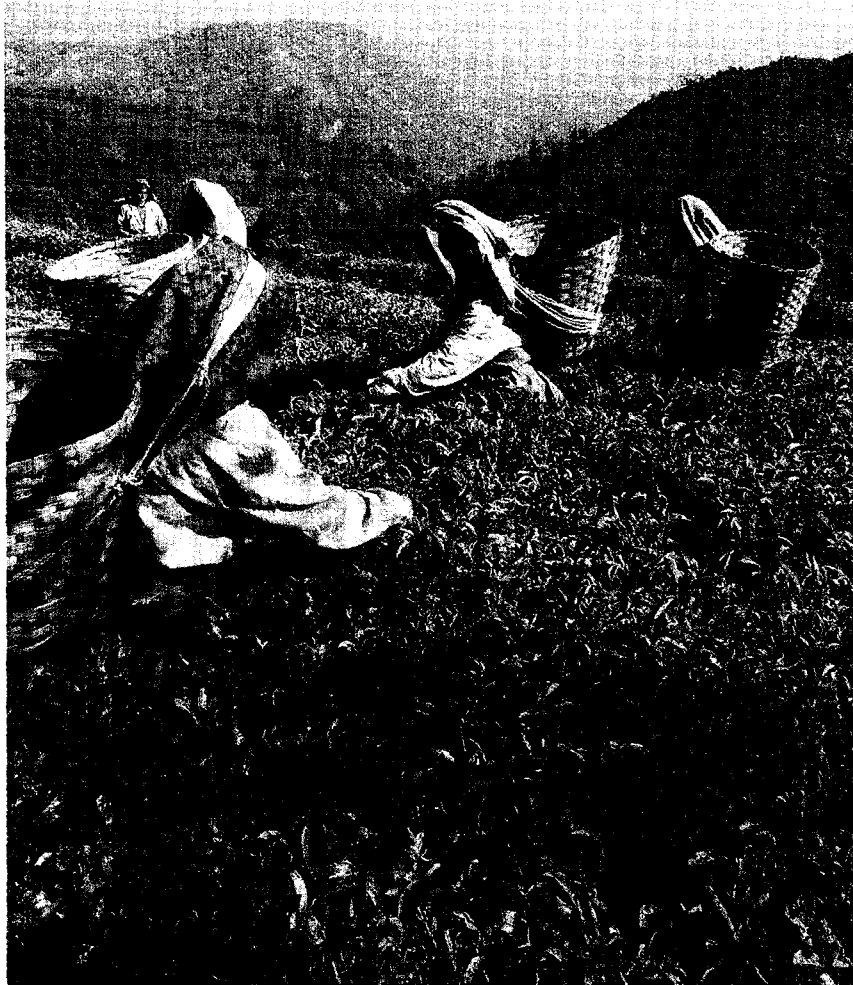
Can one of the world's oldest drinks help solve one of this country's newest problems—the sugar epidemic? Two idealistic entrepreneurs think so

BY CORBY KUMMER

Even someone who ingests indecent quantities of sugar on a daily basis, as I do, understands that certain things can be too sweet. Specifically, sodas and other bottled drinks, which the nutrition realist Marion Nestle, author of *Food Politics* and the new *What to Eat*, calls “liquid candy.” Candy is one thing—especially good candy, which even Nestle, a founding member of what resentful hedonists and industry apologists call the “food police,” endearingly admits to eating more often than she would like her readers to know. And I could hardly survive without my peculiar daily ration of leftover chocolate-spice frosting, which Maria’s Pastry in the North End, Boston’s Italian neighborhood, saves for me. Yet there’s something intolerable about commercial sweetened drinks.

That something is the kind of sugar most of them use. High-fructose corn syrup has been blamed for any number of ills, primarily its role in the 74 percent increase in obesity that this country has seen since 1991, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. *The New York Times* recently documented a concurrent epidemic of diabetes, especially among minority urban populations, that has renewed alarm about the high-sugar, high-fat diet of children. My loyalty to a line of bottled drinks that contain the right kind of sugar, and not too much of it, led me to wonder what made them better, and whether they might be a plausible substitute for the drinks many children find in school vending machines.

Apparently the kind of sugar added to a food or drink has a strong effect not only on flavor but also on health. The dramatic rise in obesity parallels the takeover, in the 1980s, of high-fructose corn syrup from cane and beet sugars.



Only in the 1970s did researchers succeed in converting cornstarch to syrup, at a time when the federal government was increasing its already heavy subsidies for corn farmers. The result was that conglomerates could sell truckloads of the new sweetener for less than they cost to produce. The food industry took high-fructose corn syrup as a margin-increasing godsend, and used it to put the sweet into sweet-and-sour ketchup, make nonfat yogurt palatable, and give semi-eternal shelf life to oddly soft, plastic-packaged bread. Greg Critser, the author of *Fat Land*, and Michael Pollan, the author of the new *The Omnivore’s Dilemma*, have helped make this

Plucking tea leaves at the Makaibari Tea Estates, Darjeeling, India

history familiar, and almost every consumer watchdog group in the land has attacked the advertising that coerces children to pump colas and seemingly innocuous fruit drinks, which are practically straight corn syrup, into their innocent bodies.

Less familiar are studies positing a mechanism for the still-disputed link between high-fructose corn syrup and obesity. These center on the different hormonal effects of fructose versus glucose. Fructose doesn’t stimulate the production of insulin or trigger the

A SOUTHERN PICNIC

Iced tea and what to serve with it

Iced tea. Southerners are most particular about how they make it; John Martin Taylor initiates non-southerners in *Hoppin' John's Lowcountry Cooking* (1992).

Fried chicken. The definitive recipe is by the late Edna Lewis, was perfected by Scott Peacock in *The Gift of Southern Cooking* (2003), and requires a cast-iron pan, buttermilk, butter, lard, and country ham.

Biscuits. Buy the buttermilk biscuit mix from White Lily Flour, at www.whitelily.com—probably the best solution for anyone not born in the South with a biscuit hand.

Pickles. John Egerton, author of the authoritative *Southern Food*, has teamed up with Bill Kamman, of Pops' Pepper Patch Inc., in Louisville, Kentucky, to sell autographed jars of superior sweet but hot "SOS Sharpie" pickles to help rebuild restaurants kneecapped by Hurricane Katrina; call 502-523-6154 to order a jar.

Peach cobbler. Try it with cornmeal cream biscuits from Karen Barker's *Sweet Stuff* (2004), a baking book especially good on pies.

production of leptin, a hormone that controls appetite. It doesn't suppress ghrelin, a hunger stimulus. Table sugar does send signals of satiety and curb appetite, however temporarily. And the liver converts fructose to fat more efficiently than it converts glucose. To add (canned) icing to the cake, the fats the liver produces from fructose are triglycerides, which are bad for the heart.

The studies on hormones and fat production—mostly conducted by Peter Havel, of the University of California, Davis, and John Bantle, of the University of Minnesota—are still controversial, and naturally the corn industry refutes them. (It won't be happy, either, about a forthcoming book by Gary Taubes on high-protein diets, which further explores the connection between high-fructose corn syrup and weight gain.) The industry points out that obesity levels have

risen in many countries that don't subsidize corn and that sweeten most commonly with beet and cane sugars. Besides, high-fructose corn syrup isn't all fructose: 45 percent of it is glucose. Many researchers, including Havel, spread the blame beyond high-fructose corn syrup. Levelheaded nutritionists like Nestle and Walter Willett, the author of *Eat, Drink, and Be Healthy*, agree that more important than the rise of fructose is the invasion of cheap sugars into the American diet.

My own case against high-fructose corn syrup is that what little flavor it has is strangely violent: drinks sweetened with corn syrup taste like only their usually artificial flavorings, and the effect is a clobbering sweetness, as if someone had come up behind you, held your nose, and poured syrup down your throat. Artificial sweeteners—distinctively bitter saccharin (pink packets) or the milder, ethanol-like aspartame (blue)—are founts of flavor by comparison. (Rich Cohen's new *Sweet and Low* makes the family history of a sweetener more dramatic and entertaining than you'd ever imagine it.) Cane syrup, which artisan soda makers have revived, seems by comparison complex and nuanced—as I believe almost all forms of cane sugar, especially true brown sugar, to be.

In drinks, less sugar is the key, and what sugar there is should be good. Hence my interest in Honest Tea.

Iced tea is the most refreshing of summer drinks. In the South, of course, it is a commodity, served from upright metal tanks with spigots. Usually it is very sweet and laced with lemon, and the tea flavor practically vanishes; or it is harsh and bitter, like Nestea's powdered mix and most bottled iced teas. Small wonder that in many bottled versions tea is a nearly forgotten background to blaring fruit flavors. Anyone whose summers meant powerful, not overly sweet homemade iced tea knows that tea should be the primary flavor, and that a glass of iced tea is as refreshing and pure as a swim in a cool stream.

Honest Tea has many virtues, all of them implied by its punning name. But the primary ones are that it tastes like tea, isn't too sweet, and doesn't use high-fructose corn syrup. Among com-

mercial iced teas it is the closest to the homemade tea of my childhood—and in some ways better. That tea, carefully steeped for what my grandmother called "tea essence," sweetened while hot, and chilled so as not to cloud it, started with bags of indifferent tea. Honest Tea starts with very good Indian and Chinese loose-leaf tea, steeped exactly as tea experts dictate: loose, in just-boiled water.



Black and green tea being sorted

The stories of Honest Tea's trial and error—sediment at the bottom of early bottles; big, laundry bag-like tea balls bursting and spraying hot, wet tea leaves all over the factory floor and ceiling—have appealed to journalists and the tea's many fans. So have the doughty attempts of Seth Goldman and Barry Nalebuff, two idealistic men with a business plan, modest start-up funding, and no experience, to establish a new bottled beverage with a do-good image in a fiercely competitive industry not known for its charitable deeds.

Goldman, the son of the Russia scholar Marshall Goldman and the China scholar Merle Goldman, went to Yale's School of Management, known for the use in its curriculum of the nonprofit sector, where he heard Nalebuff, one of his professors, pose a question during a discussion of cola marketing: Why were soft drinks either way too sweet or artificially sweetened, with nothing in between? Nalebuff later looked into the tea industry in India and found that very good tea cost almost nothing more to brew than bad tea. Several business plans, rounds of family and personal fundraising, and many kitchen tea tastings later, Honest Tea rolled up to

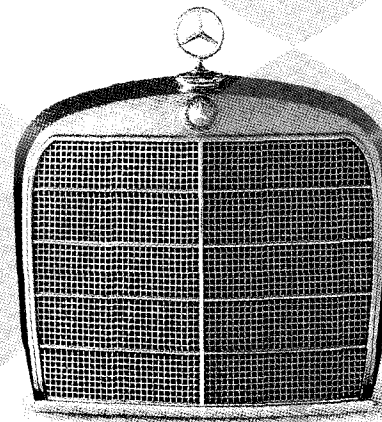
supermarkets and convenience stores. (Often it rolled around downtown Bethesda, Maryland, where Honest Tea has its offices and modest test kitchen, in Goldman's U-Haul, or in the trunk of his wife's car to and from the homeless shelter where she then worked.)

Now in its ninth year, Honest Tea comes in eighteen flavors (two new ones, Just Black and Just Green, are unsweetened) and is on the shelves of stores across the country, including the entire Whole Foods chain and some Target stores. (Starbucks owns its own tea company, Tazo, which makes a lightly sweetened, organic iced tea that tastes fine but is not as pure-flavored as Honest Tea.) Goldman says the company will break even for the first time next month.

Fundraising has gotten easier. The cartoonist Berkeley Breathed (who later drew the label for Honest Tea's Peach Oo-La-Long) and the writer Andrew Tobias wrote fan letters and then checks to invest in the small, privately held company; one woman who simply liked the product eventually wrote a check for \$250,000. (The company asks fans who send only good wishes to spread the word—it spends no money on advertising except in a few trade journals.) In the most recent round of fundraising, Goldman and Nalebuff had to turn away investors—and also companies that wanted to invest a little too much. If they decide to sell, Goldman says, it will be on their own terms, after the company has become profitable.

All very colorful, and admirable too. Royalties from sales of its herbal peppermint First Nation tea go to Native American groups in Montana. Some of its tea is "Fair Trade," meaning guaranteed to put part of the profits into the hands of the people who raised and picked it. (Why not all the tea? Supplies of Fair Trade-certified tea are sometimes limited in the varieties Goldman needs. And sometimes the company can't afford the surplus cost of certification.)

Goldman takes as a hero and model Cary Hirshberg, the founder and CEO of Stonyfield Farms, which has built a national organic brand of yogurt and marketed to parents concerned about their children's health. Hirshberg sits on the Honest Tea board, and Goldman,



LOOK BACK, AND YOU CAN SEE THE FUTURE.

You can see innovations like the world's first crumple zones, the Electronic Stability Program and PRE-SAFE®, a revolutionary safety system that actually helps to prepare the vehicle's interior for a collision before a possible impact. And we're just getting started. At Mercedes-Benz, we've always been, and always will be, first in automobiles.

MBUSA.com

Please always wear your seat belt.

©2005 Mercedes-Benz USA, LLC



CAN AN ENTIRE INDUSTRY BE GUIDED BY ONE STAR?

Absolutely. In fact, it has been for over a century. Mercedes-Benz has innovated so many industry firsts that you'll find our technology in cars of every shape and size all over the globe. At Mercedes-Benz, we've always been, and always will be, first in automobiles.

MBUSA.com

Please always wear your seat belt.

Reason #12 to own a ThermoSpas Hot Tub



Self-Contained

There's only one hot tub that seats 5 adults, has 20 water jets, and includes filtration and heating systems plus plugs into a 110 volt outlet and requires no connection to your home's plumbing.

Call now to learn all the reasons and receive a FREE DVD & Brochure.

800-206-8585

ThermoSpas
Luxurious Hot Tubs Made Affordable

Call Now to Receive a FREE \$1,000 OFFER

Which includes:

- Free Delivery a \$450 Value
- Free Chemicals a \$150 Value
- And a \$400 Cash Coupon

No Obligation to Buy. Good For 1 Year.

Costa Rica 10 Day Tour \$995
Rainforests, Volcanoes, Beaches
Fully Escorted and All Inclusive



53 Years
Since 1952

See our other \$995 Affordable Tours

- Mexico's Copper Canyon Train
- Canadian Rockies with Glacier Park
- Grand Canyon, Bryce & Zion Park
- ...and more, call or visit our website

Free 28 Page Color Brochure

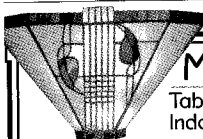
1-800-Caravan

CaravanTours.com

Life at the Cafe Berlitz

A fresh and saucy memoir
of Paris in the '50s
by Marilyn Tarantino

Available at Amazon.com
or \$15ppd from cafeberlitz@yahoo.com



MISSION LIGHTS

Table and Floor Lamps
Indoor & Outdoor Fixtures

◀ Dale Tiffany's Henderson /conce

www.thebrightspot.com ☎ (800) 736-0126

as a friend and colleague, recently observed his attempts to get Stonyfield products into school vending machines. Could Honest Tea, he wondered, do the same thing?

The question took on some urgency at the beginning of this school year, when Goldman learned to his shock that the public elementary school where all three of his sons had gone—and for which, as head of the school's foundation, he had helped raise more than \$200,000—had put a soda machine right next to the new gym's exit. Although it would be in service only after school

don't allow. Beverage companies generally supply the machines, which need maintenance; Goldman doesn't want to spend the money or to send his team around to make repairs. And big beverage companies have sales forces just for schools, which Honest Tea can't afford.

But if parents and schools band together, they can put better snacks and drinks into vending machines. The parents at Goldman's local school managed to get the sodas and the picture of a brand-name soda removed, but Goldman calls it "a Pyrrhic victory"—the machine is still there, selling sugar-laced fruit drinks. A school system in Minnesota has put

Drinks sweetened with corn syrup taste like only their flavorings, and the effect is a clobbering sweetness, as if someone had come up behind you, held your nose, and poured syrup down your throat.

hours, the machine stood just where children would be thirstiest. Similarly horrified parents insisted that it be removed. (Many cities and states have outlawed such machines; others place restrictions on hours of operation and on drinks that contain high-fructose corn syrup. A recently introduced amendment to the National School Lunch Act, which has bipartisan support, would regulate all food and drink sold in school vending machines with an eye to whether they promote obesity or chronic illness.) Here, far too close to home, was a point on the carbohydrate continuum that Goldman once heard described at a convenience-store convention: "We want 'em to go from apple juice to soda to beer."

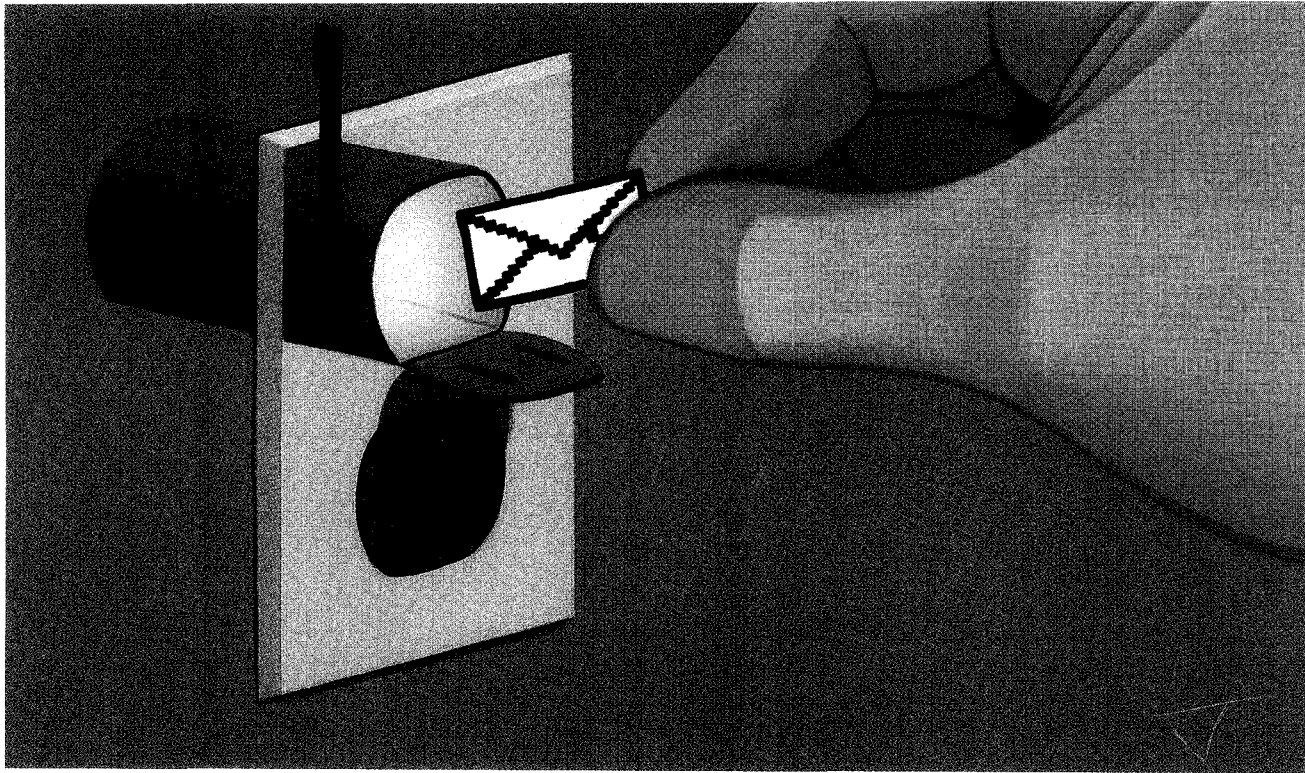
If a school in Montgomery County, Maryland, one of the country's richest per capita, feels compelled to raise a few hundred dollars a month from a vending machine selling syrup-laced sodas, Goldman says, imagine trying to change schools all over the country. The challenges to Honest Tea in schools start with distribution and profit margins: schools earn from big-business beverages. They go on to include caffeine, which some schools ban and many others are concerned about, and extend to glass bottles, which schools usually

Honest Tea in its vending machines. The local success story is the Sidwell Friends School, in Washington, D.C., which subsidizes Honest Tea there by charging the same for it as for Coke even though it gets less per bottle. And Goldman admits that Coke still outsells Honest Tea.

But that may change, and Honest Tea will be ready. Two years ago it began bottling in plastic, partly to get into more vending machines, especially in schools. Four of its teas are decaf or herbal. Last year the company launched two flavors of Honest Ade (limeade and cranberry lemonade), and it just launched one with pomegranate, grape, and blueberry juices. I tasted the pomegranate ade when I visited the Honest Tea offices recently. It was pleasant, with a slight tartness and a strong fruit flavor. It contains half as much sugar as most other fruit drinks (Goldman claims that all Honest Aides use less than half as much sugar as similar drinks from Snapple, his closest competitor).

This is what should refresh students coming out of the gym. Of course, there's always tap water. But however good it may be for health, it doesn't have that small amount of real sugar—and I know what it takes to get through a day. ▀

Corby Kummer is a senior editor of The Atlantic.



TECHNOLOGY

E-mail out of Every Plug

Broadband sent over power lines offers Internet access everywhere in your house—and could also offer the country a way to save energy

BY JAMES FALLOWS

The longer I have watched the technology world develop, the more cautious I've become about predicting what will happen next. Products that seem destined to catch on often fade and vanish; companies, ideas, and even business leaders with the odds stacked against them somehow prevail. In the early 1980s, Xerox introduced its Star computer, which had most of the intuitive, easy-to-use features that Apple offered a few years later with huge fanfare in the Macintosh (and that Microsoft eventually added to Windows). Now the Star is long forgotten, while Apple and Windows live on. Ten years ago, as the much-loved WordPerfect was being eclipsed by Microsoft Word, and Lotus 1-2-3 by Microsoft Excel, it would have seemed foolish to bet that Adobe, a Microsoft competitor with nothing like its resources, could establish its PDF (Portable Document Format) as a

standard. Now PDF technology is ubiquitous, thanks to luck and to Adobe's decision to distribute Reader software free, as part of its "Adobe everywhere" strategy.

Technologies developed originally for one purpose often prove most important in other, unforeseen ways. The most famous example is the Internet itself. Its novel system of communication—messages are broken into many tiny "packets" of information, each of which follows the least-congested path toward the destination the instant it is sent—was intended to let the network survive damage after a nuclear attack. So far its real importance has been allowing the worldwide Internet to expand constantly with amazingly few bottlenecks.

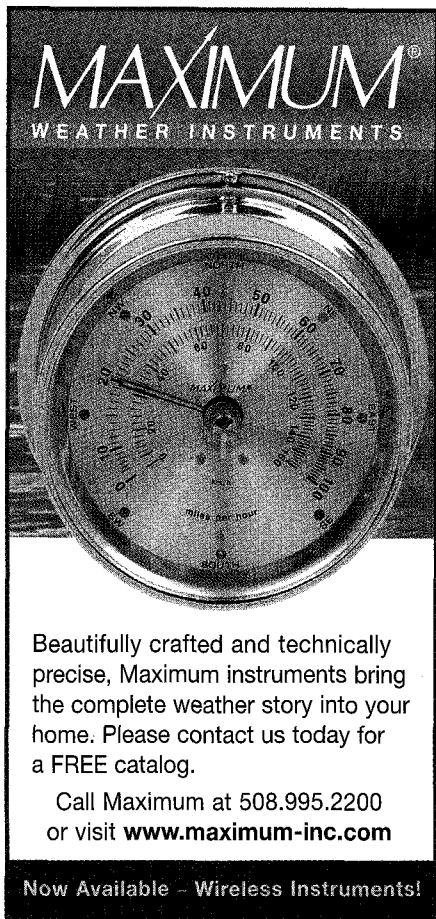
My nominee for the innovation now mutating into the most interesting new forms is a technology called Broadband over Power Lines, or BPL (about which I first wrote in *The New York Times* two

years ago). For years it has been touted as the answer to a problem that, it now appears, will be solved in other ways. But meanwhile it is providing a useful new service for consumers. It could even play a part in addressing environmental and national-security concerns.

The concept behind BPL is that the same wires that carry electric power to homes and offices—at higher voltage across trunk lines and at (usually) 110 volts inside a building—can also carry high-speed Internet traffic. Somehow this seems harder to believe than the fact that a single wire from a cable-TV company can handle e-mail and Web signals while also bringing in TV programs. When you look at a Boeing 747 on the ground, you don't think it can fly; when you stare at an electric outlet, you don't think e-mail can come out of it. But it can. The reason, to oversimplify, is that a wire can simultaneously carry signals at a variety of frequencies, from sixty cycles per second for electric power to 3 million cycles per second and up for Internet data.

The initial promise of BPL was to help solve the Internet's "last mile" problem, which until recently seemed a major concern. The last mile is the distance between main data lines and

MAXIMUM®
WEATHER INSTRUMENTS



Beautifully crafted and technically precise, Maximum instruments bring the complete weather story into your home. Please contact us today for a FREE catalog.

Call Maximum at 508.995.2200 or visit www.maximum-inc.com

Now Available - Wireless Instruments!

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

The Resurrection of the Christ Within You

Paramahansa Yogananda

From the acclaimed author of *Autobiography of a Yogi* comes a revelatory commentary on the original teachings of Jesus.

\$58.00

Self-Realization Fellowship
FOUNDED IN 1920 BY PARAMAHANSA YOGANANDA
www.yogananda-srf.org

JUST France

SUPERIOR AND LUXURY VILLAS AND APARTMENTS
RENTALS AND SALES

PROVENCE • PARIS • BIARRITZ • COTE D'AZUR • LOIRE • DORDOGNE
610-407-9633 www.justfrance.com

Dachshund Floor Lamp
by JorgeLiving



www.jorgeliving.com/fam 800.935.6043

individual homes, businesses, and schools. It was seen as a social problem, because extending coverage to remote areas was costly and slow. Cable-TV companies have had an advantage over phone companies in solving last-mile issues, since cable for TV, which can carry Internet traffic, already reaches many homes, far more than are close enough to a phone switching station to

frequencies that would interfere with hams, but this makes BPL slightly less efficient. For these and other reasons, "there's going to be no single solution for covering the last mile," says Theodore Schell, a former Sprint executive who is now involved in BPL startups. "Power lines will be one very effective tool in a toolbox of wireless, fiber, and other forms of last-mile transport."

"In-house BPL" allows you to create an Internet access point, or another WiFi hotspot, wherever you have an electric outlet. It's simple to set up.

receive DSL service. But since virtually all homes and other buildings are already connected to the electric grid, BPL could in theory offer near-universal broadband coverage at very low capital cost. Toward this end the Federal Communications Commission has issued rulings and standards to promote the spread of BPL.

This way of delivering Internet service, known in the trade as "Access BPL," will probably be one part of America's eventual broadband system. But it is rarely discussed anymore as a cure-all. In part this is because it is being complemented, leapfrogged, and in some cases outflanked by other technologies, including new forms of wireless strong and fast enough to eliminate last-mile problems by broadcasting from transmission towers to surrounding neighborhoods.

Access BPL has also been hindered by ferocious opposition from the Amateur Radio Relay League, or ARRL, which represents ham-radio operators. Whenever electric current is sent through an unshielded wire, the wire becomes an antenna that broadcasts radio waves. The ARRL points out on its Web site and in letter-writing campaigns that the signals resulting from BPL transmission can create static on the frequencies used by hams (as normal electric transmissions do not). The more electric lines are used to transmit data, the group warns, the harder it will be for hams to do work that matters—such as coordinating rescues, as they did after Hurricane Katrina. Some BPL companies have "notched" their transmissions to avoid

What, then, is the point of discussing BPL? For the average user, BPL offers about the only way to work around one of the rarefied discontents of the modern computer age: not having broadband access wherever you want it.

Sure, you have a high-speed Internet connection coming to your house, via cable, DSL, or some other means. And you feed that connection into a router, so that you can link other computers to the Internet directly with Ethernet cable or via a home WiFi network. If you're in a modern dorm or office building, Ethernet cable has already been snaked through the walls to provide access points in every room. But most houses aren't pre-wired, and most large or multi-story houses have dead spots that the WiFi coverage can't reach.

This is where another form of the technology, "In-House BPL," comes in. It allows you to create an Internet access point, or another WiFi hotspot, wherever you have an electric outlet. Considering the difference it makes, it is simple to set up.

You buy one adapter that converts your incoming Internet signal to a form that will travel through your home electric system. These adapters are about the size of a thick cell phone, and good ones are available for well under \$100 (and prices are beginning to fall as the devices become more popular). I have both the Netgear XE102 and the Linksys PlusB10; a full list of suppliers is available on the Web site of the industry's standard-setting

organization, the HomePlug Powerline Alliance. You connect the adapter to your router or modem by Ethernet cable, and you plug the adapter into any outlet on the wall.

From that point on, your home wiring is also an Internet carrier. You can plug in a second, similar adapter anywhere else in the house and have an instant Ethernet port (yes, that means spending another \$50 to \$100). Or you can plug a different model, like the Netgear WGX102 (similar size and price), into any socket and create a new WiFi zone. (The adapters now available can create either an Ethernet port or a WiFi hotspot, but not both.) You can move one of these adapters from room to room or leave several of them permanently in place. On early models, the transmission speed through the electric wires was noticeably slower than through a direct connection; BPL technology is improving so fast that now there is little speed penalty. These in-home systems have escaped opposition from the ham-radio operators, both because they radiate less interference than transmission on outdoor lines and because they are "notched" to protect the hams.

That's the benefit to the individual. The potential benefit to the country comes from another emerging BPL feature: "smart grid" operations.

The nation's electric system is indispensable to modern life but in many ways old-fashioned. As anyone who has lived through a long post-storm power outage knows, it can take electric companies hours or days to figure out exactly where the problem is and how many customers have been affected. "It's a one-way broadcast of energy," says Bill Berkman, the chairman of a BPL company called Current Communications. "The companies have no knowledge whatsoever about whether the power is getting to consumers, whether enough is getting there, how the load is balanced across the system." His company's business includes installing small sensors on transformers and utility poles, which send status reports back to the head office over the power lines using BPL data-carrying technology. "You can monitor the voltage, the tilt of the pole, the

The Toughest Glue On Planet Earth.

Bonds hundreds of materials including wood, stone, metal, ceramic & more! Incredibly strong & 100% waterproof!

1-800-966-3458 • www.gorillaglu.com

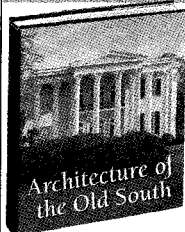
The Toughest Tape On Planet Earth.



Extra Thick. Extra Stick. New Gorilla Tape sticks to things ordinary tapes simply can't.

1-800-966-3458 • www.gorillatape.com

BOOKS ABOUT THE SOUTH



Ten celebrated volumes by Mills Lane surveying the best historical buildings from Maryland through Georgia to Louisiana.

visit our web site or call for catalogue
www.southernhistory.org
1-800-896-9772

THE BEEHIVE FOUNDATION
Savannah, Georgia



The world's finest shaving products

www.trafalgarshop.com 1-877-821-8492

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL

Since 1989

UPTON TEA IMPORTS

Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas

1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing over 350 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea

www.uptontea.com

34A Hayden Rowe St. * Hopkinton, MA 01748



Coleus Confetti

The show that runs all summer

If you could only grow one type of plant, you might well choose Coleus. Its leaves are endlessly varied in color, texture, size, and shape, and adaptable to a range of light conditions from full sun to shade. Whether combined in annual containers or mingled with perennials, Coleus is easy to care for and lasts until the first frost of fall.

Our collection of 6 varieties, called Coleus Confetti, creates a brilliant tapestry of maroon, cream, chartreuse, bronze, rose, green, and rusty orange. To order, visit our Web site or call 1-800-503-9624 and ask for item S87114, 6 plants for \$36 plus delivery. Your Coleus will be delivered, with full instructions for care, at the right time for spring planting. Please mention Source Code 61052.

Our spring catalogue and Web site offer more preplanned collections grown and tested at our nursery, as well as hundreds of top-quality plants to use in designs of your own. We look forward to serving you. Success is guaranteed.

White Flower Farm

whiteflowerfarm.com

Abebooks
abebooks.com

Batdorf & Bronson
www.batdorf.com

British Airways, Plc
www.ba.com/clubworld

Caravan Tours
CaravanTours.com

Chevron
www.willyoujoinus.com

CoffeeMakersEtc
www.coffeemakersetc.com

Colonial Williamsburg
www.ColonialWilliamsburg.com

ConocoPhillips
www.conocophillips.com

Domini Social Investments
1-800-762-6814

eton corporation
www.etoncorp.com

Gary Weeks & Company Furniture
www.garyweeks.com

Irma Shorell, Inc.
www.longlostperfume.com

John Christian Designers & Craftsmen
ringbox.com

Junghans USA
www.junghansusa.com

Maximum Weather Instruments
www.maximum-inc.com

Paul Fredrick Menstyle
PaulFredrick.com/exclusive

R.E. Williams Contractor Inc.
www.REWCI.com

Romfab
www.FastExercise.com

RosettaStone
RosettaStone.com/ams066

Self Realization Fellowship
www.yogananda-srf.org

The Beehive Foundation
www.southernhistory.org

The Private Bank at The Bank of New York
866-461-8984

White Flower Farm
whiteflowerfarm.com

Connect directly with these advertisers
at www.theatlantic.com/store

FOR THE FIRST TIME, PERHAPS, A TENABLE HISTORY OF JESUS

It won't be found in the Bible. Critical examination of the New Testament Gospels reveals sloppy history, perhaps deliberately deceptive, giving a picture of Jesus more imaginative than factual. Most Christians seem not to notice or care—transcendentalism spins its own reality. But true realists, for whom historical accuracy matters, may be pleased with what the recently discovered *Gospel of Thomas* provides: 113 notes taken down by Thomas of perplexing things Jesus said. Such notes were probably made at the times they were heard and have not suffered alteration—the best kind of source for a history.

Jack Hannah in *You Will Not Taste Death: Jesus and Epicureanism* recognizes the notes as chronologically ordered and correlative with the skeletal history used in the *Gospel of Mark*. Hannah provides all the text of *Thomas* and all Marcan context, and upon this develops a narrative about Jesus that is tenably historical.

This *historical* Jesus based his teaching on the Epicurean philosophy; e.g. in place of Judaism's practices of fasting, praying, almsgiving, and obeying food laws, this *historical* Jesus said, "Tell no lie and do not do what you hate."

This *historical* Jesus never mentioned devil, demons, or hell. And the most radical influence of Epicureanism on Jesus' thought was that God and Caesar are man-made authorities and that one's ultimate authority should be oneself.

Hannah's book is 321 pgs., pbk., \$12 postpaid.

Please order by check or money order from:

**Frank Publishing, 1816 Springmill Road
Mansfield, OH 44903-8907**

oil pressure in the transformer drum—these all sound boring, but for a utility they are huge," Berkman says. The company has installed smart grid systems for utilities in California, Ohio, Texas, and elsewhere. The industry trade press is full of reports about potential huge savings to utilities through automated meter reading, easier maintenance, and other advantages of smart grids.

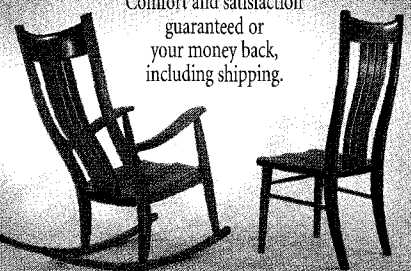
The real value of a self-sensing electrical system, according to Berkman and others, lies in the electrical generating plants it may keep from being built. This benefit comes from the possibility of using a smart grid's monitoring capacity to detect exactly when, where, and why power use is surging—and to shift or limit it in precise ways, to avoid costly spikes in demand. The bane of the power business is the "peak load" phenomenon—providing the extra 5 percent to 10 percent of power to run air conditioners on a summer afternoon or electric heaters in the winter. Meeting that small increase in demand is disproportionately expensive, because the extra generating capacity is usually more polluting and less efficient than the normal plants. "If you can reduce the peak even a little bit, you can reduce costs a lot, especially in some regions of the country," says Susan Tierney, a former utility regulator in Massachusetts (and my sister).

In principle, smart grid systems should be able to do just this. Devices on equipment with high power demand—air conditioners and refrigerators in the home, a wide variety of commercial equipment—could, with the customer's agreement, automatically slow or shut these appliances down briefly as peak demand neared. Or they could report, via thermostat readouts or some other measure, real-time price changes, so the customer could decide what to turn off. Many new power plants are built to meet peak-load demand. In much of the country building new plants is difficult or impossible because of environmental or other regulatory factors; in all parts of the country, power generation creates greenhouse gases or nuclear wastes. If BPL can reduce those, it's got my attention—as it's already got my customer loyalty. ▀

James Fallows is a national correspondent for The Atlantic.

GARY WEEKS & COMPANY
FURNITUREMAKERS
Rocking Chairs and Dining Furniture

Comfort and satisfaction
guaranteed or
your money back,
including shipping.

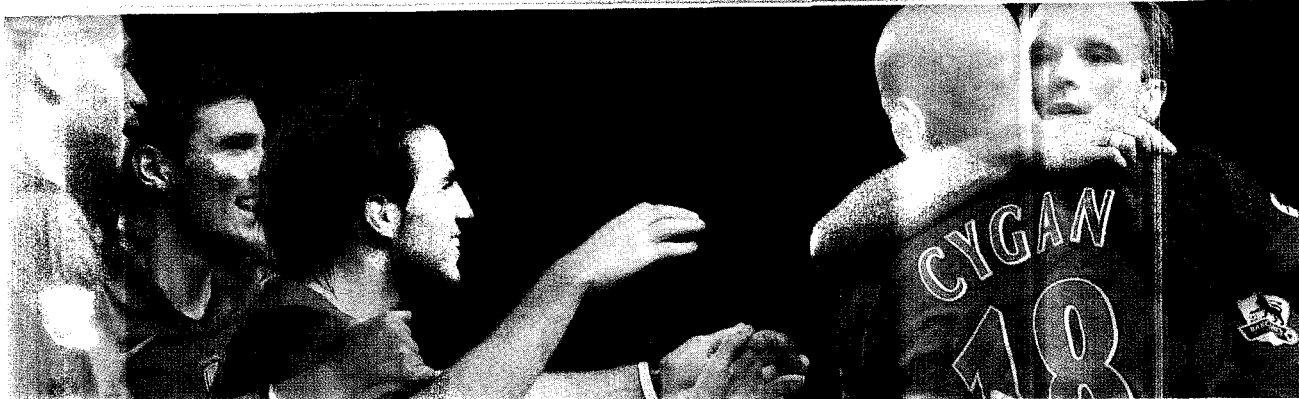


888-334-0307 www.garyweeks.com

10 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
200,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept TA
www.replacements.com



Wine Tours At Home . Com
"What an elegant way to spend an evening."
A truly unique gift !
888-466-5070
WWW.WINETOURSATHOME.COM



From left: Arsenal's Thierry Henry (France), Jose Antonio Reyes and Francesc Fabregas (Spain), Pascal Cygan (France), Dennis Bergkamp (Netherlands)

Non-native Sons

The globalization of soccer has distanced players from national fan bases—which is why the World Cup provokes such identity crises

BY GEOFFREY WHEATCROFT

When Germany and Costa Rica kick off the World Cup in Munich on June 9, a large part of mankind will be in a state of acute expectancy. Many of these fans will also have had to make a drastic switch of identities—to national sides composed of their compatriots, and away from nearby club teams that may include none of their compatriots at all. Things were much easier when you could support your local club and, if there were players on the team good enough to play for their (and your) country, you could support them in national colors every four years, wearing the white shirt of England rather than the red of Liverpool, or Spanish red and yellow rather than Real Madrid all-white. The globalization of soccer creates something of a quadrennial psychic trauma—though one that Americans may find difficult to understand.

Although there are plenty of Latin American baseball players, and European and African basketball players, has there ever been a Major League Baseball or NBA game without a single American citizen on a team? Consider the plight of the English soccer fan. At the beginning of March, to take one random example, Fulham played Arsenal (Arsenal winning 4–0, thanks to another entrancing performance by Thierry Henry, a Frenchman). Three players that day were odd men out: Zat Knight, Tony Warner, and Liam Rose-nior. They are actually English. The

other nineteen players who started the game were foreigners—from a total of fourteen nations.

This is a poignant outcome for what may be my country's greatest single gift to mankind. Pigs' bladders were hoofed about in villages throughout England beginning in the Middle Ages, and ball-kicking games were immemorially held in English towns. English public schools played their own arcane games, with the Rugby School giving its name to a species of football from which the NFL game ultimately descends.

To escape the confusion, a group of sportsmen met at a London pub in 1863 to draw up a common code for Association Football. Before long, the gruesome Oxonian line in diminutives—"Cuppers" for a cup match and "Div-vers" for a divinity exam—compressed the name from *association* into *soccer*. As A. J. P. Taylor said of this game, "By it the mark of England may well remain in the world when the rest of her influence has vanished."

At first soccer was played by amateurs, patrician and proletarian alike. In its early years the famous Football Association Challenge Cup, or FA Cup, was competed for by upper-class teams—the 1875 final was between Royal Engineers and Old Etonians—while many of the great clubs still with us began life as "works" teams, factory hands playing in their spare time. Manchester United was one such, and Arsenal was originally

what its name implies: the club from the arsenal, or ordnance factory, in London.

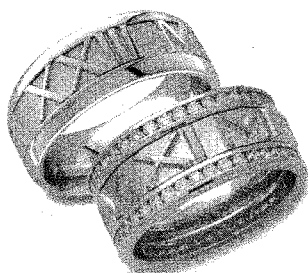
The game quickly spread throughout Europe and then beyond, carried by English businessmen and colonial officials. Distant echoes of the game's origins are still heard far away. Inter Milan, one of the two teams in that Italian city (both of which reached the final eight of this year's European club tournament), was called "Internazionale," which distinguished it from the other club, founded and managed by expat Englishmen, even if there isn't anything very *inglese* about AC Milan nowadays. And while Newcastle or Spurs players call the coach "Boss," players from Spanish and Portuguese clubs still call him "Mister," a relic from the days when he would have been an English exile.

When the World Cup began, in 1930, its specific purpose was to bring together what were by then the two great centers of the game: Europe and Latin America. While the English were too snooty to take part in that first competition (held in Uruguay), or the next two either, the United States was there, even beating Belgium and Paraguay before the Argentines brought it down to earth, 6–1, in the semifinals.

But international contests were only a bit of honey on the bread and butter of club football, which used to be almost parochial. Fifty years ago most players on Italian teams were Italian, as most on English teams were English—and quite often they were hometown boys. The exceptions proved the rule. In my remote boyhood in the 1950s, Newcastle had the Robledo brothers from Chile, who were unmistakably

JOHN CHRISTIAN

DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN



Anniversary Date
IN ROMAN NUMERALS!
December 11, 1998 = XII XI MCMXCVIII
Convert Your Date Online!

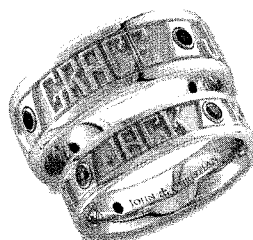


3 DAY
RUSH
AVAILABLE!

Diamond Heart
Your Names & Date



Raised
Family Crest
or **Monogram**



Children's
Names & Birthstones

14K GOLD: ANNIVERSARY \$790, ETERNITY \$3900, DIAMOND HEART \$1100,
FAMILY CREST \$990, MONOGRAM SIGNET \$790, MOTHER'S (UP TO 5 NAMES) \$490 - PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE

FREE CATALOGUE: RINGBOX.COM 1-888-646-6466

Families Have Saved Up To 50% On Heating Costs

And never have to buy fuel — wood, oil, gas, kerosene — ever again!

Hydro-Sil is a unique room-by-room heating system that can **save you hundreds of dollars** in home heating costs by replacing old and inefficient heating. It can replace or supplement your electric heat, gas or oil furnace and woodstoves.

Hydro-Sil represents economy in heating: inside the heater case is a sealed copper tube filled with a harmless silicone fluid. **It's permanent. You'll never run out.** "Hydro-Sil Energy Star" thermostat controls a variable watt hydro element that is only being supplied a proportional amount of power on an as-needed basis. When Hydro-Sil is turned on, the silicone liquid is quickly heated, and with its heat retention qualities, continues to heat after the Hydro element shuts off. Hydro-Sil's room-by-room "Energy Star" digital control technology greatly increases energy savings and comfort.



Proportional
"Energy Star"
thermostat!

Lifetime Warranty

Your Benefits with Hydro-Sil:

- Slash heating cost with Energy Star tech.
- Lifetime warranty. No service contracts
- Safe, complete peace of mind
- Clean, no fumes, environmentally safe
- U.L. listed
- Preassembled — ready to use
- No furnaces, ducts, or chimneys
- Portable (110V) or permanent (220V)
- Whole house heating or single room

220 VOLT PERMANENT	Approx. Area to Heat	Discount Price	Quantity
8' 2000 watts	250-300 s.f.	\$289	
6' 1500 watts	180-250 s.f.	\$259	
5' 1250 watts	130-180 s.f.	\$239	
4' 1000 watts	100-130 s.f.	\$219	
3' 750 watts	75-100 s.f.	\$189	
2' 500 watts	50-75 s.f.	\$169	
Thermostats	Call for options & exact heater needed		

110 VOLT PORTABLES (Thermostat Included)	Discount Price	Quantity
5' Hydro-Max 750-1500 watts	\$219	
4' Convecter — Dual watt	\$179	
3' 750 watts — Silicone	\$179	
\$15.00 shipping per heater	\$	
Total Amount	\$	

Order today or contact us for more info.

- Phone
- Web
- Mail

Check • MasterCard • Visa
1-800-627-9276

Visit our secure web site at
www.hydrosil.com

Hydro-Sil, P.O. Box, 662, Fort Mill, SC 29715

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ St _____ Zip _____
Phone _____
MasterCard or Visa Account Information:
Acct # _____
Expiration Date _____

exotics, and Manchester City had Bert Trautmann, who was a distinct oddity—a German prisoner of war who had stayed on in England, joined the club as goalkeeper, and entered the pantheon of his adopted country when he played through the 1956 FA Cup final with a broken neck.

Then the first great European team entered our lives, in the shape of Real Madrid. What distinguished the club in the late 1950s and early 1960s was that it was a team of many nations, the two greatest players being the Hungarian Ferenc Puskas and the Argentine Alfredo Di Stéfano. At that time an English club like Manchester United extended its reach no farther than the extremities of the British Isles, with the Irishman Billy Whelan playing alongside the brilliant Englishman Duncan Edwards on the wonderful young team. (Both were killed when a plane carrying the team crashed in Munich in 1958.)

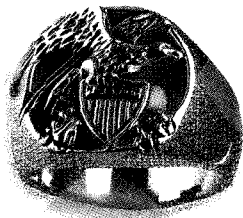
The globalization of soccer since the 1960s is epitomized by two matches: one on May 25, 1967, and the other on December 26, 1999. In the first of these, Celtic of Glasgow—led by "Jinky" Johnstone, a great-hearted five-foot-four winger who died in March—beat Inter Milan to become the first British winner of the European Cup. (Scotland has always had both a separate national team and a separate domestic league from England's, and Celtic was a year ahead of Manchester United, which, in 1968, became the first English club to win the cup—with a team that was "international" only in that it included the Scotsman Denis Law and the Ulsterman George Best.)

Most or possibly all of Johnstone's teammates were Catholics, since the city was notoriously divided on sectarian lines; at the time of Celtic's victory, and for years after, Glasgow Rangers, the Protestant club, had never had a Catholic player on the team. But there was something even more remarkable about Celtic then: not only was the team entirely Scottish, it contained no player who had been born more than thirty miles from the club stadium at Parkhead.

Now fast-forward to 1999, when Chelsea, playing Southampton, became the first club in the history of the Eng-

The Atlantic emporium

US EAGLE RING COLLECTION



Republic, 14K Gold

28 of our nation's most distinguished US eagles, masterfully handcrafted into the most striking ring collection in the world. Heavy in weight, extreme in detail, registered in the Library of Congress. Made in the US, 100% guaranteed. Call or write for a free brochure.

www.eaglerings.com
847.821.1333

CASCO BAY RAIN WRAP



CB
CASCO BAY
WOOL WORKS

Add style to your rainwear. This fresh change from a traditional raincoat is cut like a cape! Fine Italian fabric. Water resistant. Made in Maine. Hooded w/horn toggles for closure. Tan or ice blue. Pet./Med.=60" wide + 35" long, \$178.99. L/XL=63" wide + 38" long, \$188.99

www.cascobaywoolworks.com
888.222.9665

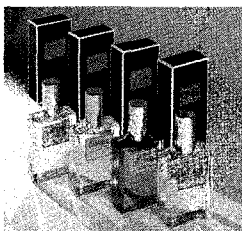
JUNGHANS USA



Accurate to 1 second in 1 million years, Junghans is the world leader in atomic and solar watch technology. Junghans Apollo Mega Multi Frequency with radio-controlled accuracy in USA, Europe and Japan. Made in Germany. For our complete range of atomic watches and clocks, call or visit us online.

www.junghansusa.com
800.853.5486

CLASSIC LEGACY PERFUMES



Finest Quality Formulations

Crepe de Chine®	My Sin®
Casaque®	Replique®
Ecusson®	Sortilege®
Memoire Cherie®	Tuvache®
Most Precious®	Bakir®

Irma Shorell, Inc.

www.longlostperfume.com
800.765.6780

GREEN DESIGN FURNITURE



Introducing the Doza Collection, a new line with incomparable fusion of form and function. Sculpted back cushions provide superb back support, while the seat cushions have just-right padding and luxurious down-softness. Curvilinear shapes are expressions of style and substance. Designed and crafted in Maine of American solid cherry wood.

www.greendesigns.com

GOODGENES.COM



Higher Education to Meet our High Standards

Meet alumni & academics from schools such as Harvard, Tufts, MIT, Cornell, Wellesley, Clark, Brandeis, Columbia, UC Berkeley, NYU, Wesleyan, Brown, Stanford, Penn, Princeton, UCLA, Yale, and accredited medical and law schools

www.goodgenes.com

OBERWERK BINOCULARS

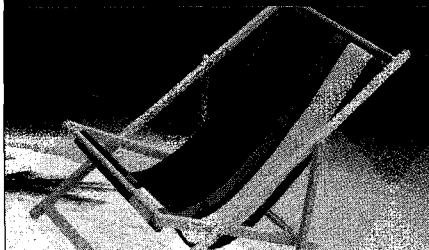


Oberwerk binoculars provide stunning clarity and sharpness at surprisingly affordable prices.

25 models, from smaller binoculars ideal for sporting events or birdwatching, to giant tripod-mounted long-range observation binoculars for the home with a view. Call for free catalog or visit our online store.

www.bigbinoculars.com
866.244.2460

CHIC SEATS



Chic seats by the seaside, by your pool, or on your deck... Lounge in sophistication in these elegantly striped deck chairs from France. 15 gorgeous color combinations. Adjustable beechwood frames. We ship anywhere within the 48 states. Also see matching beach bags, espadrilles, razzeteurs, and more.

Vive la Couleur!

www.quelobjet.com

SIGNATURE PLUS

The Strap
Personalized
Luggage Belt

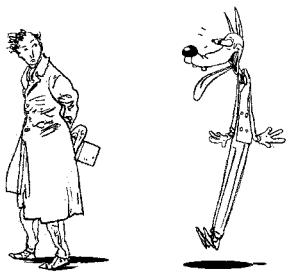
Picking Your Luggage Out of the Line Up

The Strap by Signature Plus Ltd. is a highly visible, personalized identifier that distinguishes your bag from others. This durable Strap simplifies luggage retrieval and relieves the stress of finding your bags. Your name is repeatedly woven across its length.

www.the-strap.com
888.30STRAP (888.307.8727)

Connect directly with these advertisers at www.theatlantic.com/store

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WORD COURT

by BARBARA WALLRAFF

CRAIG R. NUNN, of Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I've become increasingly intolerant of what must be the most common redundancy in our language: *report back*. Is this now an accepted usage? My friends tell me I'm just being pedantic and ask that I *report back* to them with your answer."

You're hardly alone in disliking *report back*, but I suspect your feelings arise from a misunderstanding. None of the usage manuals I checked object to *report back*. The people who do object argue that it's redundant, because the prefix *re-* means "back." But that isn't the only thing *re-* means. Consider, for example, *reform* and *resign*—or *re-form* and *re-sign*, in which *re-* means "again." Consider "They *released* the bobcat *back* into the wild." And consider the difference between "They asked me to *report* to them" and "They asked me to *report back* to them." Do you like *get back* better than *report back*? If so, say that—but don't hold it against the rest of us if we say *report back*. The phrase is useful.

Some usage manuals do call *refer back* redundant. But *back* adds meaning when *refer* means "send"—as in "Let's *refer* this *back* to the committee that drafted it, with suggestions for revision."

I understand the objection when the use is something like "If we *refer back* to the original sources . . ." And yet even here *back* might be excused as an element that adds emphasis—like *different* in "five *different* books" and *brand* and *spanking* in "a *brand spanking* new car."

With such other *re-* verbs as *refund*, *return*, *relapse*, and *revert*, though, *back* is redundant in every context I can think of. Whether *back* adds anything to a given sentence is worth considering, but there's no reason for a blanket prohibition.

ARAN JOHNSON, of Oakland, Calif., writes: "I am working on a Web site for an organization filled with grammar police. We created a banner ad that says 'Plug Into Progressive California' and have just launched it, but we suddenly find ourselves filled with doubt. Is it *plug into* or *plug-in to*?"

I'll bet you wouldn't be confused about *plug in* if people in the computer world hadn't started using *login* indiscriminately as a verb, a noun, and an adjective. The grammar of the two expressions is the same. But please don't

noun, but when you want a verb, good old *plug in* stands ready. It is appropriate both in the literal sense and in the metaphorical one that you and your grammar police have in mind.

You asked about *plug into*, though. Since *plug in* is a recognized phrasal verb, shouldn't we write *plug in to*? Some usage guides say that *into* ordinarily denotes movement from outside to in, whereas *in* tends to mean "within." But if that's the case, what's with *plug in* ("plug within")? How about *break in* or *check in* or any number of other phrasal verbs in which *in* clearly means "into"? Why do we write *turn in* to in "I *turned* the report *in* to my supervisor" and *turn into* in "I've *turned into* a good do-bee"? Here the *in to* phrase involves movement from one place to another and the *into* one doesn't. Why must *into* be two words in "I *traded* my car *in to* the dealer" when a person who makes a *trade-in* takes the car *into* the dealer's establishment?

Well, never mind—I brought all that up in case anyone thinks you asked an obvious question. Dictionaries give *plug into* as well as *plug in* and say the two mean pretty much the same thing. *Plug into* turns up much

more often in edited media than *plug in to*. Even though the movement suggested by your slogan is only metaphorical—people don't need to stick their finger into a socket in order to *plug into* something—*into* here follows the general rule having to do with movement from outside to in. "*Plug Into Progressive California*" it is. ▀

Do you have a language dispute? Write to Word Court in care of The Atlantic Monthly, P.O. Box 67375, Chestnut Hill, MA 02467, or send e-mail to msgrammar@theatlantic.com. All letters become the property of Word Court. Ms. Grammar is also on the Web, at www.theatlantic.com/courtrecord.



write *plug-in to*—or, worse, *plugin to*, which is the way some people style it, but which looks as if its first syllable ought to rhyme with *loo*.

First English had the noun *plug*, then came the verb *plug*, and then, a couple of hundred years later, once we began using electricity, came the phrasal verb *plug in*. That gave rise to *plug-in* as an adjective ("a *plug-in* device") and as a noun: *plug-in* things became *plug-ins*, much as *write-in* votes and candidates have become *write-ins*. *Plug-in* is fine as an adjective and a

Making the Best of a Sticky Wicket

John Profumo (1915–2006)

BY MARK STEYN

It began like a movie: July 8, 1961. An unusually warm evening at a grand country estate. A girl in the swimming pool. She pulls herself up out of the water. She's beautiful, and naked. A larky lad has tossed her bathing costume into the bushes. Among the blasé weekend guests dressed for dinner and taking a stroll on the terrace, one man reacts with more than amused sophistication as the girl hastily wraps a towel around herself. She leaves with someone else the next day, but not before the man on the terrace has inquired after her name.

It was Christine Keeler. The house was Cliveden, country home of the Astors. The name of the fellow who threw away her swimsuit was Stephen Ward, to whom Lord Astor had rented a cottage on the estate for £1 a year. Ward was, formally, a society osteopath and basked in the dingy glow of reflected celebrity: his client list included Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden, and, when in town, Averell Harriman, Elizabeth Taylor, and Frank Sinatra. The man in the dinner jacket so taken by the girl in the dripping towel was the Right Honorable John Profumo, Her Majesty's secretary of state for war. The man the girl left with was another guest of Ward's, Yevgeny Ivanov. Miss Keeler was a showgirl at Murray's Cabaret Club in Soho. Commander Ivanov was the Soviet naval attaché in London. "Showgirl" was a euphemism for call girl, "naval attaché" a euphemism for KGB officer.

It's hard to devise a precise contemporary parallel for "the Profumo Affair"—imagine Donald Rumsfeld is having an affair with one of Mullah Omar's wives—but in London it became the standard by which were measured all subsequent political sex scandals. They occur with depressing regularity but remarkable variety (straight, gay, three-in-a-bed, autoerotic asphyxiation, toe sucking

while accoutred in the garb of the Chelsea Football Club) and have prompted some cringe-making performances in the House of Commons. One thinks, for instance, of the resignation statement, in 1998, of Ron Davies, secretary of state for Wales, after getting mugged in the shrubbery of Clapham Common during a comically inept nocturnal foray in search of some Rastafarian "rough trade." "We are what we are," said Mr. Davies, echoing the first-act finale of *La Cage aux Folles* before going on to enter more mitigating circumstances—unhappy childhood, abusive father—than his fellow Labour members were in the mood for. Profumo was less maudlin. With the prime minister, Harold Macmillan, at his side, he rose from the government benches in Parliament and declared flatly, "There was no impropriety whatsoever in my relationship with Miss Keeler."

Given that Miss Keeler was distinguished by a noticeable lack of non-improper relationships, even fellow Tories found this hard to credit. "What are whores about?" scoffed the MP Nigel Birch. The denial was soon proven false, and that's why Profumo resigned—not because he was untrue to his wife but because he was untrue to the House of Commons. The Westminster system—all the "my honorable friend," "the noble Earl," "the right honorable member opposite" stuff—is predicated on the assumption of integrity. As a much-retailed limerick of the day put it:

Oh what have you done? said Christine.
You have ruined the party machine.
To lie in the nude
May be terribly rude
But to lie in the House is obscene.

In other words, Profumo was done in by the "I did not have sexual relations with that woman" moment. Whether or not President Clinton should have

suffered the same fate for his finger wagging, it would doubtless have been merely a temporary retreat before re-emergence on a full-scale redemption-by-talk-show tour, doing the flawed-but-all-too-human schtick to Larry and Oprah, explaining how he'd conquered his demons and how you can conquer yours, too, with the help of his new self-help video, etc. The advance from Random House probably wouldn't have been any bigger, but the book would have been at least partially readable.

Profumo didn't do any of that. There was no comeback, and no attempt at one. He accepted that his career was ruined and never sought public sympathy. As extraordinary as his downfall was, the aftermath was unique. On June 5, 1963, he resigned from the government, from Parliament, and from the queen's Privy Council. Not long afterward, he contacted Toynbee Hall, a charitable mission in the East End of London, and asked whether they needed any help. He started washing dishes and helping with the children's playgroup, and he stayed for forty years. He disappeared amid the grimy tenements of east London and did good works till he died. And, with the exception of one newspaper article to mark Toynbee Hall's centenary, he never said another word in public again.

He was, technically, the fifth Baron Profumo of the late Kingdom of Sardinia, but his family had settled in England in 1880, made its money in insurance, and, by the time Jack was born, were comfortably ensconced as Warwickshire landowners. As a rising politician, he had a sheen and a charm about him that Ian McKellen in the 1989 film *Scandal* never quite captured. I don't suppose he thought they'd be making movies about him a quarter century later, but he accepted it. *Profumo* is Italian for *scent*, which gives the fallen political star a whiff of Ben Jonson: he caught the heady intoxication of cheap perfume one summer's night, and, though he swapped his evening dress for a hair shirt, he understood the smell could never be washed out.

Shortly after Profumo's disgrace, Macmillan resigned for health reasons and was succeeded as prime minister by the fourteenth Earl of Home. But the affair, Stephen Ward's suicide on the



final day of his trial, he was accused of such as “the ponce,” a mask for an otherwise naked man who would serve guests at the parties, wore a sign advising “several patrons to whip him, ate from the king’s bowl, and was said to be a High Court judge or perhaps another high-ranking cabinet minister—had taken their toll on the Conservatives’ reputation and conjured a Britain run by a decadent elite having all the fun the masses never got to have. In court, it was pointed out to Miss Keeler’s chum Mandy Rice-Davies that Lord Astor had denied sleeping with her, and she replied, prompting much laughter and a subsequent entry in many dictionaries of quotations, “Well, he would, wouldn’t he?” That neatly summed up the British people’s view of their rulers, and a year later the Tory government fell to a resurgent Labour Party.

Years later, in my radio days, I wandered into work and was told by the boss that a colleague was supposed to be interviewing Christine Keeler, but that he hadn’t shown up and I had to do it. I was old enough to recognize all the names—Profumo, Ward, and Rice-Davies still resonated as cultural markers—but too young to be entirely clear as to who’d done what to whom. It wasn’t a great interview. Miss Keeler spoke in a soft, breathy whisper, like someone suggesting you might want to come in for a nightcap—which only made her impenetrable footnoting of the case even harder to follow. At one point, she said, “Stephen killed himself because

he was a ponce,” and I remember recognizing *ponce* as a British term of disparagement but not being entirely clear what precisely it was disparaging. A ponce can be a man who lives off a woman’s immoral earnings or a male homosexual, and I wasn’t sure which she meant, or indeed if she meant both. But even then it seemed a quaintly archaic term, and one that placed its speaker in what was already a time capsule.

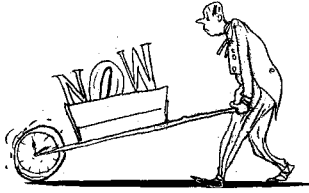
In *Scandal*, Joanne Whalley had a bland smooth prettiness. By the time I met Miss Keeler, the vicissitudes of life had etched a lot more character into the face, but she looked if anything more beautiful than in the iconic photograph of her naked and straddling an Arne Jacobson chair (or copy thereof), an image much parodied by everyone from David Frost to Homer Simpson. She had a kind of fragile sensuality, except when she opened her mouth and revealed a full set of Austin Powers choppers. She was living in poverty in a “council flat” (British for “housing project”) and had nothing to retail but those few months in the early sixties, which she did incessantly and to diminishing returns, updating her story according to whatever new “evidence” emerged, the most recent being a treasure trove of conspiracy-rich reports positing Ward as a Soviet agent. For all the attempts to cling to her celebrity got her, Miss Keeler might as well have joined Profumo at Toynbee Hall and done charity work for four decades.

Still, you could see why a red-blooded male would have wanted to chase her naked round the pool at Cliveden. In 1953, Jack Profumo had gone along to see *The King and I* at the Theatre Royal, and been introduced to Valerie Hobson, who was playing Mrs. Anna. She switched roles to Mrs. Profumo the following year. Miss Hobson was one of the biggest British stars of the day, and she’s very good in *Kind Hearts and Coronets* and certainly a fine-looking woman, but, like a lot of other English roses of the period, it’s a sort of de-sexed good-lookingness, at least onscreen. Miss Keeler, by contrast, was very abandoned, though unfortunately not just in bed. If you were running auditions for the role of *grande horizontale* to the ruling class, she’s the last person you’d want—almost pathologically unable to keep her mouth shut. With the scandal unraveling, Jack took Valerie to Venice and spilled the truth over lunch. “Oh, darling,” she said, in near-parodic British, “we must go home and face up to it.” And so, like some stoic stiff-upper-lipped sequel to *Brief Encounter*, she did the decent thing and stood by him.

In 1963, *Profumo* was shorthand for *establishment hypocrisy*. Across forty years, he reclaimed the narrative as a story of shame and redemption, of acting honorably, making the best of a sticky wicket, and all the other allegedly obsolescent virtues of his class the sex and hookers had supposedly rendered risible. Had Stephen Ward not thrown a teenage girl’s bathing suit into the topiary, John Profumo would have been noted as the last surviving member of the House of Commons to vote in the confidence motion of May 8, 1940. He was one of the Conservative MPs to join the opposition in declining to support the continued leadership of Neville Chamberlain and thus to usher Winston Churchill into Downing Street. That vote changed the course of the war. But instead his place in history is as the man who saw a call girl naked in a swimming pool. ▀

Mark Steyn is a columnist for the Chicago Sun-Times and other publications.

The Atlantic Monthly (ISSN 1072-7825) is published monthly except for a combined issue in January/February and July/August by The Atlantic Monthly Group, 600 New Hampshire Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20037 (202-266-6000). Periodicals postage paid at Boston, MA, Toronto, Ont., and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription queries: Atlantic Customer Care, Box 37585, Boone, IA 50037-0585 (or call 800-234-2411). Privacy: We make portions of our customer list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services we believe you may enjoy. If you do not want to receive this information, please write to the Customer Care address above. Advertising (202-266-6000) and Circulation (202-266-7205): 600 New Hampshire Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20037. Subscriptions: one year \$39.95 in the U.S. and poss.; add \$8.00 in Canada, includes GST (123209926); add \$15.00 elsewhere. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement 0261327. Back issues: send \$7.50 per copy to The Atlantic, Back Issues, 1900 Federal Park Dr., Federalburg, MD 21632 (or call 410-754-8219). Vol. 297, No. 5, June 2006. Copyright © 2006, by The Atlantic Monthly Group. All rights reserved. Postmaster: Send address changes to Atlantic Address Change, Box 37585, Boone, IA 50037-0585.



WHO'S WHO

A selective index to this month's issue, compiled by BENJAMIN HEALY

VOLUME 297 NO. 5 / JUNE 2006

- Adams, John**, bipolarity of, 46
- Adams, John Quincy**, depression of, 46
- Al-Timimi, Ali**, alleged terrorism conspirator, childhood of, 69; spiritual education of, 72-74; Socratic self-conception of, 78
- Ando, Tadao**, polished concrete and, 124
- Berlusconi, Silvio**, myriad influences of, 118
- Bobrov, Kiril**, Russian soldier, endless hazing of, 89-92; shattered dreams of, 89-92; heavy-metal tastes of, 90
- Breathed, Berkeley**, cartoonist, as tea investor, 127
- Bush, George H. W.**, voodoo and, 27
- Bush, George W.**, tax-cut enthusiasm of, 28
- Bush, Vannevar**, as women's booster, 51
- Churchill, Winston**, osteopath of, 138
- Clinton, Hillary**, post-Roe fortunes of, 65-66
- Cohen, Rich**, as sweetener historian, 126
- Coolidge, Calvin**, hypochondria of, 46
- Crawford, Marion**, former Queen Elizabeth governess, gentle tell-all of, 106
- Davison, Emily**, suffragist, suicide of, 49
- Descartes, René**, as demolition specialist, 87
- Diogenes**, loneliness of, 28
- Eden, Anthony**, osteopath of, 138
- Eisenberg, Deborah**, rare books of, 109; short haircut of, 109; Proustian sophistication of, 109
- Eisenhower, Dwight**, depression of, 46
- Flaubert, Gustave**, spy-novel preferences of, 112
- Frist, Bill**, red meat served up by, 15
- Frost, David**, as nude model, 139
- Furst, Alan**, spy novelist, maddening gibberish of, 110; as Flaubert favorite, 112; plodding eroticism of, 110-112; plotting mastery of, 113
- Gantt, H. L.**, as Taylor disciple, 84; as Soviet economic guru, 84
- Garfield, James**, depression of, 46
- Gates, Bill**, as Berlusconi component, 118
- Giuliani, Rudolph**, pro-choice views of, 65; uphill battle faced by, 65
- Goldman, Seth**, as tea entrepreneur, 126-128; anti-soda crusade of, 128
- Goldwater, Barry**, as oral surgeon, 27
- Grant, Ulysses S.**, alcohol dependence of, 46; phobias of, 46
- Grayling, A. C.**, philosopher, as "teledon," 95; as busybody, 95; nagging ahistorical tendencies of, 99-100
- Hansen, Suzanne**, former Ovitz nanny, tell-all memoir of, 104-108; Debra Winger and, 106; as food-fight participant, 107
- Harriman, Averell**, osteopath of, 138
- Hayes, Rutherford B.**, depression of, 46
- Henry, Thierry**, French soccer player, English allegiances of, 133
- Hibarger, Homer**, management theorist, workplace illumination and, 85; as breakmaster, 85
- Hirohito**, domestic alias of, 123
- Hirshberg, Gary**, organic-yogurt magnate, example set by, 127
- Hofstadter, Richard**, as biography subject, 118; paranoia of, 118
- Holmes, Oliver Wendell Jr.**, eugenics enthusiasm of, 66
- Hoover, Herbert**, depression of, 46
- Huckabee, Mike**, Arkansas governor, dieting record of, 40; dark-horse potential of, 40
- James, Henry**, as New Yorker, 109; as interview subject, 119
- Jefferson, Thomas**, social phobia of, 46
- Johnson, Lyndon**, bipolarity of, 46
- Johnson, Nora**, on desperate housewives, 51-54; on elemental rawness of infancy, 54
- Johnson, Samuel**, idleness of, 118
- Jones, Edgar L.**, World War II correspondent, on myth of Allied innocence, 96
- Jones, Edith**, as hypothetical Roe swing vote, 56
- Jones, Tylenol**, fictional pimp, implausible name of, 117
- Kamman, Bill**, as pickle expert, 126
- Kandinsky, Wassily**, cartographic style of, 122
- Keeler, Catherine**, Profumo paramour, as Homer Simpson forebear, 139; "Austin Powers choppers" of, 139; pathological chattiness of, 139
- Kennedy, John F.**, shallow civil-rights record of, 118
- Knight, Zat**, English soccer player, as odd man out, 133
- Krebs, Maynard C.**, idleness of, 118
- Le Carré, John**, narrative fellowship engendered by, 110
- Lewis, Edna**, as fried-chicken virtuoso, 126
- Lincoln, Abraham**, psychotic depression of, 46
- Lopez, Jennifer**, inscrutability of, 116
- Luxenberg, Christoph**, German Orientalist, warmed-over conclusions of, 116
- Madison, James**, depression of, 46
- Magdalene, Mary**, non-prostitution of, 119
- Mao Zedong**, as organization man, 85-86
- Mayo, Elton**, management theorist, Freudian influences of, 85; dark humanism of, 85; subtle coercion of, 85
- McCain, John**, perilous post-Roe path of, 64-65
- Miller, Helen Hill**, on sex-segregated telescopes, 51
- Miyajima, Tatsuo**, Japanese artist, indoor starscape of, 124
- Mobutu Sese Seko**, as agent of disorder, 15
- Mondale, Walter**, as Reagan tax adviser, 28
- Moore, Roy**, as stubbornness template, 65
- Mullah Omar**, as hypothetical cuckold, 138
- Munro, Alice**, as descriptive genie, 109
- Murdoch, Rupert**, as Berlusconi component, 118
- Mussolini, Benito**, pet octopus of, 113
- Nestle, Marion**, as nutritional realist, 125; on "liquid candy," 125
- Niskanen, William A.**, economist, as whiz kid, 28; as Starve the Beast skeptic, 28; as deficit Cassandra, 28
- Nixon, Richard**, alcohol abuse of, 46
- Orwell, George**, on emotional mechanics of sport, 135
- Ovitz, Michael**, tell-all nanny of, 104-108; Redford-related enthusiasm of, 104; Mickey Mouse anniversary gift of, 104
- Owen, Wilfred**, on insupportability of war, 50
- Paul, apostle**, relatively mundane qualities of, 119
- Pelé**, as homebody, 135
- Pierce, Franklin**, depression of, 46
- Pinchot, Gifford**, as "intrapreneur," 84
- Plato**, as management theorist, 87
- Poe, Edgar Allan**, mysterious death of, 119
- Popper, Karl**, as falsifiability junkie, 82
- Profumo, John**, former British official, accepted ruin of, 138; good works of, 138; public silence of, 138; hair shirt of, 138; as anti-appeaser, 139
- Proust, Marcel**, sophistication of, 109
- Putin, Vladimir**, anti-hazing pleas of, 91
- Reagan, Ronald**, magical tax cuts of, 27; as disciplinarian, 27; political prestidigitation of, 27
- Rice-Davies, Mandy**, on extramarital shyness, 139; quotability of, 139
- Romney, Mitt**, as health-care pioneer, 44
- Roosevelt, Theodore**, bipolarity of, 46
- Rosenior, Liam**, English soccer player, as odd man out, 133
- Rounds, Mike**, South Dakota governor, abortion ban supported by, 58; plunging poll numbers of, 58
- Rousseau, Jean-Jacques**, as management theorist, 86
- Rove, Karl**, Roe-related shyness of, 64
- Schell, Theodore**, broadband expert, on challenge of "last mile," 130
- Scott, Dred**, abortion and, 57, 65
- Scott, Lee**, Wal-Mart CEO, health-care policies of, 38-44; mild-mannered aspect of, 40
- Shakespeare, William**, as management theorist, 86
- Shaw, Maud**, Kennedy nanny, genteel tell-all of, 106; Maltese childhood of, 106; Iranian sojourn of, 106
- Simpson, Homer**, as nude model, 139
- Sinatra, Frank**, osteopath of, 138
- Socrates**, merciful end of, 78
- Speer, Albert**, on effectiveness of Allied airpower, 98
- Steinbrenner, George**, as Berlusconi component, 118
- Stern, Andy**, SEIU chief, anti-Wal-Mart strategy of, 38-44; purple motif of, 38
- Taft, William Howard**, political drift of, 46; obesity of, 46; sleep apnea of, 46
- Taylor, A. J. P.**, on English soccer exports, 133
- Taylor, Elizabeth**, osteopath of, 138
- Taylor, Frederick Winslow**, management guru, pig iron inspiration of, 80; on "large, powerful Hungarians," 80; iffy methodology of, 80-82; foul mouth of, 81; endless successors of, 82-87
- Trautmann, Bert**, English soccer player, as German POW, 134; broken-neck heroics of, 134
- Updike, John**, unconvincing stoicism of, 114-115; tin ear of, 115-117; cultural illiteracy of, 115-117
- Ward, Stephen**, as osteopath, 138; as stealer of swimsuits, 138; suicide of, 138
- Wilde, Oscar**, idleness of, 118
- Wilson, Woodrow**, depression of, 46; anxiety of, 46; stroke of, 46
- Winfrey, Oprah**, as contrition-circuit staple, 138
- Woolf, Virginia**, epistolary righteousness of, 50-51
- Zidane, Zinedine**, French soccer player, sublimity of, 135

african photo safari to see stampeding elephants, dangerous rhinos, and man-eating lions: \$3,000 booked online

(knowing at least your identity is safe: priceless)

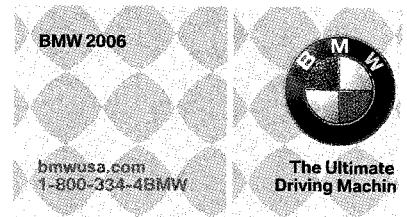


MasterCard SecureCode

We've teamed up with many online merchants to make your virtual shopping trips even safer. Just go to mastercard.com and sign up for MasterCard® SecureCode.™ Then book your tickets online. Buy some new sneakers and an MP3 player for your next vacation. Because now the only thing you have to worry about is missing your flight. (Or maybe being bitten by a snake.)

there are some things money can't buy. for everything else there's MasterCard.™





“No.”

The ability to say no to compromise is a rare thing these days. Many companies would like to be able to say it, but so few have the autonomy to actually do it. As an independent company, BMW can say no. No, we will not compromise our ideas. No, we will not do it the way everyone else does it. No, we will not factor designs down to the lowest common denominator. No, we will not sell out to a parent company who will meddle in our affairs and ask us to subject our cars to mass market vanilla-ism.

Because we can say no to compromise, we can say yes to other things — such as building our vehicles with 50/50 weight distribution for superior handling and control, despite the fact that it costs more to build them that way. It's thousands of little things like this that separate BMW from other car companies. By maintaining our autonomy and ability to say no, we can make sure great ideas live on to become ultimate driving machines.